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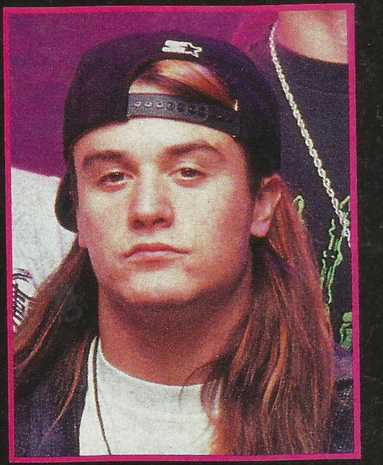

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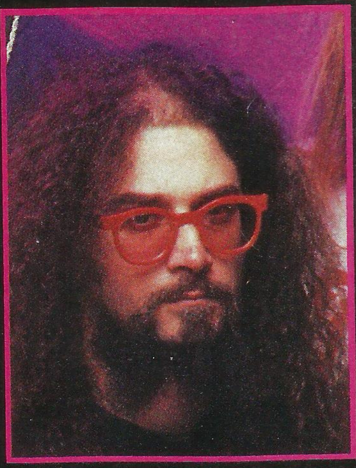

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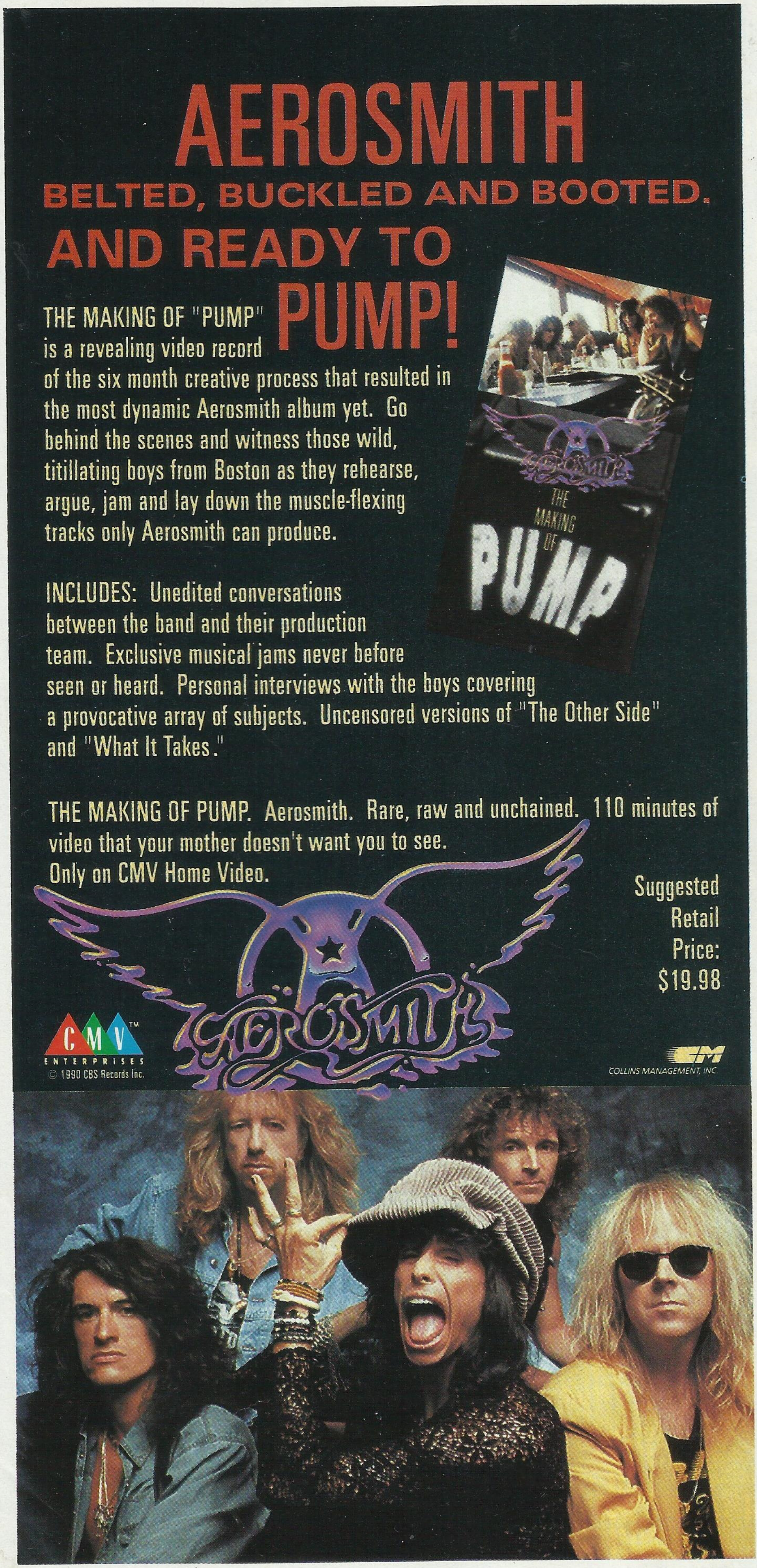
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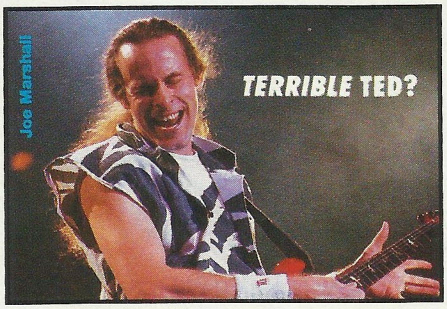
STATIC

METAL MAIL CALL

LETTER OF THE MONTH


TERRIBLE TED?

Joe Marshall

I was doing my homework on Tuesday, 10-23-90. *A Current Affair* was on TV, and I heard Ted Nugent mentioned; so of course I put down the pen and turned up the TV, 'cause I'm a metal fan, and I really like what I've heard from Damn Yankees. But when I saw what the story was about, I was pissed! Ted has some how-to hunting video, and they showed clips of him shooting pigs and stuff! Unnecessarily! Sure, I'm a huge metal fan, but I'm also a huge animal-rights activist, and it really changes my opinion of Ted (not as a musician, but as a person). Animal-rights activist or not, though, it was so sad. When the pig started flailing around on the ground, because Ted shot it with an arrow, I started to cry. I am sure he could have easily come up with something nonliving to demonstrate on (a bull's-eye or something). Fortunately, I'm not judgmental and will remain a Damn Yankees fan, but I will now think twice about Ted Nugent.

—Jocelyn W.
Raleigh, North Carolina

BACH BATTLE BREWS

Thanks so much for the interview with Sebastian Bach ["The Truth Hurts," January '91]. He's one of my favorite artists, and I'm glad we finally get to hear his side of the story on the bottle incident. The best part, however, were the pictures. Bach eating pizza! I didn't think he *ever* ate! One complaint: Bas, it's very uncool to refer to a female as "Bitch." That's as bad as GN'R's line, "Turn around, bitch, I got a use for you...." from "It's So Easy." I love Skid Row's music, but I don't need that kinda shit.

—Fallen Angel
Skokie, Illinois

Next month: more Bach talk.

SAFETY FIRST

This is for all you people out there who think it's really cool to bring fireworks, knives and bottles into concerts. I've seen a lot of people hurt by assholes who throw stuff like that into the crowd. Personally, I don't like to spend 25 bucks to see my favorite band, and then get to see only half the show because some idiot throws something at the band, and they get hurt. Use your damn head, if you have one. Leave that shit out of the show, and let us all enjoy the concert safely!

—Beyond Pissed Bitch

ANNIVERSARY ACCOLADE

All I have to say is, thank you for four years of an excellent magazine and for throwing one hell of a party. I just happened to be one of the lucky 2,000 people at your Anniversary Party at the Hollywood Palladium. Bang Tango was great; Faith No More, unbelievable; and as far as the finale—GN'R, Metallica and Skid Row (some of each) all in one shot—breathless! Not to mention the fact that Bas was standing next to me, and I had the chance to say a brief hello, good luck and where's Snake. It may have been only a brief convo, but it is a great memory. Not to mention every other surprise that was wandering around that night. It's just sad that I was crushed against the wall and that someone got a boot in the face for grabbing my...while security was pulling me out. Other than that, thank you for a great time, the chance to meet and see my favorite people in music and, most of all, being able to put my boot in someone's face for putting that hand on a no-no place. Great mag, great music, great party, and I'll see you next year.

—Gina S.
Torrance, California

ALL HAIL THE CRUE (ALMOST)

Your article on Motley Crue by Lonn M. Friend in the December Anniversary Issue was the best I have read ["Where the Crue Sweats"]. I have listened to the Crue ever since my son introduced their music to me years ago. Now I have a daughter whose bedroom walls and ceiling are covered with pictures of the Crue. My son is now 21, and my daughter, 16. With drugs so rampant, I admire a band that shows the young people of today that it is possible to have a blast without drugs or alcohol. I get so pissed off when I hear these old farts blaming heavy metal for all the world's troubles. No matter how down I am, when I pop one of Motley Crue's tapes into my stereo, I feel 100% better. All this 41-year-old mother can say is: May the Crue be around for the next 50 years, making killer videos and playing that headbanging heavy metal! I've seen them twice in concert, and I'm anxiously awaiting the opportunity to see them again!

—Sharon S.
Lehigh, Florida

You know, once I thought Motley Crue really sucked. I mean, their music is totally lame, they act like dogs in heat onstage and in interviews, and they're the perfect kind of rebel—without-a-clue "bad boys" who are just safe enough for public consumption to be an MTV wet dream. And then I read the article about them in the latest RIP. I don't know. Something about the mind-blowing irony of Nikki Sixx's anal fixation and the connection of the consistency of his shit to the quality of the Crue's music, or Sixx's tendency to rub the clammy fists of little suburban girlies on his crotch—it just moved me. That totally deep tattoo philosophy, man, it inspired me, ya know? I can't wait to see Tommy Lee's naked, pimpled butt perched atop that all-new diversionary drum–thing, or Mick Mars' clueless gaze and unreached-heights hairstyle, or Vince Neil's monotonous peroxide drone, all on the next neon laser tour.

Gosh, how my heart'll flutter if they condescend to come to some old fart town near me! I'm sure I'll just positively die if I experience the genius at work behind those commercial powerhouse heroes of the backward-assed, mall-rat, average American kid. And to think that I was so ignorant, my

sightless eyes could not before discern such classics from the mindless pile of soft, warm shit so many rockin' teens dare to call metal. What a loser. —Rebecca R.
North Salem, New York

LITA FIGHTS BACK

Regarding your December '90 issue, to N.B. of Humble, Texas ["Lashing Out at Lita," *Static*]: Hey, N.B., you're right. How foolish of me. It wasn't me Led Zeppelin asked to be in their band, it must have been Joan Jett.
—Lita
Hollywood, California

GONZO FOR GRINDCORE

I thought it was commendable of you to do an article on Carcass ["Pork Pie and Grindcore: A British Metal Marathon," December '90]. I saw them about a month ago, with Death and Pestilence, and they commanded. I was battered and bruised for a week, and my ears were shot—it ruled! Carcass is a group of musical geniuses, and I think you should do more articles in the future about them and other grindcore bands, instead of overloading on the glam rockers we have heard so much about already. This is a band that deserves recognition! —Scary Carrie

CHAIN LETTER

To that fool Rachel Bolan of Skid Row, who you had a short article on a couple of weeks back regarding his nose ring and that of Jane Child [*View From a Broad*, December '90], I have this to say: First, punks wore these in the mid-'70s with much bigger chains; and second, Indian women have been wearing them for thousands of years. So I find it ridiculous and extremely vain that he is being so damn pompous as to actually think that he is the only person to wear a "nose-to-ear chain!" What juvenility! I thought people only talked the way Rachel Bolan and his girlfriend do at high school! —Elizabeth D.
Los Angeles, California

BOOB JOB

I have a horrific story for all of you who love (or even like) Faith No More (like I do). It seems our dearest, seemingly lovable and innocent Mike Patton was caught with pornographic material in his suitcase in the customs department of an airport. Mr. Patton, I understand your desires and your physical and sexual needs, but a pair of plastic breasts! Just what did you have in mind when you bought those things? You say you were using them for stage props—just what kind of screwin' show do you put on? Now, because of this discovery, my grandmother has taken away my cherished FNM tapes, and she has confiscated my posters and shirts also. She told my mother and, in turn, my mother has taken away my privilege to go to concerts for fear of me seeing some overtly sexual act. I'm 17. I was raised in a religious Catholic family, and therefore anyone who cavorts about onstage in front of hundreds with plastic breasts strapped to his chest must be insane or possessed or perverted, or all three of these things, and therefore it's wrong.

I am ecstatic that customs took away your joy-toys, Mr. Patton, because now *I* am being punished for something I haven't done. I feel that you are mentally ill in some way or another to buy plastic breasts as so-called amenities for your so-called show. There is something wrong with him. There has to be. Why is he so good-looking, but apparently totally girlfriend-less? He is ill, I tell you, and therefore needs years of counseling and therapy. After all, if he can spend money on pornographic paraphernalia, he can certainly damn well spend *some* of the money on psychologists. Michael, if you're reading this, you haven't opened a sexual door for anyone. The only thing you've done is swung open another door to reveal more of your sad illness. —Chinette J.
Los Angeles, California

DOKKEN DEFENDER

I would like to say something to George Lynch and the other former Dokken members who are keeping Don Dokken from using his last name: I hope you lose, you assholes. Who the hell do you think you are? If Don wants to use his name, that's his business, not yours, so lay off. And, George, your band sucks. —A Pissed Dokken Fan

EDITORIAL COMMENTS

I just got my December 1990 issue of—dare I utter the puke-inducing name—RIP. Under the "Editor's Statement" it said that not too many heavy-metal groups were at the top of the charts this year. Also, it said that "supposedly" heavy-metal mags were printing New Kids On The Block articles and pics of Jordan Knight. "Talk about sell-out." Did you ever think that people bought the magazine because they like New Kids? You probably won't print this, because I haven't said you're the best. Grow up, RIP! Rock is rock! You don't have to have long hair, earrings, drugs and broken guitars to be cool rock musicians. If it will make you feel any better, I'll tell you that one of the New Kids has an earring in his nose! And, they're friends with Warrant! Oh, shit, the world's ending! Who are you to tell people what Jordan is or isn't? You've never met him! Get a clue, RIP! —Elizabeth K.
Southington, Connecticut

This is in response to the "Editor's Statement" in the December '90 issue. I missed my chance the first time around to show my rage at *Circus* magazine by writing about their sickening article on New Kiddies In The Playpen, but to tell you the truth, I didn't think they would print my letter anyways, because they are a bunch of spineless sellouts, and my letter may hurt their sales. However, now that Mr. Friend has brought it up, I would like to take this chance to comment on the disgusting manners of that poseur magazine. The last issue I got was the one with the perverse article. Please don't get me wrong: I appreciate art and music; and even if I don't like something, I'm proud to have freedom of speech. But I thought I was buying a metal mag. Yeah, right! I got gypped by some greedy pig just trying to make a buck, who doesn't care about the interest of headbangers, but instead is only trying to sell his trash. What a bunch of pussies. At least I know RIP won't let me down, 'cause they know what real metal is, and they care. Print what you will; I trust RIP not to make me look like a *clown*!
—Brad G.
Redondo Beach, California

MILITARY METALHEAD

My name is Dionicio "Paco" Garcia. I'm stationed over here in Saudi Arabia in Operation Desert Shield, and I'd like to thank you guys at RIP for keeping me and my fellow headbangers informed on what's happening in the heavy-metal department. We don't get too much info over here about the music in the States. My wife sends me a copy of RIP whenever she can find one. I'm planning to subscribe as soon as I get back to the States.

Well, gotta get back to work. Long nights, long days, but when you got some good heavy metal coming out of the box, it makes these 12- to 14-hour days go by a whole lot quicker. Just pop in some Crue, Iron Maiden, Warrant, Scorpions, Priest, Vixen or Dokken, and we're ready to rock and work. —Paco
Saudi Arabia

BY ANY OTHER NAME

This month you reviewed Anthrax's new album *Persistence of Time* [*Ear Candy*, December '90], and it was given a rating of "lethal." I'm not questioning as to whether the album is good or not, my question to you is, How can you call it metal? It's redefined punk rock. I realize that many Anthrax fans are too young to remember when punk rock first started in the late-'70s, but I sure do. I was a punk rocker before I started listening to metal. I got out of it around 1984 or so, but four years later met my husband, and he had been into metal all his life. He got me into speed metal, which wasn't that hard, because when he played it, my first words were, "That's not metal, that's punk."

Look at Suicidal Tendencies; they're just punks who gave up haircuts. How about all those longhairs who think it's cool to wear Misfits shirts? Danzig might be quite the rocker now, but you can't tell me that the Misfits weren't punk. And what about moshing? In my day it was called slam dancing, and the only ones who did it were the punks. What happened to the days when longhairs and punks would fight each other on the Sunset Strip? I'm glad that the rivalry is gone, but no matter what anyone says, speed metal is just another term for punk with talent. —A Rocker Who Remembers

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KING'S X: TO BOLDLY GO...

by Jon Sutherland

James Bland

The phone rings, and it's Doug Pinnick, singer, bassist, King's X squad leader and today's spokesman for the band. We have chatted many times before, and had some very interesting and occasionally obtuse conversations. "What do you think of the record?" Doug asks about their new LP, *Faith Hope Love by King's X*, ending all further formalities.

"Incredibly interesting, awesome, a headful of thought. This is probably the biggest curveball I've been thrown in five years."

From the other end of the phone there's a burst of spontaneous laughter. Bingo! Hit a nerve! Now he's really gonna open up and tell me and the readers of RIP why a band that demanded such an amazing amount of head-space of listeners on their first two albums, *Out of the Silent Planet* and *Gretchen Goes to Nebraska*, would ask us to become even more cranial this time out.

"I thought when we finished the record," Doug admits, "that people might think it was too commercial for us."

A big buzzer goes off in my head as I search for a clever comeback. "Doug, be serious. There is some very adventurous music on this album—the spacey nine-minute title track, a speed-metal jam that reeks of Motorhead ["Moanjam"], and a very vindictive epitaph, 'Mr. Wilson,' that is obviously about someone who is really pissing you off. There are some funky moments, Ty [Tabor, guitar/vocals] has probably been listening to even more John Lennon songs, and somebody gave Jerry [Gaskill, drums] a microphone all to himself. Dude, this is diversity squared. Your palette used to be about 145 degrees; now it's about 250."

Now that we've got the artist cornered, Doug confesses, "Maybe I don't know what a commercial song is, but someday I would love to write a pop song that is so complicated—a magnum opus, if you will—that it ends up being a hit. Hey, man, anything is possible."

Indeed. I think that King's X, one of the most interesting, inventive and distinctive bands of our generation, will certainly someday write a commercial radio song that will flood the airwaves and lead the band to the status they deserve. Yes and Rush were thought of as interesting, albeit progressive, cult bands until they broke through with a pop hit. I pray that King's X realizes the same fate.

The third King's X album took a chunk of summer '90 to record, but the band was driven to get the album out and return to the road. "We had an insane deadline—so nuts that my head spun for awhile—but we did what we felt we needed to do," Doug says. "We cranked it out and played what we felt in our hearts at the time. This album is very personal and revealing. Even if I explained everything to the letter, it would still be hard to understand, because it's about us; just as if you told me everything about you, I still wouldn't get it, because I wasn't there. We just hope people who hear it will relate."

King's X have finally opened up a bit. The organization from which they have come is

John Bruno

very tight and family-like. As friendly as Doug, Ty and Jerry are, there has always been a certain mystery surrounding them. They talk very little of their pasts, but it's obvious that as musicians they are incredibly aware of rock, metal, funk and pop history, yet have come up with their own distinct style. Doug, the musicologist with the insatiable ear for adventurous sounds, admits one personal affection when describing a song that has been a showstopper for years (often extended to ten- to 15-minute jams live), and which is my personal favorite on the new album: "Moanjam."

"We've recorded this song for all three albums, but this is the first time it made the record," Doug remembers, while also divulging the band's tendency to overrecord (put on tape more songs than they actually intend to release). "'Moanjam' is about U2, and is really seven years old. When *Boy* and *October* came out, I was in awe over how spiritual, musically different, and mind-opening those albums were. It did it to me."

Another song, "Everywhere I Go," a beautiful and touching ballad, was actually intended for *Gretchen*, but didn't finally surface until *Faith Hope Love*, and logically so. *Faith Hope Love* finally exposes the band's spirituality in a more recognizable form. The lyrics have always been cleverly Christian, but are now even more discernable. The album cover details some very inspirational stone carvings that recreate the legend of creation and the joyous mystery of life and the planet, with the deity properly placed in the heavens on the last block.

"This album is very spiritual," Doug says. "'I Never Get Tired of You' out and out is about God. I can get tired of everybody else, but I don't get tired of God. 'Everywhere I Go' just details what I see every day. People say, 'I can't see God,' but look at this Earth, and how everything works together. It doesn't seem like it could evolve into this perfectly self-perpetuating space without a purpose. Although man is trying to destroy it, to me it's not an accident that the world is the way it is. There had to be some plan."

You may notice during that very song that the words, "Faith, hope, love," are part of a verse, but they are also in the title track and another song among the 13 cuts on the album. "We didn't have an album title while we were already in the middle of preproduction, and we asked ourselves what the album was all about," Doug explains. "I said faith; Jerry said hope; and Ty said love. It ended up being the title. It's as good a way as any to describe how we feel."

Those of us who have studied the first two records see the third King's X album as a musical expansion, with the songwriting more spread out than before. Ty's vocals are increasingly folky and Lennon-esque, while drummer Jerry Gaskill, who has previously spent his time concentrating on harmonies, sings lead on "Six Broken Soldiers" (which is also captured in a spirited six-minute version that may turn up as a B-side single). It's not what it may appear.

"I wrote most of the songs this time," Doug admits, laughing a bit and keeping it all in perspective. "It wasn't intended that way; it just happened, which is why the album is so weird. But, you know, a lot can happen between the demo and the studio. There are some songs we've written that sound like Yes but never came out that way."

Some of this may be due to the band's lasting friendship with manager, producer, video director and mentor Sam Taylor, who is much more involved creatively than most rock managers. "Our relationship with Sam is still growing. It's been a lot of fun. In the studio this time we experimented a bit with tones, using a bass as a rhythm guitar in a couple of sections [bet you can't find 'em!] and caught some of my bass rattle in stereo." Did any of this experimenting include Doug Pinnick's debut as an electric-guitar player? "No, I can play guitar all right, good enough to play lead in a band, but Ty says I'm just average. Then again, Ty's standards are pretty high. Still, I'd rather play bass."

Faith Hope Love is a lot to absorb, even sequenced as oddly as it is, with side two seeming more like a side one. "That was Sam's idea," Doug says. "I usually listen to side two first when I put it on." But King's X is not going by any rules or tradition. They have developed their own style, and are refining and expanding it while keeping their personal challenge alive. "This is the hardest music to play live we have ever written," Doug confesses. "But if the songs are great, the people will get it." •

video for desperate times.

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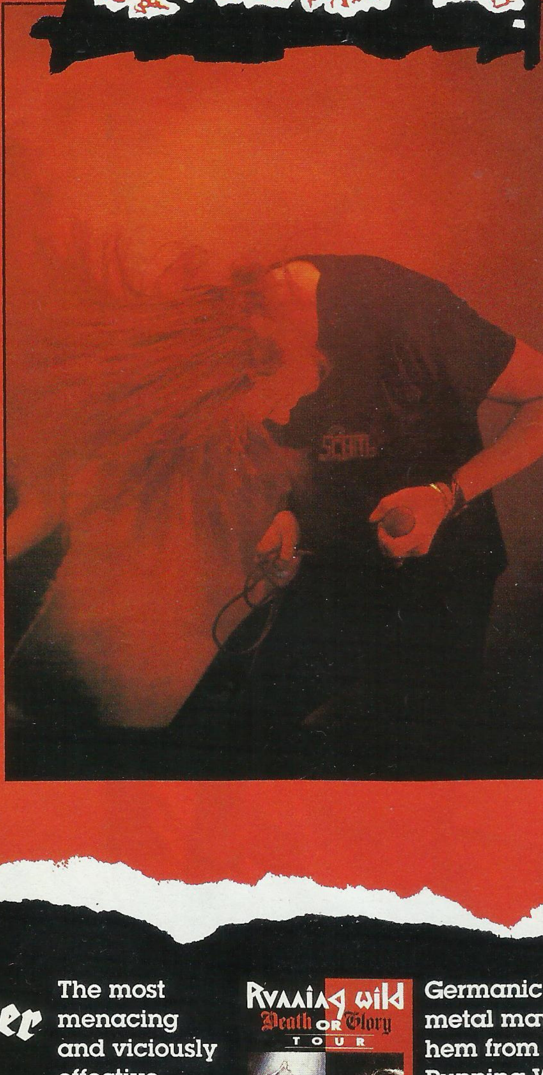
NAPALM DEATH



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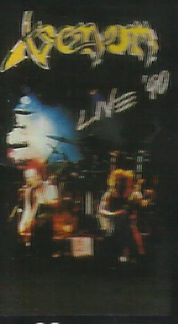
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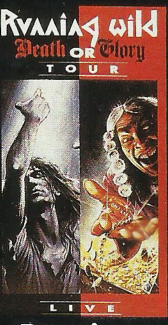
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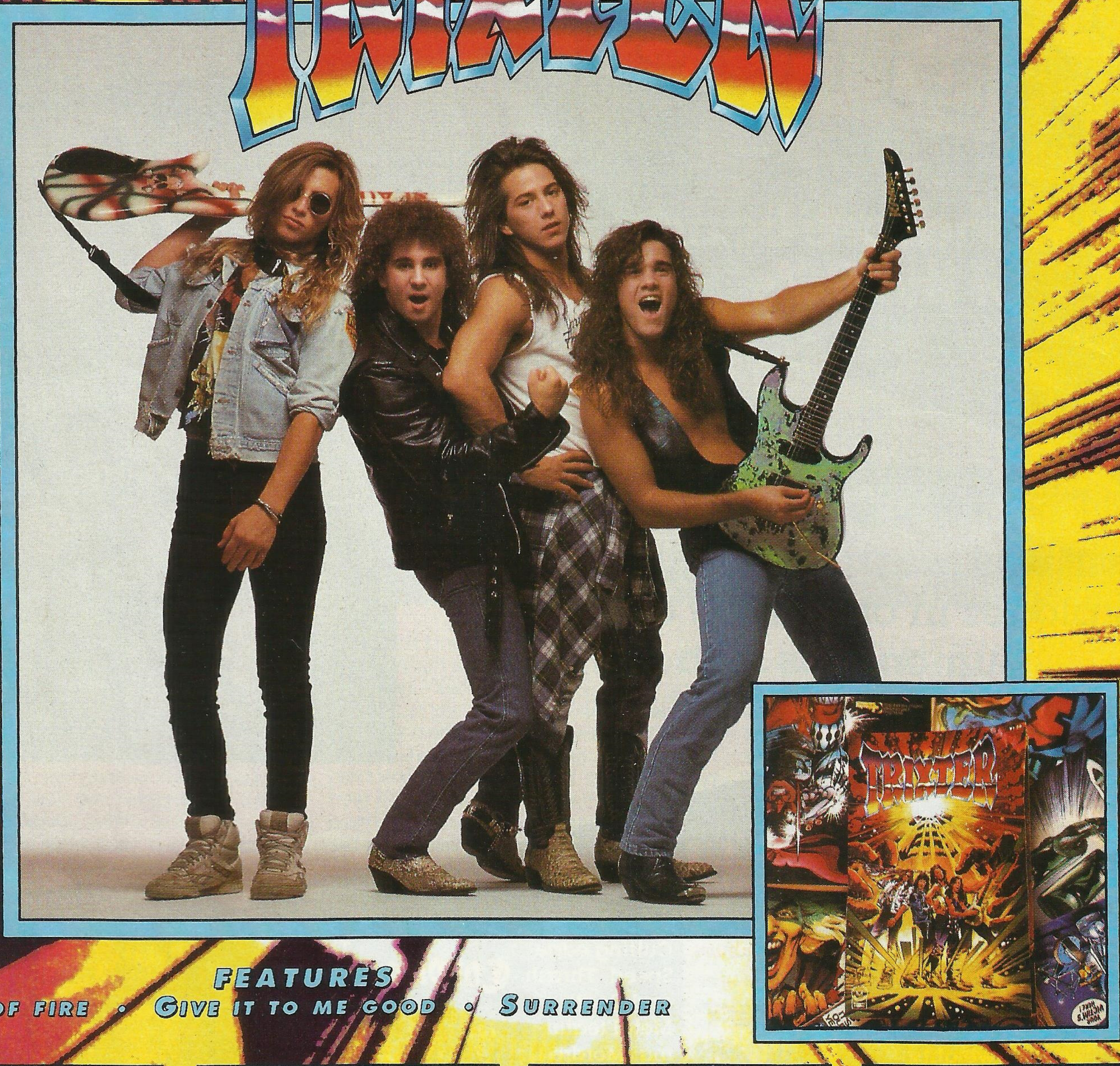

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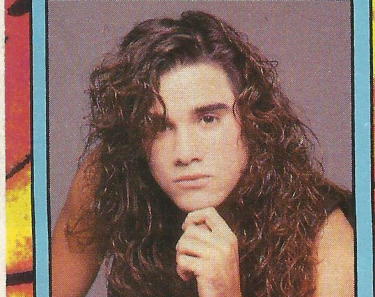
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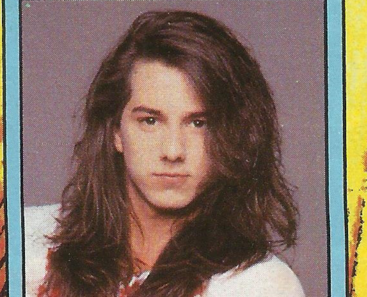
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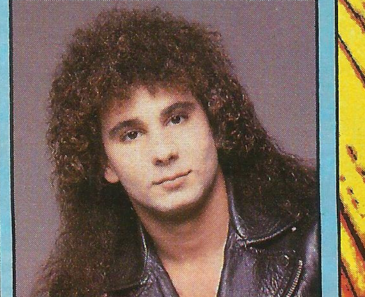
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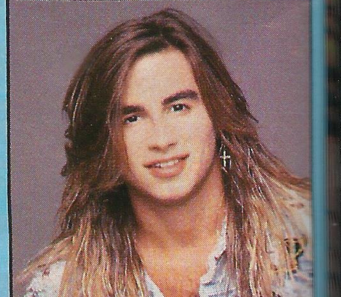
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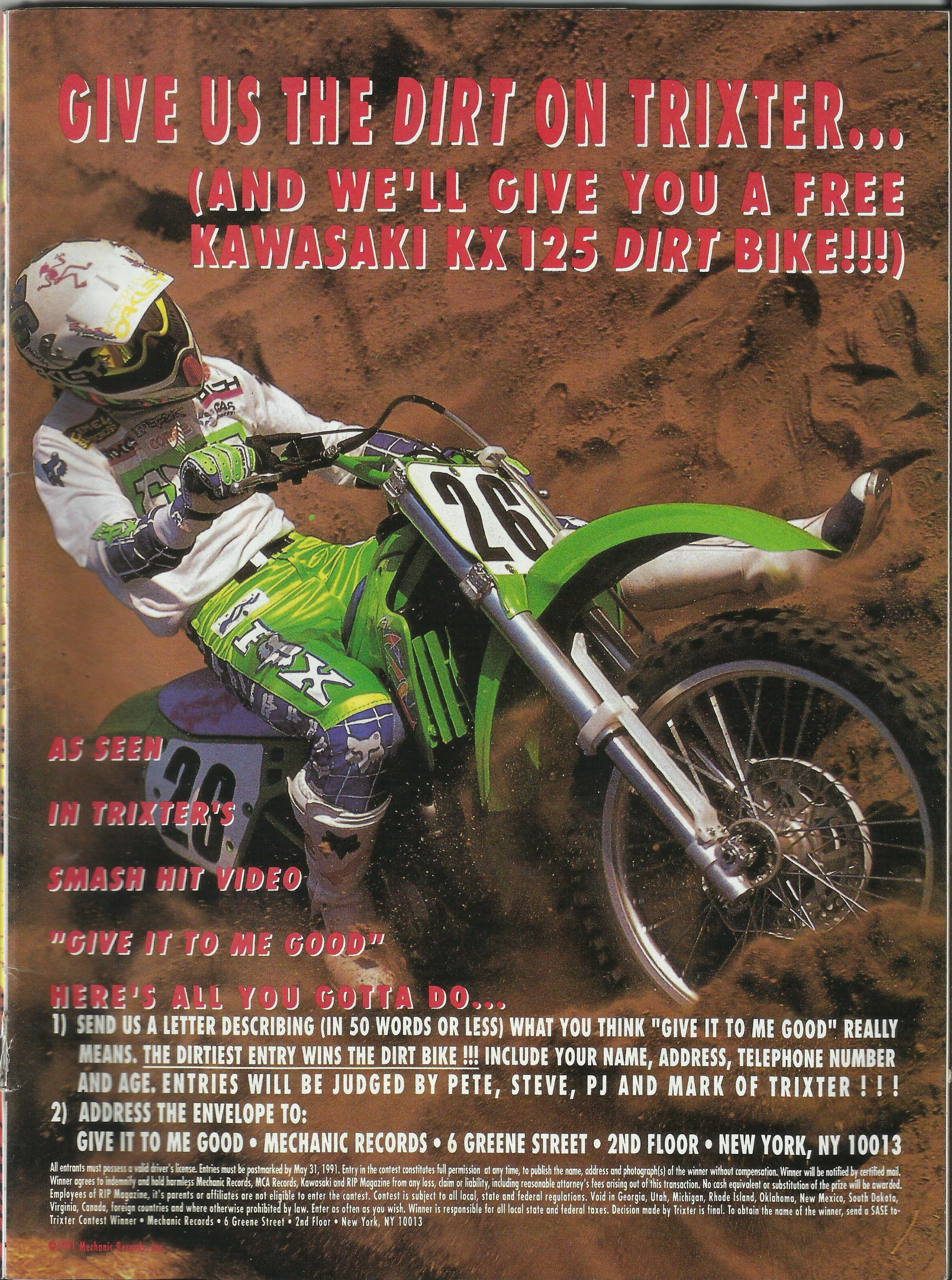

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THIS MONTH:
THE HETFIELD SOUND

Since we left you last month, Lars Ulrich has laid down six complete drum tracks and gotten drunk as many times with various members of Guns N' Roses, who are toiling on *their* record over the hill that separates Hollywood from the San Fernando Valley. While the long-winded Mr. Ulrich wanted to discuss, at even greater length, the drum-tracking process of these virgin Metalli-cuts, we've decided to change focus from the skins to the strings, specifically the monster rhythm-guitar machine known affectionately at RIP as The Mighty Hetfield. Having worked closely together in the early stages of every previous Metallica record, James and Lars are altering the process just a bit this time around. On this record, *everyone's* in the studio when the basic tracks are being recorded and, according to James, it makes for a nice vibe.

"It's always been just me and Lars sitting there, doing the basics," recalls Dr. H., pointing to the individual areas of the studio where each bandmember sits during recording. "I sit here, Kirk here, Jason's here. Kirk's got his cabinet in a box in the other room. We keep this room quiet for Lars' drums. Jason's got his bass gear set up in that room, and my shit—mine's in the Tent of Doom."

The tent of doom? I follow James to a large, tentlike structure located in the front of the studio. "Go on, peek inside," he instructs.

Moving the heavy blankets aside, I peer at the ten Marshall amps stacked on one side, facing a half-dozen small, but exacting microphones. The top of the tent is open. James explains, "It's a little more open than last time, because we wanted a little more ambience from the room. Basically, this design kind of boxes in the sound and gets those real chunky parts where you really feel the air moving."

Secrets of The Great Hetfield's trademark guitar sound pour into my ears. I ask myself, "Am I worthy of this information?" I follow James through the control room, into the main lounge. On the way we stop for a moment next to his white ESP Explorer. "That's the only guitar I'm using on this record, besides the acoustic crap."

"Didn't you have a white ESP that said 'Kill Bon Jovi' on it?" I ask out of giddy curiosity.

"Yeah," he admits with a half-smile. "I got some flak for that. We're not the best of friends. He and Sebastian are though [laughs]."

Ross Halfin/Zlozower

RIP Exclusive by Lonn M. Friend

There's a Les Paul sitting there too. "Who plays that, James?" I ask, knowing full well no one in Metallica plays this particular guitar.

"That's Bob Rock's. He likes to pretend he can play [more laughs]."

In the lounge, I ask James about his partners in crime. First, Mr. Ulrich. "Lars told me last month he wanted to record some of this record live for the first time. Is this still the plan?"

"I wanted to do that from the start," says James, "but I think Lars got a little scared towards the end or something. He kind of psyches himself out. Recording is totally mental for Lars. For him to be in there with his kit, he's gotta be in the right mood, or else it ain't gonna work. I kind of go in there and just do it.

"Everyone's in the room when we're doing the basics. Kirk's practicing his leads; Jason, his bass. It's good for everyone, 'cause everyone gets to improve on their shit. It's, like I said, a better vibe, us all being here at one time. Last time it was me and Lars sitting there, doing basics. I'd have to lay around and wait for him to get in the right mood. It's like, we're all here at 2:00 p.m., and in comes Lars, who hasn't eaten yet. So we wait until 3:00, and he can't play for an hour after he eats, because his food has to settle. Then he falls asleep on the couch for another hour. And I'm saying, 'Hey, man, how about you eat and shit before you get here!' "

James is half-joking about his longtime bud, illustrating the differences in their recording styles. "I like daytime, getting up early and shit. I'm here at 11:00 in the morning. Lars is just getting to sleep then [laughs]. But it's working okay. Shit, I'm here ten to 12 hours a day. We're getting a lotta shit done."

James and I talk a little more about the logistics of making a Metallica record. We touch on the songs, specifically the assertion made here last month by Lars that, on this LP, the songs will not be political but, instead, more personal. James, the lyricist, agrees.

"Being political is bit too normal these days," he says. "It just doesn't seem right for these Metallica songs. This stuff's a lot simpler, both musically and lyrically—well, mostly musically. This time, instead of jamming ten guitar parts into one song, we get on one heavy riff and just kind of roll with it. But the lyrics, yeah, they're pretty personal. Like the song 'Don't Tread on Me.' Though it sounds political, it really isn't. It has a lot to do with America, but not complaining about everything, like on the last album. It's more a proud sense—how much better this country is than a lot of other places."

I can't resist. "You mean like the Middle East?"

"I say Russia and us should kinda squish them and split the oil. These people are fanatics. They base their lifestyles on a story about how their religion came about. And they'll all die for it. And kill for it. They'll blow the f?!king world apart, because they believe the afterlife is going to be better for them, and they don't care. I wanna keep the political shit out of this album. It doesn't really fit with the songwriting we've got going this time."

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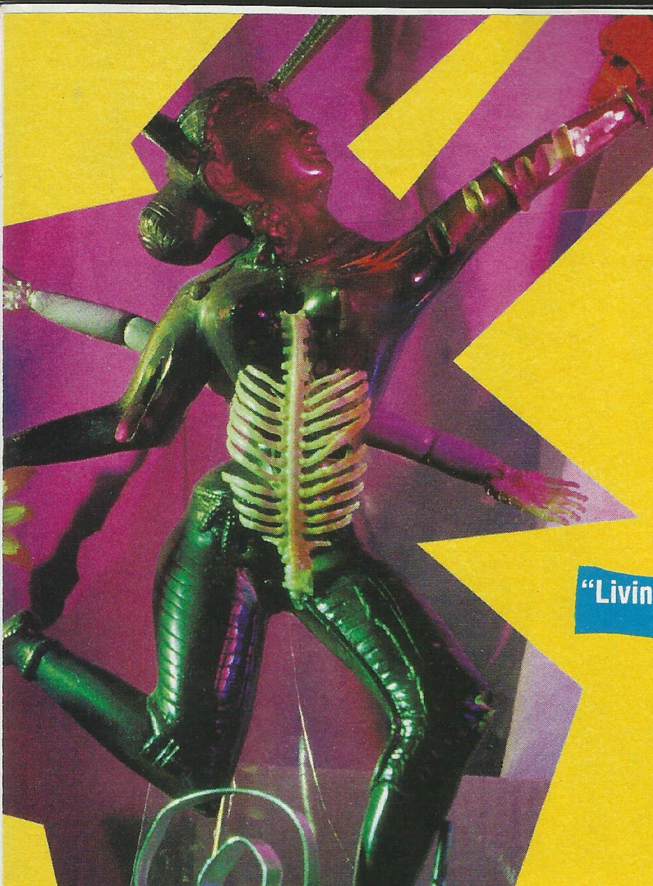

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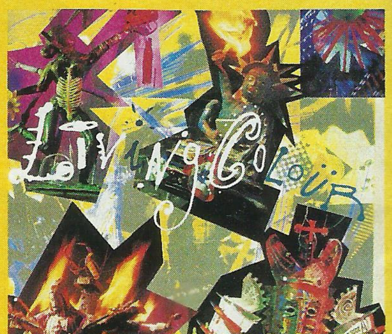

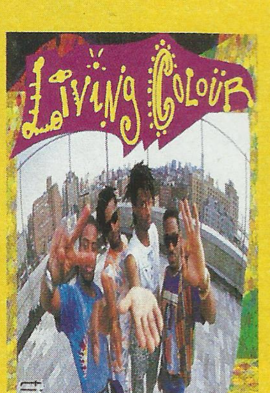

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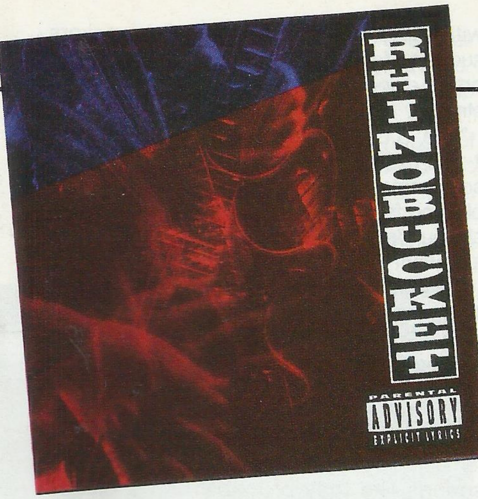
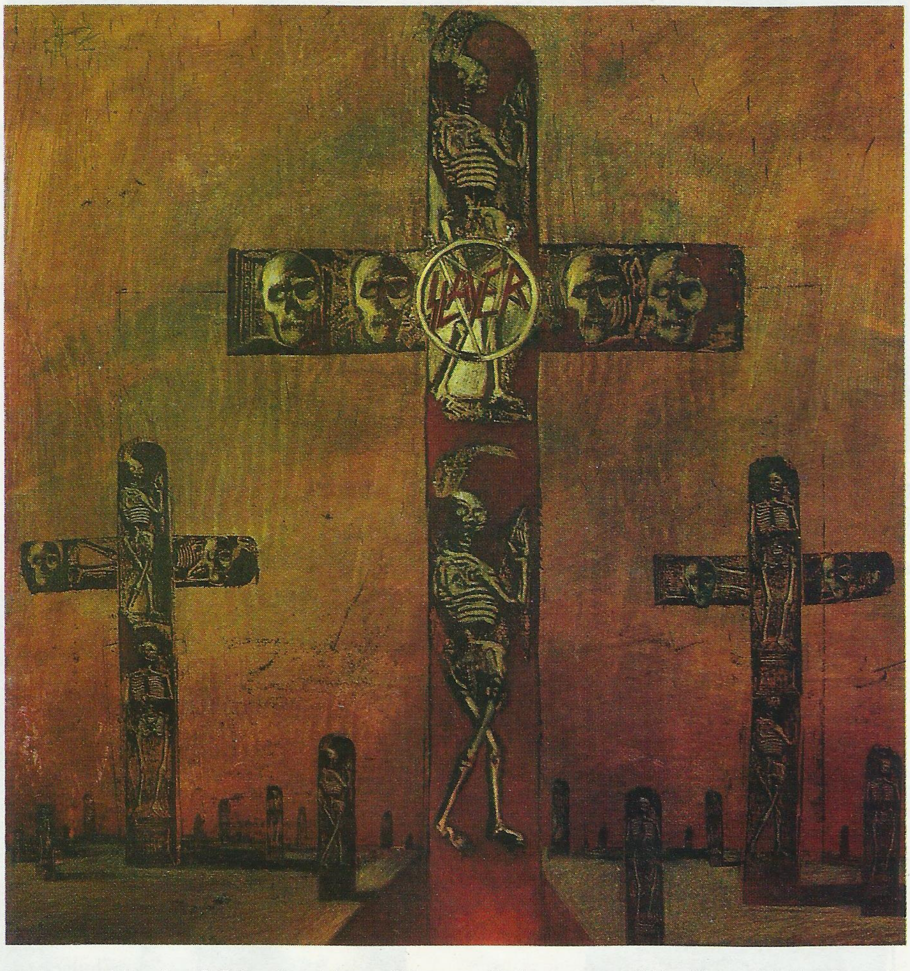


RHINO BUCKET: ***Rhino Bucket***
(Reprise/Warner Bros.) †††

First things first—Rhino Bucket's debut sounds exactly like Bon Scott-era AC/DC. Same gummy rhythm riffs, same demolition-derby blues solos, same understated, whiskey-soaked vocals about hard living and that hard thing in your pants that needs some attention right now, honey chile; an' if ya don't know what to do, I'm a heckuva third-base coach.

All this tribute isn't necessarily bad, though hundreds of mediocre imitators in the past may have soured you on the idea. Rhino Bucket have the following advantages over most of their competition: 1) Cool name that doesn't make sense, but sounds vaguely nasty. 2) They can play on the backbeat—crucially important. 3) Finnish-born lead singer Georg Dolivo chuckles real good. 4) These guys seem at least as interested in what they're doing as the present-day AC/DC does, judging from the new *The Razors Edge* album.

If there's anything likely to hold this Van Nuys, California, quartet back, it's that they show little desire to expand beyond the *Highway to Hell* sound. There's one dissonant passing chord in "Inside/Outside" that sounds like something Megadeth'd do, but that's really clutching at straws. What the heck, I'd still rather hear "Riff Raff" (or an old Angel City album), but since Bon ain't around anymore, we have to take our pleasures where we can, right? *—Tom Nordlie*



SLAYER: ***Seasons in the Abyss***
(Def American) †††††

The wait has been fraught with nervousness, trepidation. The question being: Where next for Slayer, the world's biggest and most gruesome cult band? After the mastodonic doom-lurch of *South of Heaven*, the speed-limit shattering of *Reign in Blood*, what new wrinkle can we expect carved into their gore-flecked dogmas, their paeans to the hopelessly amoral? New maps of hell, perhaps? Further revelries in death and destruction? The ever-present allusions to Satanism and Naziism? Bring it on, I say. Bring it on....

A world submerged in chaos. A fascistically tight killing machine that leaves not a single iota of peaceful space in its wicked wake. Herr Hanneman and Kerry King's dual-guitar weaponry, Lombardo's ritual kit abuse, Araya's polyps-on-the-line throatery—thunder and clarity, another chillingly intense spate of Slayerism.

Not quite the rampant long-step of its predecessors, *Seasons* is more of a sharpening, a fleshing out of Slayer's best elements. They've never sounded as chillingly complete, as simultaneously guttural and technical, as top of the line in their vicious speed-metal art. In songwriting style, they've harkened back to the parts-consciousness of *Hell Awaits*, with the manic speed bursts of *Reign in Blood* and doom riffing of *South of Heaven* interspersed for good measure. Araya more than atones for *SOH*'s considerably laid back vocal presence from the onset with the opener "War Ensemble," a fiery dig of high velocities and lurking tones.

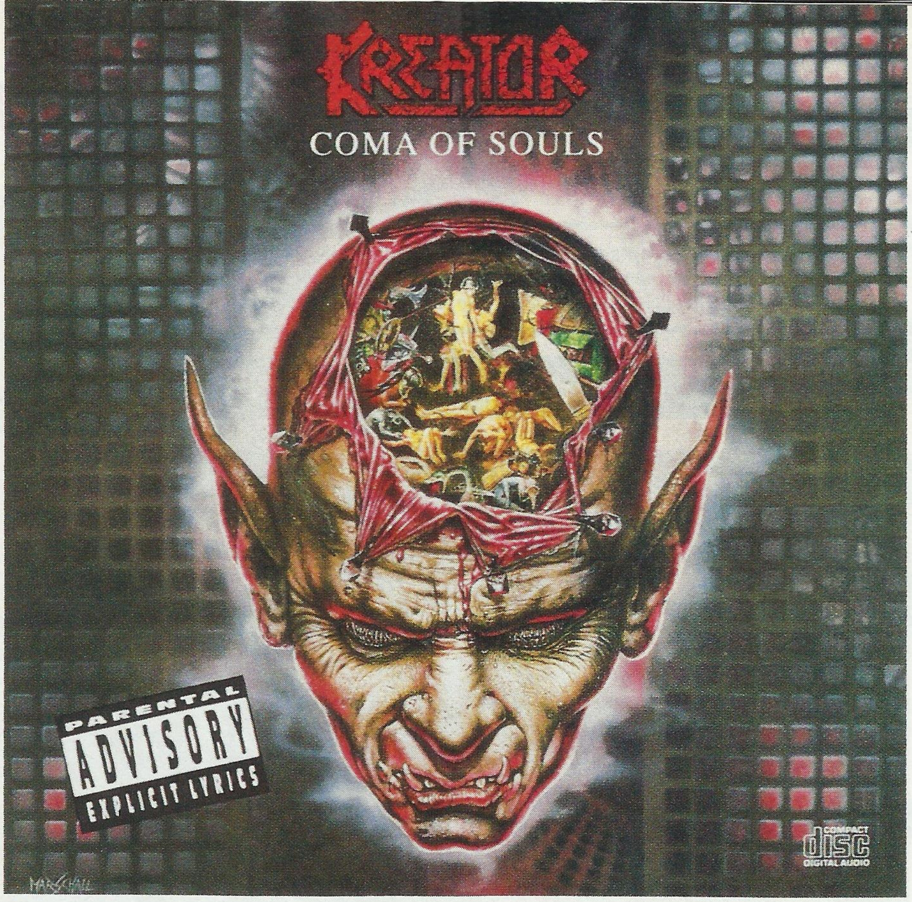
"Blood Red" showcases the first truly complete Kerry King lead flourish; less a flurry of chaotic noise, and more a well-planned-out technician's rumpus. Blacker still than *SOH*'s title track, "Dead Skin Mask," a send-up of Wisconsin's favorite cannibal, Ed Gein, delves deeper into the realm of a slower, more thoughtful Slayer. Ditto for the King-penned "Skeletons of Society," a catchy concoction of churning riffs and malevolent, roughshod melodies. The speed-bursting "Born of Fire" would have been "Altar of Sacrifice" in another life, while the epic closer "Seasons," a mid-tempo bluster, points toward yet untried, dare I say "Sabbathy," uses of melody in the Slayer camp.

There you have it, ten valves venting the steam of frustration and repression, an alluring beckon from the dark side.

None more black, y'might say.

—Mike Gitter

Lethal!	†††††
Call the Paramedics	††††
Heart Flutters	†††
Mild Abrasion	††
No Damage	†



KREATOR: ***Coma of Souls***
(Epic) † †

The girl who cuts my hair likes thrash metal a lot. We were listening to something once while she was giving me the ol' sheep shearing—it mighta been Obituary—and I commented on how just about all thrash was interchangeable, similar, repetitive and, with the exception of a few style-makers such as Metallica, Slayer, and Mekong Delta, pretty dispensable. She decided to set me straight.

"See, S.L., the thing is, the thrash fan wants it fast, loud, with plenty of tempo changes, screaming vocals, and blurry guitar solos blasting from Marshalls. It doesn't matter if it all sounds alike. We thrash fans like it as it is and want as much of it as we can get."

Fair enough. If that's the way *you* feel about it, I must therefore heartily recommend the new Kreator LP. It fits all the thrash prerequisites and breaks none of the molds. The band is super competent at the style, but they don't push anything any farther than anyone else, be it Coroner, Death Angel, Testament, or whoever you care to think of. It sounds like they probably had a bigger recording budget this time out—sonically, this is immaculate—and as far as the performances go, you won't hear any clinkers. It's fast and furious, ain't a ballad in sight, there's a zillion tempo and key changes, and the lead solos are as stellar as the vocals are unintelligible.

The album even starts off just as you'd expect, with a melancholy guitar line cushioned by acoustic guitar strumming, which in a flash explodes into hyper polka. It's all very aptly performed, and if you like it predictable, you won't be disappointed. For me, I won't be needing to listen to it again. *—S.L. Duff*

GAMMA RAY: ***Heading for Tomorrow***
(Noise/RCA) † † †

Damndest thing about these Germans. Is it the inevitable knack for Volk-inspiring an-

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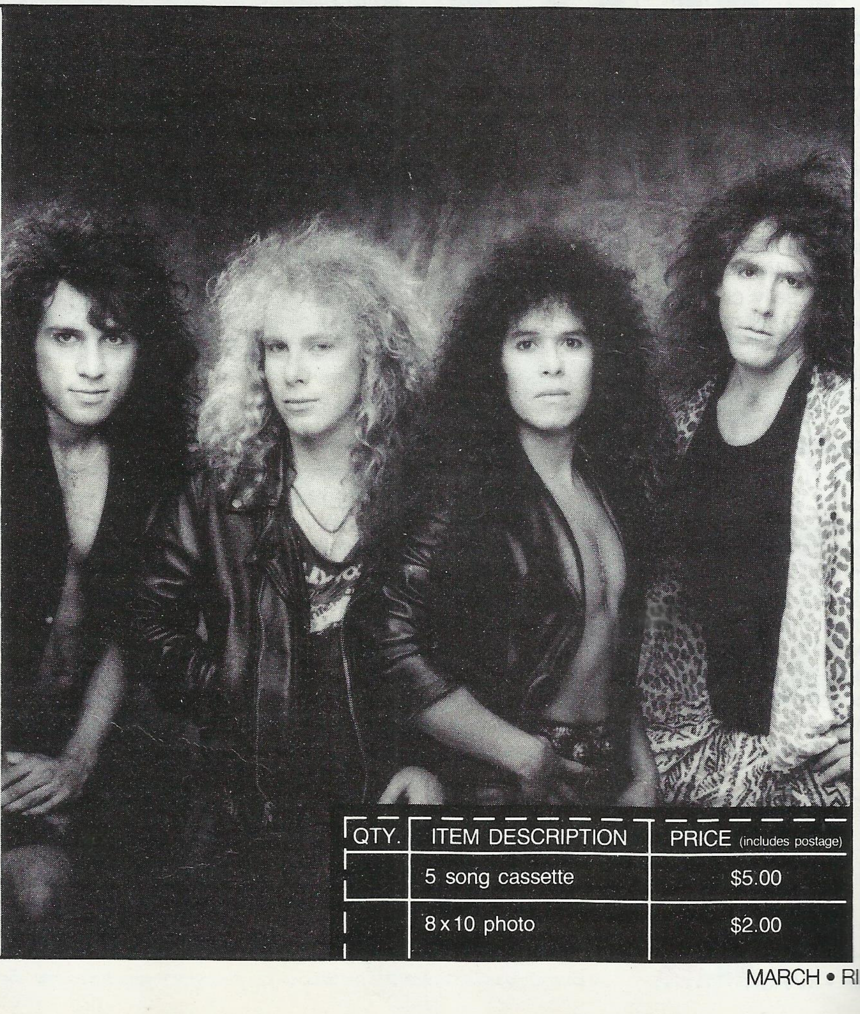

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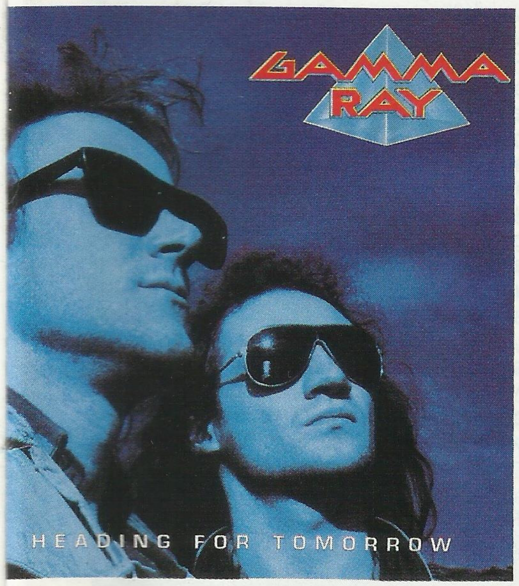
thems, a massive ya-ya-getting-off over their recent reunification, or the dark, knock-you-dead ale they brew that lends the belly-up oomph to Gamma Ray's auspicious debut? Chalk it up to their heritage; the notion of Richie Wagner as Deutschland's most prolific metal auteur—Manowar as Siegfried, if you catch the drift.

Operatic metal—it's the sort of thing the Hunnish Helloween excelled at. So it comes as no surprise that *Heading for Tomorrow*, the first strike from ex-Helloween guitarist/driving force Kai Hansen's latest assemblage, sounds so familiar. Where the Pumpkin Men's last (and first post-Hansen) outing, *Keeper of the Seven Keys Part Two*, took its opulent, Maidenish harmonies to extremes, Gamma Ray signals a return to the driving, anthemic rollercoaster of Helloween's earlier *Walls of Jericho* era.



Keeper's opus of good vs. evil is thankfully nowhere in sight. *Heading for Tomorrow* takes a decidedly more straightforward course. Past the stern, grandiose string arrangements of "Welcome," "Lust for Life" (not a Stooges cover) kicks things off on a driving, propulsive note. Underscored by Hansen's swelling, trademark harmonies and vicious guitar pyro, it's unexpectedly galloping and fierce. "Heaven Can Wait" (no Meatloaf or Warren Beatty here) rides on a wave of epic, choral power, while "Space Eater" takes a menacing turn punctuated by Hansen's sinister guitar dives. "Money" (sorry, Pink Floyd fans—get your own titles, dudes!) recalls old Queen, and "Hold Your Ground" harkens back to the classic Helloween sound, right down to vocalist Ralf Schepers' uncanny vocal resemblance to the 'ween's Michael Kiske!

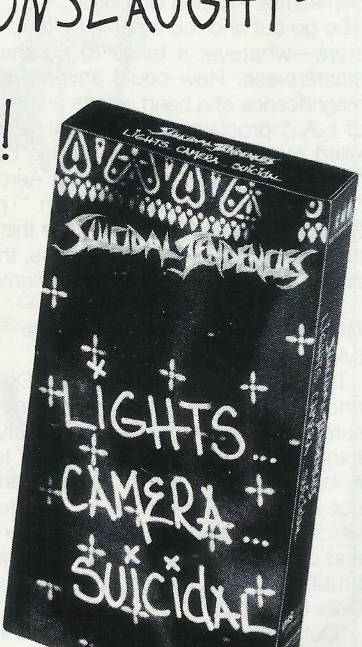
This is a memorable re-debut for Hansen that exorcises the ghosts of the past while doing precisely what the title entails. The fact that *Tomorrow*'s single ballad inclusion, "The Silence," is Bette Midler's "The Rose" note for note is something we'll take as a, hopefully, little joke. —*M.G.*

PIGMY LOVE CIRCUS: *Live*
(Triple X, Koosh) ††††

I will make this as clear as possible: Pigmy Love Circus is not only the best band in L.A., they are the undisputed best pure rock 'n' roll band now on the planet. So, listen up!

In an era when hair-extended fruitcakes like Nelson litter the airwaves due to the generally sissified tastes of the American listening public, Pigmy Love Circus are the exact opposite: over 30 (and proud of it!), ugly as a pit bull's butt (proud of that too), and raw and raunchy, the true sound of a bilious hangover in the flesh. Picture a mating of Motorhead, Fear and the late, great Dictators, and you've got 'em.

Their previous studio efforts were a trifle too lame for these geezers, and in order to capture the true sound of Pigmy dementia, the folks at XXX sprung for this live recording, done at Hollywood dump-o-rama Raji's. The sheer sonic overload of such titles as "Bone Orchard," "Dagwood Killed Blondie" and my personal fave, "Brutish Lout," is the heaviest groove to be found on one strip of tape this or any other year—and the least pretentious. In an effort to spike up the dreary chord progressions and dull posturing of late-'80s metal, new bands have taken to adding fake funk, '70s progressive rehashery, or the endless bloozejammin' of eras past. Pigmy Love Circus actually lived through this (they are "angry old men," as one of their songs puts it) and dispense with the bogus trappings of bygone days, opting for a straight-ahead approach that is a breath of fresh air in its honesty. Check out the cover of Thin Lizzy's "Jailbreak," faithful but upbeat. I can almost hear any number of younger bands demolishing this number in an attempt to make it current, like Bon Jovi's massacre of "The Boys Are Back in Town."



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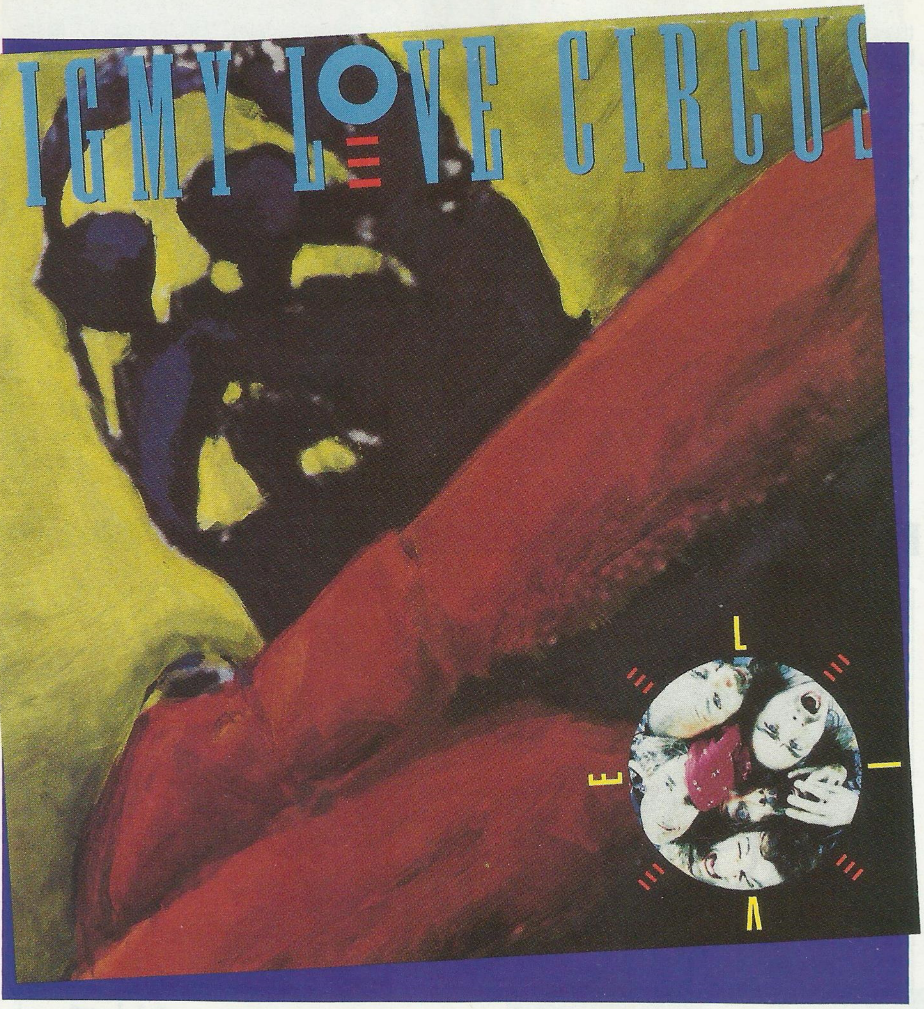


Sometimes tradition will out.

So go out and rob a bank, hold up a liquor store—whatever it takes to purchase this masterpiece. How could anyone deny the magnificence of a band whose anthem, "King of L.A.," proclaims: "I'm the king of L.A./I killed Axl Rose today," or whose besotted "Madhouse Clown" sounds like Aerosmith's "Sweet Emotion" crossed with "The Star Spangled Banner"? Brilliance like this, not to mention humor, is so rare in these, the most dire of times. Buy or die! —*Johnny Angel*

GOO GOO DOLLS: ***Hold Me Up***
(Metal Blade) † † † †

There's a song on the Goo Goo Dolls' second Metal Blade opus that economically sums up the band's outlook and style. The track, "Out of the Red," is all of 1:37 long. On it, bassist Robbie Takac screams and wails out his take on the rock 'n' roll lifestyle—which is basically about poverty, drunkeness and chaos. The music on the track is simply brutal, and may remind you of some other Dolls from NYC.

"Out of the Red" is the Goo Goos in a nutshell. The Buffalo, NY, trio plays loud and fast (the Ramones are an oft-cited influence), and their massive sound and streetwise, often loopy humor are reminiscent of some Twin Cities favorites—Soul Asylum, Husker Du and the Replacements. They're "alternative," okay, but the to-the-viscera hook of their music has a lot to offer the metalhead looking for some extra vitamins in his or her diet.

Hold Me Up is a sequel to 1989's wonderful *Jed*, which was kind of a crusade for this writer and his beloved editor, Janiss Garza. It doesn't bust any new terrain, but instead builds upon the foundation laid out on that fine predecessor. Takac still essays the blunter tunes, guitarist Johnny Rzeznik still smokes the strings and takes the more subdued vocals (if any of them may truly be called subdued), and drummer George Tutusca batters away.

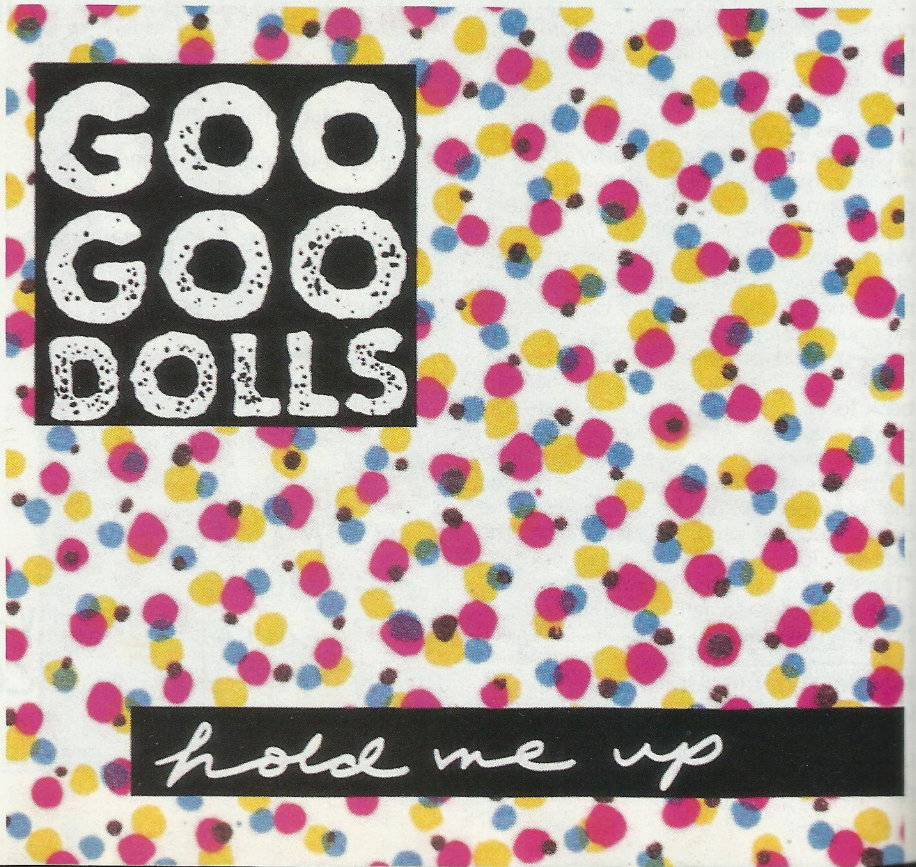
The best new original numbers here—"Laughing," the Paul Westerbergesque "There You Are," "On Your Side," "Know My Name"—top the comps on *Jed* by a mile. As usual, there are a couple of eccentric, well-selected covers: Prince's "Never Take the Place of Your Man" (rocked up solid and sung by Buffalo lounge maestro the Incredible Lance Diamond, who contributed a balls-out "Down on the Corner" to the last album) and the Plimsouls' "Million Miles Away." And there are the token instrumental ("Kevin's Song," which sounds like a batch of great song intros strung together on a line) and acoustic ballad ("Two Days in February," which was apparently recorded live on the sidewalk).

Basics: The Goo Goo Dolls are raw, funny, smart, rough-edged and boilin'. Take it from Maurice (and La Garza): Sample *Hold Me Up* and tell us this isn't one of the best rock 'n' roll bands in America. Betcha' can't.

—*Chris Morris*

FIREHOUSE: ***Firehouse***
(Epic) † † † †

I like this album. Buy it. Gee, if it were only that easy to get my point across! Alright, let's take a different approach. No, this North Carolina-based bunch don't thrash (unless you use the term as an adjective rather than a descriptive, that is). They don't play speed metal (unless you consider the advanced fretwork on various solo sections). They don't even scream. What they do is play complete, emotional rock-and-roll sagas without wimping out. You can't ask for better than that. More specifically, here's exactly what you'll be missing if you don't buy the self-ti-



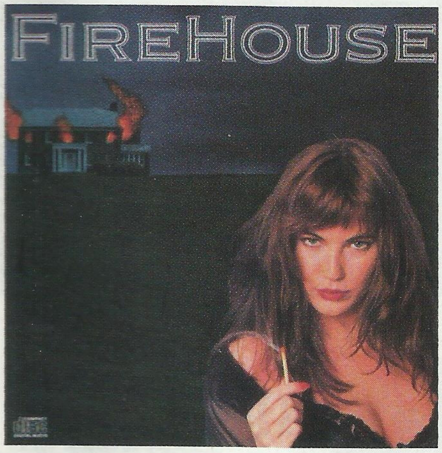
tled Firehouse album:

You'll never witness the dazzling display of talent shared by guitarist Bill Leverty, drummer Michael Foster, bassist Perry Richardson and vocalist C.J. Snare. You'll totally lose out on such catchy hard-rock tunes as "Overnight Sensation," "Oughta Be a Law" and "Rock on the Radio." You'll feel like a total jerk for not hearing the intricate acoustic guitar on "Seasons of Change," with its medieval-classical overtones. You'll still harbor those tears that could've been let loose during the ballad "Love of a Lifetime."

I mean, how often is there a foursome of musicians that truly understands the mechanisms of music? A quartet that can adapt easily from uptempo to double time? A group that can use their chosen instruments to dress up a song rather than just support the melody? Four folks who can vocalize a harmonic chant rather than merely shout in unison?

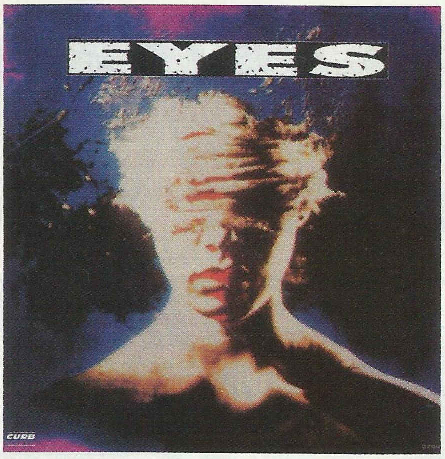
Most important, however, is that if you don't plunk down the bucks for this one, your record/CD/tape collection will be void of a very important addition: A great, hard-rocking, solid package of music. Now, why would you wanna do a dumb thing like that?

—Adrianne Stone



EYES: *Eyes*
(Curb Records) †††

Commercial rock bands often pasteurize slickness into sterility, sacrificing warmth and soul for coldly benign technical perfection. Luckily, Eyes' slick, self-titled Curb Records debut—keyboards, dense harmonies and all—still has a wild heart beating underneath its fairly unblemished surface. Like Foreigner, Boston and other bands of that genre, Eyes is radio-ready while retaining its luster. Fronted by former Yngwie Malmsteen vocalist Jeff Scott Soto, Eyes doesn't pack enough g-force to pin you against the wall or to indelibly brand its music on the inside of your skull with one listen; but spin the record two times, three times—okay, maybe even four—and darned if they don't gradually seduce your subconscious until you startle yourself humming their songs in the shower, on your drive to work, or during a sleepy, 3 a.m. trek to the fridge.



The album opens strongly with "Callin' All Girls," characterized by a very buoyant melody, Zeppelinesque syncopation, and enough changes and harmonies to remain interesting. "Young and Innocent" is another winning cut, cleverly pitting major-key descriptions of the good ol' days of youth against minor-key laments about adult disillusionment. The mood changes to hypnotic and primal during "Walkin' Fire," which crackles with sexual tension. Eyes serves up yet another stylistic offering with the graceful, sweeping power ballad "Don't Turn Around." In fact, amid tight musicianship, clean production and compelling vocals, this LP's only glaring weakness is a peppering of sophomoric lyrics that insult the intelligence of the music (as in "Callin' All Girls"—"Do you need a man to take you home?/I'll be the best you ever had," "I want to make you come and come again," "I wanna taste your love"). Other than that, Eyes' debut is worth a second look—and listen.

—Merryl Lentz

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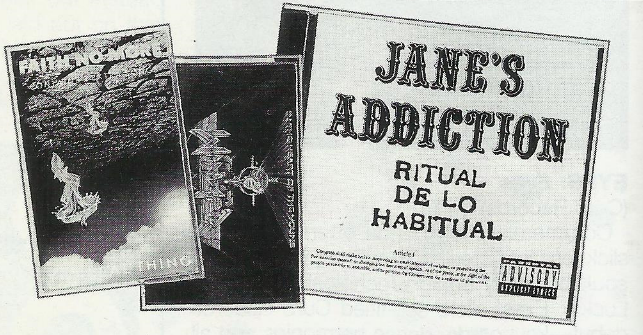

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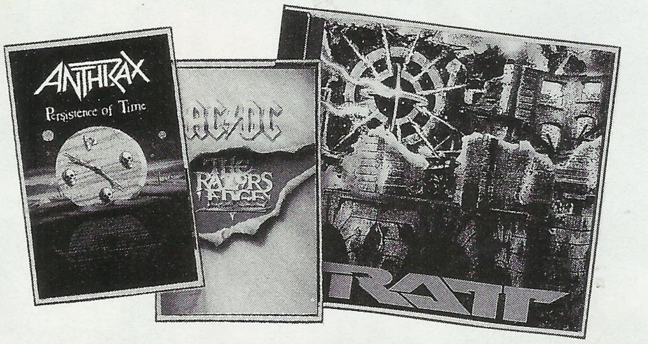

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BY DAVE REYNOLDS

Gene Kirkland

NELSON

“DON’T CALL US PRETTY”

It is, as ever, another rainy day in London, and the Nelson twins—that’s Matthew and Gunnar—are pissed off at their record company. The brothers desperately want to play live on British TV, but the ridiculous amount of red tape surrounding a musician’s basic right to entertain the public is stopping them. What it boils down to is that the duo don’t have work permits to perform in Britain, and even if they did, it would cause an almighty row with the Musicians Union if they appeared on TV. Nelson blames the British end of Geffen for not sorting things out for them.

Nelson want to prove they are for real, and that the hype is fully justified. They want to “Nelson-ize” the poor souls who’ve yet to appreciate the qualities of their debut album, *After the Rain*, and prove once and for all that they’re not a couple of pretty-boy wimps whose father just happened to be late-’50s pop star Ricky Nelson.

The type of metal that Nelson peddles—and in Europe, Nelson are considered to be part of the heavy-metal spectrum—may be ultra commercial, but it’s as addictive as hell. Ask any one of my fellow Brits who’ve splashed out nearly $20.00 for import copies of the album (since released in the U.K.), and they’ll tell you exactly the same thing. Nelson, you see, not only have the ability to write the songs that make the young girls cry, but also numbers that can provoke serious air-guitar action from the boys, some of whom find it difficult not to worship the very ground Nelson stand on! Nelson are candy floss laced with PCP.

This is actually the twins’ second visit to the U.K. in as many years. The last time Matthew and Gunnar were in London, they were here on a songwriting mission at the invitation of master metal hitsman Russ Ballard. Back then no one knew who they were or, indeed, cared. It’s different now.

“It’s difficult now, because in general there appears to be this real closed-mind kind of attitude towards us. Some of the people we’ve met have these preconceived ideas as to who we are and what we do,” explains Matthew. “They have this kind of attitude like, ‘I think you guys suck! Prove me wrong!’ as opposed to, ‘This is new. Let me take a listen.’ That’s fine with us, but we’re really annoyed that, because of these stupid labor and union laws, we’ve been unable to play and really prove these people wrong. We want to Nelson-ize them, but if we take out a guitar, we’re gonna be threatened with deportation, so we’ve only been able to talk about the band.”

To me, the whole timing of this trip to Britain seemed to be a little weird in the first place, coinciding as it does with Nelson’s first single, “(Can’t Live Without Your) Love and Affection,” hitting Number One in the United States. Shouldn’t Nelson be more concerned with promoting themselves in America at this time?

“We probably could have put this trip off until a later date,” Gunnar says, “but the thing is that we’re really committed to being a *world* band. We did an awful lot of traveling a few years ago to experience different cultures and to see, musically, how people felt all over the world, so that this band would not sound like your average Sunset Strip band. We were really excited about the single going to Number One, but our philosophy is that the United States is not the be-all and end-all of music. We’re not narrow-minded enough to think it is.”

A commendable attitude in such days where many a band’s idea of a “World Tour” constitutes dates in North America only.

“It would have been a very easy thing to do, for us to stay put in America when ‘Love and Affection’ hit the top,” continues Gunnar. “But,” he grins, “I think we like the abuse!”

Nelson being, as it is, a band, don’t the other guys (guitarists Brett Garsed and Joey Cathcart, keyboardist Paul Mirkovich and ex-Vinnie Vincent Invasion/Nitro drummer Bobby Rock) feel bad about being left at home?

“It’s cheaper just to get the two of us out here doing this promotion stuff,” Matthew explains. “We’re here to argue our case. It’s just difficult to get away from being judged purely on what people can see about us. I find the music scene here in the U.K. to be very jaded, and it’s difficult for rock bands and rock fans. It’s very closed-minded. So many of the rock kids don’t have an avenue to either express themselves or even listen to the music they like. With really only the one national radio station and stuff, they’re just forced to listen to what that station gives them. I mean, look, Queensryche’s new album is Number Seven after one week of release, yet they’ve had not one stitch of airplay. And that sucks.”

This situation isn’t likely to change in the near future. The closest Britain has to the likes of KNAC and Z-Rock are pirate radio stations run by fans who constantly get busted. The radio licensing authorities refuse to give in to calls for an all-rock station, claiming that there are enough stations that play rock in this country already. The problem here is that their idea of rock music begins and ends with Depeche Mode, Phil Collins, U2 and Madonna.

Oddly enough, “Love and Affection” has been receiving a certain amount of airplay on British radio, although it’s hardly likely to be a hit, as the band is only getting attention because of the novelty value of being fronted by Ricky Nelson’s identical twin sons.

“The ultimate shut-up when we’re faced with people patronizing us like that is simply to whip out the guitars and play,” smiles Gunnar. “That is the ultimate f?!k you. So you can see, we really are very frustrated at not being able to do that here!”

[The duo did manage to do it to at least two music journalists who had been foolish enough to ridicule Nelson in print before they arrived in the country. A female colleague of mine at *Kerrang!* was even presented with a bright pink, eight-inch sex toy with the message: “We had a good laugh over your article, but we think you need to get laid! Don't chip your teeth!"]

"On *Breakfast TV* the other morning, we had to put up with some guy who was losing his hair giving us crap about the length of ours," Gunnar says. "What can you say to someone like that? It's not our style to embarrass him on national TV about his balding head."

"I wouldn't say that we're being treated as a novelty—more like an oddity!" Matthew adds. "Thank God we don't play anything remotely close to what our father did!"

"Yeah, man," Gunnar chimes in, "if we played Rockabilly, we'd be sunk!"

"It's been easier for us," Matthew says, "because we've struck out with our own style."

And it was Boston that got you into it?

"Yep, Boston, Queen, the Eagles, Bad Company and Foreigner. A healthy dose of each."

In some quarters, the Eagles-style folky influence seems to have given Nelson the tag of the '90s version of the Partridge Family.

"They definitely haven't listened to the record!" laughs Matthew. "Really!"

"The folk aspect to our music crops up only in the sense that it's melodic," Gunnar explains. "We're not afraid to bring the acoustic guitar into rock music. But we're not the only ones."

"Yeah," Matthew throws in. "Boston did it. Tesla do it. Tesla have even recorded a totally acoustic album. It all boils down to the fact that it freaks people out that they can't label our music. Journalists, especially, don't like that. We just did our own record, and it wasn't this overnight success. We've been through a lot of pain to get to this point but, as entertainers, we're well aware that the public doesn't want to know about that. You don't need to go around telling all and sundry about how your life was hell for so many years, even if that was the case."

"Musicians with a dream always get shit on," Gunnar says. "It's a life of being looked down on for believing in a dream, with everybody constantly telling you that you'll never make it. We spent ten years putting up with that."

Who would you cite as being the biggest help in obtaining your current status?

"Larry Mazer, our manager, for one," Gunnar continues.

"And Marc Tanner," Matthew adds. "They're the Dream Team. Definitely. Marc Tanner we met when we were 18 years old. He was in the picture long before we were focused as writers. He helped in our evolution, and he was the only guy who could see the raw talent. At the time Marc [a former solo artist in his own right, having recorded two albums for Elektra over a decade ago] was considered to be a 'Grade B songwriter,' as opposed to the likes of Desmond Child, who were considered 'Grade A writers.' I guess Marc is now having the last laugh."

"Geffen didn't want him working with us," Gunnar reveals. "John Kalodner told us, and I quote, 'I don't want you to work with Marc Tanner, because it would be a waste of time!' He tried to get us to work with Holly Knight instead. But through the trials and tribulations of getting this done our way—and I stress *our* way—it's been a real lesson in humility, taking things one day at a time, and doing the best we could do. But it did help having Marc around, who constantly reaffirmed our abilities and was as excited about our dream as we were."

"And if it wasn't for Larry Mazer," Matthew says, "we would have probably been dropped by Geffen. We came close with our previous management, who were constantly f?!king us up. Larry heard about us through Geoff Downes [Buggles/Yes/Asia keyboard player], who we were going to work with at one time. Larry heard a demo tape of ours that Geoff had. He'd actually already heard about us through Vivian Campbell, who used to be in the band between his time with Dio and Whitesnake. Larry tracked us down, because he felt we were the future. He loved the tape so much that, when we met him, he was so overbearing that we just felt he was just another bullshit artist blowing smoke up our ass. But he was sincere, and he was persistent. He used to call every day. The second Larry got involved, things started turning around. We suddenly felt we were getting the respect from the record company that we'd never gotten before."

With two giant hits straight out of the box ("After the Rain" now stalks the top of the charts), how far can the dream travel? How far can Nelson go?

"I don't see any boundaries," grins Matthew. "We can only be the best we can be. We can get heavier, and we can get lighter. We can go both ways."

"We could come out with an acoustic album two or three records down the line," Gunnar says. "We definitely want to do a concept album, because Pink Floyd's *The Wall* is one of our favorite records. It depends."

"Actually, I'd love to produce a real hardcore heavy-metal band," Matthew reveals. "I'm a big fan of that stuff."

"A couple of songs that we've got on hold till the next record include the ballad to end all ballads, which is so simple, but says what we've all been trying to say," Gunner hints. "And at the other end of the spectrum there is, of course, 'Two Heads Are Better Than One,' which is a real fun song. Real riff-rock guitar stuff."

[Co-written with Dweezil Zappa, this track actually appeared on the soundtrack album to the movie *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure*, but Geffen insisted that A&M Records replace Gunnar's vocals with ex-Player singer Peter Beckett's before it could be included on the album.]

"We're told that our album has an awful lot of miles to go," reckons Gunnar in closing, "but we like to stay sharp. We're constantly writing new material. We just want to make sure every Nelson album is an event. We don't want to waste anybody's time or money." •

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FRESH BLOOD

KINGHORSE

In this era of shallow, good-time rockers, Kinghorse offers a loud voice of angry dissent. The group's self-titled debut album bares its fangs of truth, wailing a primal call to reality. Kinghorse delves beneath day-to-day life and unearths the phobias, neuroses and frustrations that most people would prefer to avoid.

This intense quartet hails from Louisville, Kentucky, a place singer Sean Garrison describes as "really, really redneck." Sean, needless to say, was an outcast, but it's likely he would have been an outcast anywhere. "I'm manic-depressive and psychotic about three months out of the year," he claims. "Like this constant chemical up-and-down, up-and-down. So it was pretty weird bein' in a situation where I was around all these redneck hicks all the time, and then suddenly just not bein' in reality."

Sean's unbridled and often unexplainable fury toward his surroundings propelled him to express himself through rock 'n' roll. In 1982 he found a soul brother in guitarist Mark Abromavage. His admiration of Abromavage's fretwork eventually led to a creative pairing when their respective bands broke up. Bassist Mike Bucayu and drummer Kevin Brownstein completed the lineup. The thread that ties the four of them together is their alienation from normalcy.

Not surprisingly, Kinghorse came to the attention of Glenn Danzig. "My first band toured with Samhain," recalls Sean, "so I've known him for a long time." It was Danzig who brought the group's demo to Caroline Records, and who wound up producing their album.

In spite of the darkness with which its members view the world, Kinghorse is fighting for a more positive, open-minded viewpoint. "We have a higher purpose," Sean explains. "I think there's a lot of people out there who need to hear that they can survive and get away with their hearts and minds intact if they just look deep and try to apply what they read and what they see and what they hear to their own lives. That's what we're trying to do." It's a lesson that Sean's learned firsthand. "Speaking as someone who is considered by certain groups of people to be ill, I would say, really, that if I can produce and express myself in a way where I can actively throw the demon off my back, I don't have as many problems."

Nevertheless, Sean realizes that there are those who are going to be put off by the group's brutal fight to gain acceptance for society's misfits. "It seems like a lot of people in the industry are frightened of the philosophical approach of the band, and they know we've come to shake it up. There's gonna be trouble." —*Janiss Garza*

BLONZ

Although the North won the Civil War, this country may soon surrender to another rebel group proudly rising from the South. Stationed in Atlanta, Georgia, this five-man army is Blonz, and they are waging war against silence, armed only with sticks, axes and vocals that cut like a knife. But just to dispel any stereotypes, these Blonz don't joyride through the backwoods with a jug of moonshine in one hand and a shotgun in the other, they don't play Southern rock, and they definitely aren't dumb.

"We are from the South, and we're proud to be Southern," vocalist Nathan Utz says of Blonz's roots, "but we're also proud to be different and not in the Southern rock category. Our music has no Southern influence."

Influenced instead by Kiss, Aerosmith, Hendrix and the odd pinch of James Taylor here and dash of Genesis there, Blonz's music is, in Utz's words, "Nuclear warfare, man. We're an explosion. You'll never catch a moment of me standing still, unless I'm on my face. We shave as close as a blade," he laughs, "or your money back!"

Luckily, Blonz have not had to exercise that money-back guarantee since Utz, lead guitarist/GIT grad Steve Taylor, guitarist/keyboardist Dennis Ogle, bassist Michael Fandino and drummer Aaron Tate united a mere year ago as Dirty Blonz. Shortening that moniker to Blonz, they gained an ardent local following as openers for national acts like Warrant, Extreme and Bang Tango. In the process, they captured the interest of Kansas' singer Steve Walsh and drummer Phil Ehart, who produced Blonz's demo, as well as their self-titled Epic Records debut. Although Utz is excited about the resulting material, which stretches from ballads like "Rainbow" to flat-out rockers like "Skintight," he is less than enthralled about the process of recording that material.

"I'm not afraid to say that I hate the studio," he says, laughing. "You've got to do it, but I'm the type of person that can't sit still for more than five minutes. I'd rather run through the woods as fast as I can, not sit in a room with 28 cups of coffee in me. The studio can be fun though—as long as it's got a basketball court and a nice lounge with Nintendo! If something's not fun, then I don't want to do it. That's not what life's about. I can't fish, either. Or golf—too boring! It's the new rock-and-roll sport, and now I understand why half the people in this business are hooked on drugs—God, they're out there playing golf!"

Waiting to be paired up with a national tour, Utz and his bandmates will be spared the unspeakable torture of such leisurely pursuits when they hit the stage. Refreshingly, Utz has a sense of responsibility toward those live performances that belies a maturity far beyond his 20 years. "At first, all you see is bright lights and big city," he reflects, "but now I realize that there's a lot of things happening these days that are unnecessary onstage. I think profanity is out of the question. I'm not Mr. Clean, but to me, censorship is an important thing. Bands have an amazing influence, and I don't think promoting profanity or anything degrading to a 13-year-old kid is good in any way. Rock has such a bad name, and these bands that are abusing their situation wonder why. The way I was raised is that what you get, you earn, and you respect it. You fight for it and take pride in it and cherish it."

With talent underscored by such solid values, Utz and his bandmates may soon be in a position to do just that. These are Blonz that anyone would prefer! *—Merryl Lentz*

Into America's melting pot of rock and roll comes another contributor, Ireland, with a bluesy sextet called No Sweat. The band—Paul Quinn (vocals), Dave Gooding (guitar), Jim Phillips (guitar), Paul J. Smith (keyboards), Jon Angel (bass) and Ray Fean (drums)—is pleased with the success of their first single, "Heart and Soul," produced by Def Leppard crooner Joe Elliot. It has already hit the numero-uno spot in the U.K.—an incredible feat, considering that the English charts are infested with pop and dance music.

The seed for their Lep connection was planted way back when guitarists Dave and Jimmy were in school and would go see a band called Girl playing at the Marquee. Girl featured a little-known shredder named Phil Collen. Explains Dave, "We sort of got to know Phil Collen, and he used to jam with us. We had known him well for years when Joe came to a gig, saw us play and got interested in the band. We were doing a demo at the time, and he suggested making a single out of 'Heart and Soul.' Out of that single came the signing with London Records."

Their eponymous debut album on London/PolyGram Records has already conquered radio airwaves and broken the Top Ten in the U.K. and the rest of Europe, but they have yet to infiltrate American soil. Their second single, "Tear Down the Walls," shot to the top of the Irish charts, and their third, "On the Edge," is following in its footsteps. The most interesting bit about these three singles is that the B-sides are versions of the same songs done in different styles, including jazz, blues, folk and acoustic.

From their early gigs playing covers of Thin Lizzy and Rainbow, to their extensive support stint on Little Angels' English jaunt, to their current road trips as solo headliners, they seem to be havin' no problem. 'Round summertime you can expect No Sweat to be steamin' up American stages from coast to coast!

—Kristina Estlund

NO SWEAT

BUZZ...

Edited by
Shari Sloane

WEST COAST:

The band **Eyes** is receiving lots of industry support for their Curb Records debut. For fan-club information, contact Eyes at 8033 Sunset Blvd., Suite 980, Hollywood, CA 90046.... There's a new band catching quite a buzz on the streets of Hollywood. **Slamnation** contains former members of White Tiger, Impelletteri, W.W.III and Black Sabbath.... San Diego's **Psychotic Waltz** is doing extremely well after signing to the independent Sub-Sonic label and releasing a 13-track compilation titled *A Social Grace*.... Rock City Angels and Evil Dead manager **Dan McConomy**, who is also the talent buyer for North Hollywood's Palomino club, is resigning from his post to form a new management company.... Still unsigned (but it hasn't stopped them yet), **Sam Mann And Thee Apes** are working independently on their debut album and are planning to leave the country on a U.S.O. tour that will include the Middle East. The longtime Hollywood faves are still selling out shows and supporting themselves with their successful merchandising endeavors. You can contact the Ape Nation at P.O. Box 29221, Hollywood, CA 90029.

MID-AMERICA:

Dreemwich, from Topeka, Kansas, are enjoying national airplay and attention for their self-released, self-titled album.... Chicago faves **Counter Attak** have released their second demo, *Into Battle*, as the follow-up to their debut, *Screams of Terror*.

EAST COAST:

Roulette, from Island Park, New York, has released a new tape. Contact them at P.O. Box 42, Island Park, NY 11558.... **Mean Street** is on a mean streak through Atlanta, Georgia. If you're in the neighborhood, stop by and catch the four-piece band in action at the New South Music Seminar.... Please do yourself a favor and check out the new **Mind Funk** debut on Epic Records. The album was recorded last year in Copenhagen, Denmark, at El Sound Studios, with producer Jan Eliasson at the helm.... **God's Water**, whose music has been pinned as a cross between Frank Zappa and Jane's Addiction, have finished recording their demo at Charlotte, North Carolina's Reflection Studios.... Also in the Carolina region, Nightmare Records has released a compilation CD titled *Metal Mythos*, which contains 15 original tracks from unsigned bands in the area. Some of the talent featured on the disc includes **Paragon, Locked And Loaded** and **The Squids**.... **Black Cat Bone**, whose music is reminiscent of early Cream, AC/DC and The Who, has been busy working with Mechanic's Steve Sinclair. Look for their new material on World Of Hurt Records.... **Cerebus**, from North Carolina, have released their second album, *Regression Progression*, on Rockduster Records.

MEAN
STREET

HEAD FIRST INTO THE FRENZY!

BLONZ:
A lethal explosion
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album, featuring the
terminal warning,
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Also, "Hands Of Love,"
and "Rainbow."
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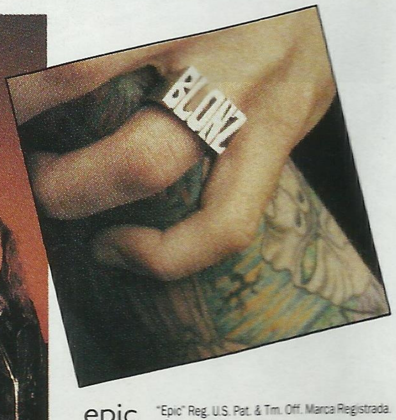

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For those of you who don't hail from the gritty, often threatening environs of Anthrax's New York home, their latest (and, honestly, greatest) cul-de-grrrr of an album, *Persistence of Time*, must seem a bit tricky. The Not man is dead; the shorts, burned; comic book collections, filed away. It's a bleak and oppressive album, chock-full of urban claustrophobia and personal rages you'd swear the once-euphoric fivesome didn't have in 'em. So pissed off, so vitriolic is it, even knobby-kneed, laid-back vocalist Joey Belladonna seems a bit hot under the collar for a change. Mind you, this ain't just any Anthrax album.

It's a fuggin' document.

The first album, metal or otherwise, to speak in raw, unrepentant terms of a city under siege: New York City 1990—a pressure cooker blown wide open.

"In the few months since we finished the album," starts in drummer Charlie Benante, the man ironically responsible for *Persistence*'s stygian riffs, "so much shit's gone down, it's sickening! Just a couple weeks ago this family that came here from Utah was attacked, and their son got stabbed and killed just for protecting his mom. A guy got stabbed in the Bronx for not giving some bum a dollar. These kids went to a barber shop in Brooklyn, and when the owner wouldn't give one of them a haircut, they shot him in the face. The list goes on and on. Only in New York, I guess."

The New York of Bensonhurst racial killings, Korean deli boycotts, ugliness, tension and anger—and it's gotten worse since Anthrax penned "H8 Red," "Keep It in the Family" and "Blood." Not surprisingly, Anthrax have been tagged "the Public Enemy of metal." *Persistence of Time* as the flipside to PE's *Fear of a Black Planet*? Perhaps. "No one cares anymore; no one's got any respect for each other anymore," Charlie mutters. "Guns are too easy to get. It's back to the wild, wild West again. To me, a movie like *Escape From New York* isn't science fiction—it's inevitable!

"In the headlines of the paper this morning, I read that someone was trying to kill Spike Lee. He was doing a movie in Brooklyn, and there were death threats made against him. He was shooting in a store owned by some local whites, when a car drove by and shot the front window out. What kind of world is it when we're trying to kill our artists? Our poets?"

Not that Anthrax aren't a bunch to thrive on discord. If it ain't one, it's another bone or two of contention that serves to propel the errant New Yorkers on to greater, stormier heights. Chronic complainers, manic depressives with a vicious sense of purpose, there's always a chink or two in their fistful of metal, the proverbial fire under their collective asses that keeps the New York mosh machine churning forth masterstrokes of Scott Ian/Danny Spitz guitar gnash, Frank Bello bass boom, Benante drum fire and Joey's vocal razors, a la *Persistence of Time*. Today's thorn? Videos.

"I hate our past two videos," swears Charlie of the latest 'Thrax clips for "In My World," a pointed, anti-substance-abuse barb, and "Got the Time," a Joe Jackson cover. "I'd like to do both of them over. 'Got the Time' doesn't fit the pace of the song at all. If I had my way, it would be us playing somewhere with the kids going nuts. Ian Fletcher, the guy that did the 'In My World' video, wanted to recreate that scene from *The Lost Boys*, where they fall into the fog, but it just didn't come out quite as we envisioned it. Hopefully, we'll be doing that one over again.

"Honestly, I don't enjoy making or watching videos. Doing a video is worse than making an album, if you can believe it. When you're doing an album, you're in control 100%. With a video, you're not in control. You're on the other side, and you can't see what's going on; then, when you see the final footage,

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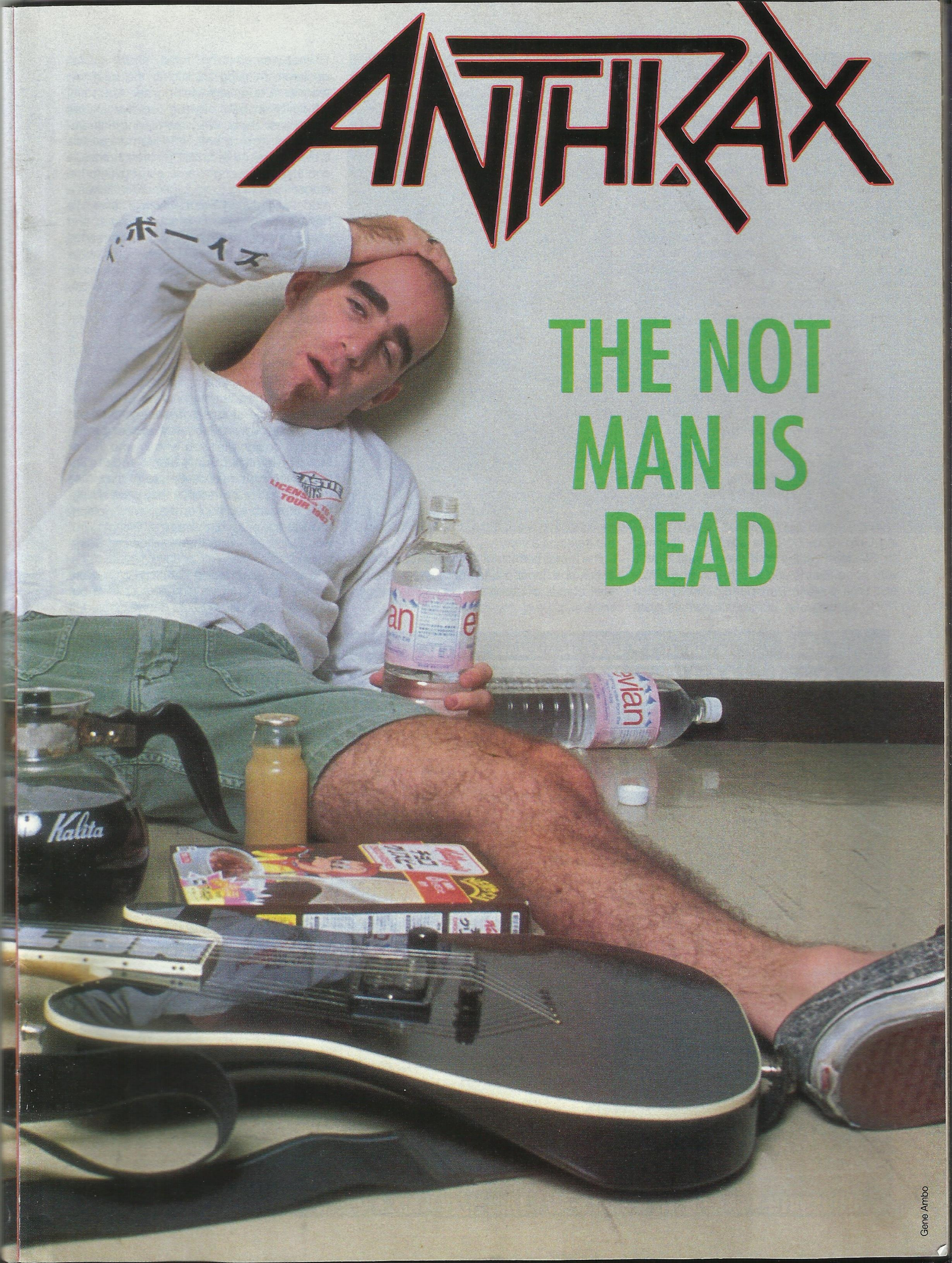


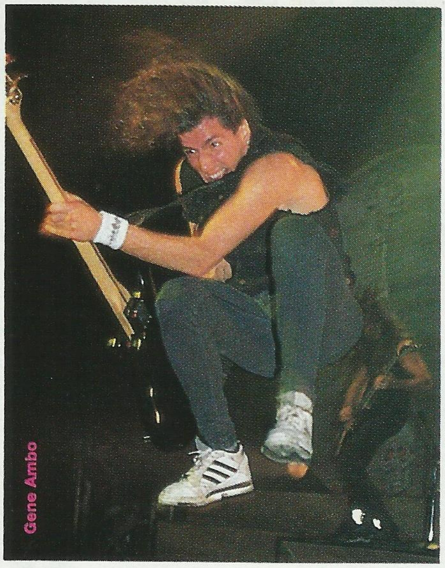
Gene Ambo

you're like, 'That's it?' It just sucks. It's awful when a director comes in that doesn't know us, that doesn't know what we're about, and starts telling us what's going on. It's not even 50/50, it's more like 10%! I wish we never had to do videos. It has too much to do with guys in suits telling us we need them to break ourselves in the Midwest. I hate it."

No strangers are Anthrax to adversity on the video front. To recapitulate, the stark black-and-white images of the homeless in perhaps their most stunning clip to date, "Who Cares, Wins," were deemed "too depressing" for mass-market consumption. To circumvent MTV's "head in the sand" policies, we can expect *Anthrax Through Time: Persistence of Video*, a complete videography of 'Thrax trax through the years.

"It's great, a real fan's package," boasts Charlie. "Plus there's a lot of stuff that people have never really seen before: 'I Am the Law' live from Philadelphia, the 'Madhouse' video, and 'Who Cares,' which might have gotten *Headbanger's Ball* play about two or three times."

Turning adversity to their favor is something Anthrax excel at. While bitterness tinges their words, the simple fact is: They've never been as successful! A mere month following *Persistence*'s release, the darn thing was scraping Gold (500,000 units sold) and destined for Platinum by the time they hit the States with good friends and tour-mates Iron Maiden. "We did the European "Monsters of Rock" with them in '88, and that was a great time," recalls Scott Ian. "They're just regular guys. No attitude. No bullshit. One of the best things about them is, they've got no attitude of wanting to dick over any of their opening bands. They treat you well, which is great, considering that we'll be out with them in the U.S. and Europe for probably the next half a year."


Gene Ambo

The mere mention of Anthrax's recent Australian and Japanese triumphs slices through their clouds of pessimism like a very jagged knife.

"That was amazing, totally amazing!" Ian declares, thinking back over the past few weeks. "Especially Melbourne, Australia, which is probably in the top five shows we've ever done. We were playing this arena-sized sports hall, and somehow the crowd managed to crush the steel barricade and started pouring over it, coming onto the stage. I don't know how they did it. It was a madhouse! Japan was better than ever. We haven't been there in a couple years, and maybe it's got to do with a lot more bands coming over there since then, but I swear that the crowds there have gotten way more responsive—not at all your typical, politely clapping Japanese audience. They're more vocal and way louder. I guess they're becoming less disciplined."

Charlie begins to mutter something about another bunch of Yanks Anthrax happened upon in the nightclubs of Tokyo. "Warrant. We were sitting in our own corner at this one club, and one of those guys came over and introduced himself. Honestly, except for the singer, I couldn't tell you who is who in that band. I admitted that I didn't know a lot about him, so he proceeded to fill me in. He told me how many records they were selling, how they were going on tour with Poison, and I was like, 'Uuh, that's nice.' Hanging out with Depeche Mode the night before was a lot cooler."

Take this as an unbiased plug: With every band and their friggin' mothers spitting out albums, *Persistence* should not be ignored. It

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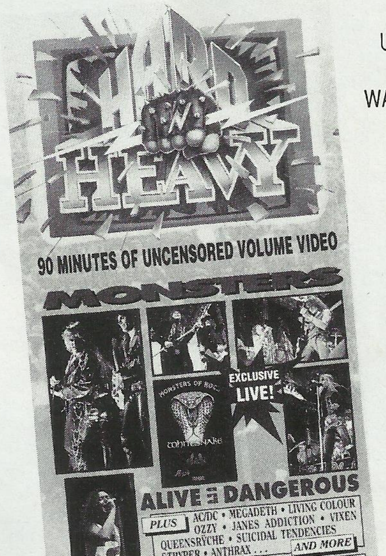
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stands as not only Anthrax's finest skull-crushing moment to date but, most importantly, also as a grimly fiendish, inescapable metal machine capable of converting the uninitiated, convincing the skeptics and enslaving old stalwarts to the Anthrax cause. How does Scott feel it stands up to the competition?

"Really, really well. A lot of what I've heard of all the other albums coming out is just crap, in my opinion. I haven't heard the Slayer album yet, but I've heard ten different opinions from ten different people, so I'm naturally interested. Megadeth, I hate it. I don't get it. I don't know what it is that band's trying to do—I can't hear any songs. I loved the first two records, but since then I dunno what Dave's trying to do. You can probably guess what I think of Testament. If you can make one band out of Anthrax, Metallica and Slayer, it would be Testament. I dunno about Queensryche, either. I was never really a fan of theirs, but this new record's like pop music.

"People are gonna hate me for my opinions!"

Of course Scott Ian & Co. are willing to put their money where their mouths are. The freshly skin-headed portrait of rockstarism gone very, very wrong unveils plans for Anthrax's next musical vision—a portrait in black, to say the very least.

Gene Ambo

"I'm virtually writing the next record in my head right now. I've got all these ideas and all this shit brewing in my head that's probably gonna cause so much schism with people. No specifics yet, but it's gonna be the darkest, craziest shit. It's gonna be my own twisted, crazy ideas about the way things are going. No specifics yet, but I guarantee it'll be the *Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer* of Anthrax records."

Be scared. Be very, very scared. Time persists. Anthrax looks back in anger.•

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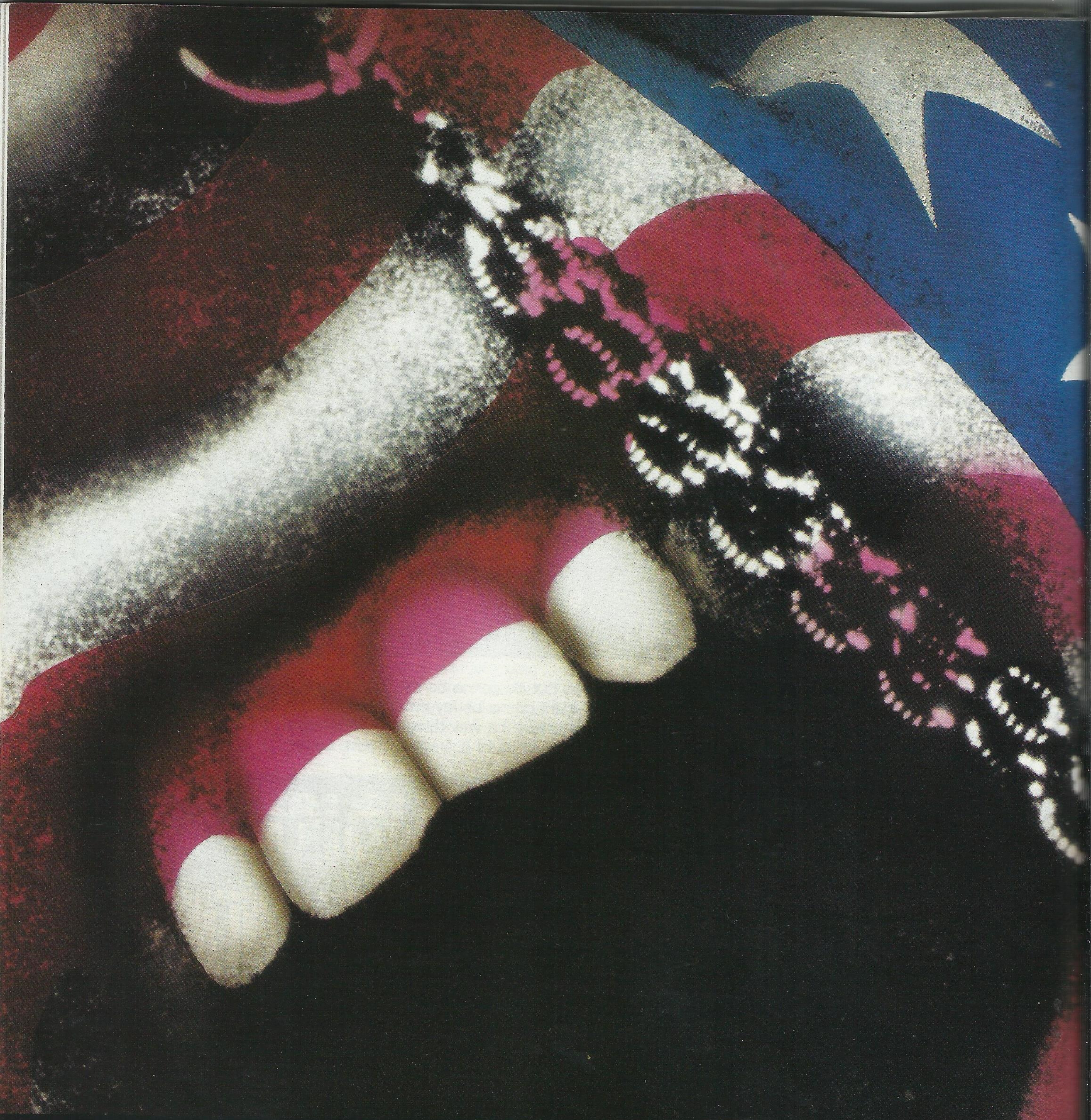

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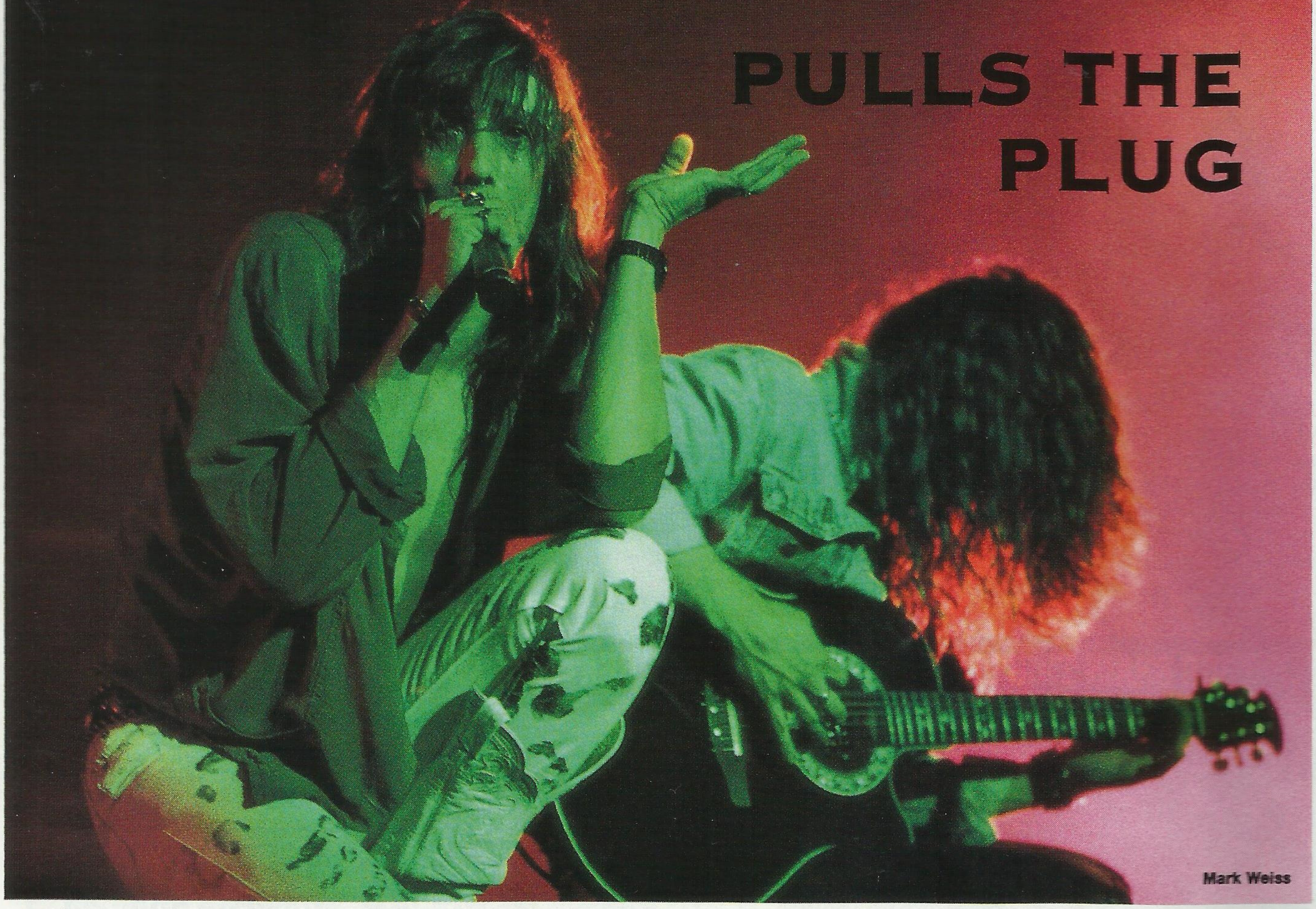
TESLA

PULLS THE PLUG



Mark Weiss

BY S.L. DUFF

Big radio hits, major tours, multiplatinum sales—these are a band's tickets to the mainstream, to having their name scrawled on school notebooks, to being household names. Can a band get into the mainstream without becoming homogenized by it, without being made predictable and typical? It doesn't happen that often, but the five guys in Tesla seem to be pulling it off. After releasing two blockbuster LPs, building a huge following, and becoming a major band in hard rock/metal, they've decided to release a 14-song live acoustic set for their third album. Hardly a typical or predictable move, yet a refreshing one.

The album in question is a blast of nontoxic air. Recorded in everyone's favorite city, Philadelphia, it includes acoustic versions of a number of their hits, such as "Heaven's Trail (No Way Out)," "Love Song" and "Modern Day Cowboy," as well as an eclectic brew of covers, five in all, each one a personal selection from a Tesla member. Drummer Troy Luccketta picked Creedence's "Lodi," bassman Brian Wheat chose the Fab Four's "We Can Work It Out," guitarist Frank Hannon nabbed the Dead's "Truckin'," and axeman Tommy Skeoch dug into his medicine chest for Mick 'n' Keef's "Mother's Little Helper." Voice box Jeff Keith opted for a one-hit-wonder gem from the early '70s, the Five Man Electrical Band's "Signs," which provided inspiration for the LP's title, *Five Man Acoustical Jam*.

Now, when we say *acoustical*, don't go whining Tracy Chapman or Suzanne Vega. The boys also have a sturdy acoustic drum set alongside a pair of box guitars, not to mention Wheat's trusty electric bass. (Okay, they cheated a little; but Brian assured me he used a little amp.)

At any rate, this acoustic business sparked enough curiosity for RIP to send me up to the source, so off I went to the capital of the Big Bear, Sacramento, also known as Tesla Central. The boys have their own private, bitchen 16-track rehearsal/demo studio, which is where I met up with them .

The band is just in their third week of rehearsal for the next full-blown studio album, following the first real rest they've had since signing with Geffen. "From the time we got signed to the end of that last tour, we'd been pretty much nonstop, making albums, doing tours," says Tommy. "This last five months has been the first time off we've had in four or five years."

The guys have been chillin' in a variety of ways. Frank bought a De Lorean for maximum cruise potential; Jeff opted for a Harley. Tommy purchased a Corvette (black). Tony's been doing improvements around his house, and Brian just got out of the hospital after having his gall bladder sliced and diced. Don't bug him about it; he's fine.

Sittin' around the studio lounge area—well, it does have a couch—they begin to unwind the tale of the acoustical jam.

"We played acoustic style at the Bammie

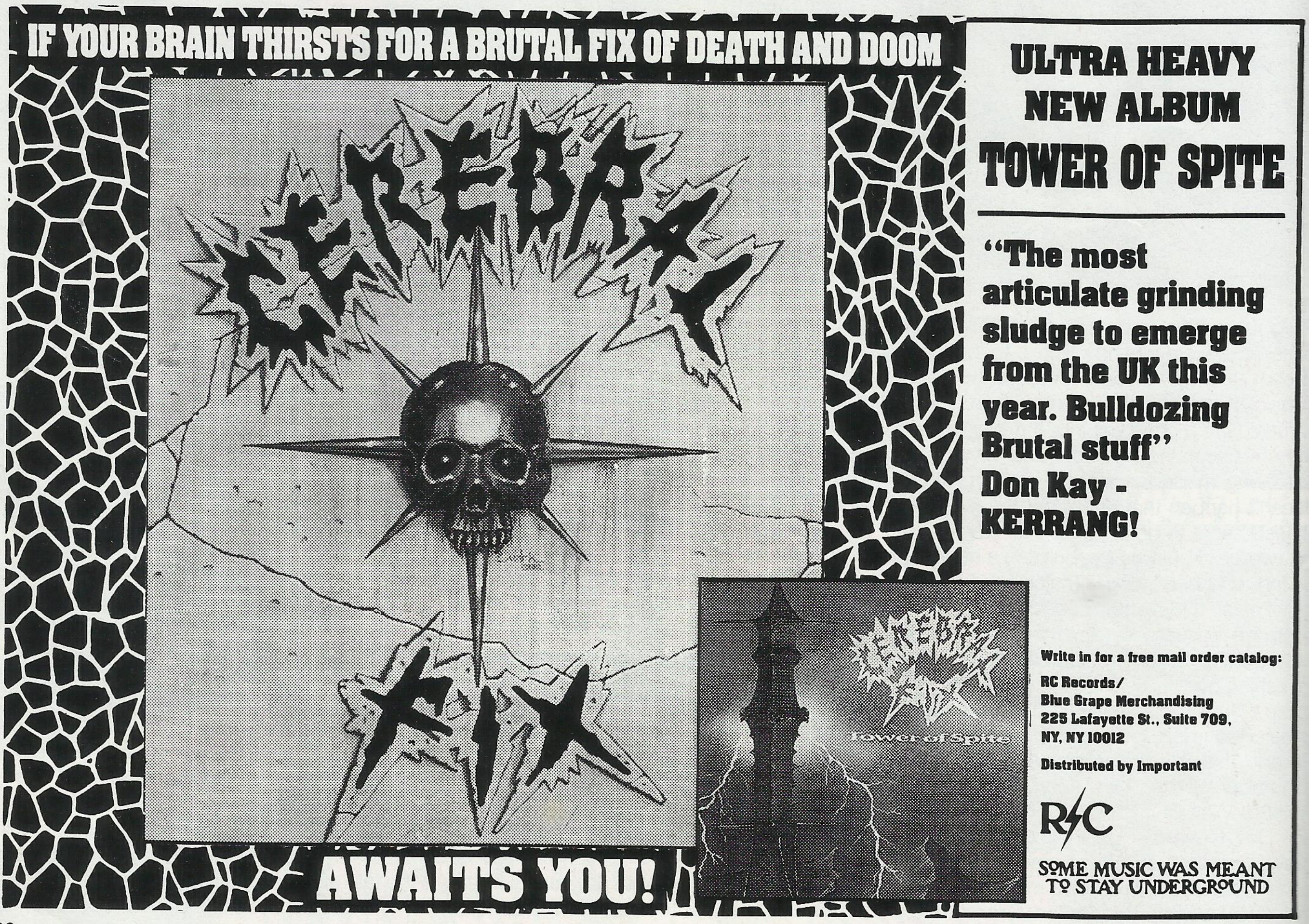
Jon Perrin

awards [a Bay Area music award show presented by *Bam* magazine], and a booking agent from the Bay Area, Queenie Taylor, saw it and invited us to play at her club, Slim's," says Frank. "We did it there, and it was fun; so then we did five more shows, and just recorded one of them."

Jeff adds, "When we were on tour with Motley Crue, on some off nights we just booked some shows, like in Boston, Philly, Detroit, New York and San Francisco."

As the shows went on, the guys realized they wanted to record one for posterity. "We paid for it out of our own pockets, for ourselves," says Frank. "The record company didn't say, 'Look, we want you to make a live album. Do this and do that.' We paid for it, but when we were mixing it, we liked the way it sounded so much, and our management liked it, so we said, 'Let's put it out.' "

Jeff says they didn't even think of it as a "live album" at the time it was recorded. "We just kind of recorded it and had it filmed for our personal use. That's when Geffen heard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SOME MUSIC WAS MEANT TO STAY UNDERGROUND

it and said, 'Hey, we want to put this out on a live album.' When we were jamming that night, it was just the same gig. It wasn't like, 'Goddamn, we're makin' an album out of this; play good!' "

"It kind of just evolved," Frank explains. "It's like, it started off as just one club gig; then it turned into five club gigs; then it turned into, We're gonna make a tape for ourselves; then it turned into, We're putting out an independent EP of it maybe; then it turned into a single; then it turned into a live album with 14 songs on it."

Meanwhile, whilst the band is fielding my probing questions about their new album, they are also in the midst of working out material for their next long player. They let me hear them rehearse one song they're working on, to which they've just about got all the music finished. Jeff is nodding along as the others play, conceptualizing the lyrics. At this point in time the song is called "Edison's Medicine." I mention that it's a cool title, and that maybe they should put it in the running as the name for their next LP. This sparks a controversy I hadn't expected.

Jeff: "Well, no, f?!k Edison for an album title; just for a song title, maybe."

Brian: "We don't want to give him too much. He got enough."

Troy: "I mean, [Thomas] Edison, he was a great man; he did a lot of great things."

Jeff: "F?!k Edison, Troy."

Troy: "Well, give credit where credit is due."

Jeff: "Exactly. That's what I'm saying. He did some f?!ked things for business. I mean, compared to Nik [short for Nikola Tesla, their namesake and apparent spiritual mentor], Edison was into money."

Troy: "I think what Edison did is, he capitalized on all the people that were working for him. He had people coming up with a lot of ideas that he was taking a lot of credit for."

Jeff: "Yeah, it's bullshit."

Brian: "And he was discrediting Tesla. Any man that electrocutes a dog is f?!ked."

Jeff: "See, and Tesla's approach was, 'Hey, I know ways that everybody can have their own electricity; make it in their own backyard.' And Edison and J.P. Morgan went, 'We ain't gonna make no money like that. We can't put up all these telephone poles.' "

Tommy: "Edison was a child molester."

Brian: "Edison was a converted pervert."

Frank: "At that time alternating current wasn't in the world. Tesla had discovered alternating current, which is what we use now. At that time, Edison had developed direct current. That's what they were trying to power these cities with, but couldn't do it. So what happened was, Edison would try to shut up Tesla, 'cause in the back of his mind he knew that alternating current was right. So he would take dogs to these conventions and hook them up to alternating current, and say, 'Now this is what alternating current does,' and push the button and fry these animals."

Tesla, the band, is dead serious about their commitment to setting the record straight about Tesla, the scientist. At their concerts they are circulating a petition that states that a bust of Nikola Tesla should be put in the Smithsonian Institute, along with information detailing his numerous contributions to modern science. The band feels that the cause starts with them.

"With a band named Tesla, we're reaching the younger kids and making it hip," believes Jeff.

Troy adds, "I think we're giving the kids some good knowledge, a sense of what's going on. Because history right now, history is what we know of it—what they write of it."

"It's the government," shouts Brian, only half-joking.

Frank gets serious. "Doesn't it piss you off, and everybody else? Doesn't it piss them off that they grew up being deceived? That Tesla wasn't known, how he changed the world?"

"They've just written him out of the books," says Troy.

"Just like American history, on the way the American Indians were treated," adds Frank, picking up steam. "It's bullshit. All the history books in school are crap. They don't tell you the whole story."

"Heard the story," Jeff says, "now tell the truth."

"It's like, they don't tell you the story about Tesla," Frank continues. "How he revolutionized electrical engineering and didn't get credit. I went through high school not even hearing about the man."

Jeff sums up his and his band's feelings. "I'm pissed. I went 13 years to school. I'm pissed, man. That makes me say, 'Hey!' " •

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Glen LaFerman

BULLETBOYS

WELCOME TO THE FREAK SHOW

BY JUDY WIEDER

The BulletBoys are shooting in and out of rooms at One On One Studio, where they are about to hear the first mixes of their new album, *Freak Show*. Legendary producer Ted Templeman pokes his head into the lounge where bassist Lonnie Vencent and his dog Dudie ("It's really Dude, but my girlfriend calls him Dudie; so I've gotten into it too") are spread out on the couch. Lonnie doesn't introduce Ted, which leaves a big hole in the interaction. The white-haired record wizard stares at me. There's no way I'm going to miss the chance to meet Van Halen's producer, so I stick out my hand and seize the moment, as they say. After saying our hellos, Ted turns to Lonnie. "Rude jerk!" he mutters, and leaves the room.

"Oops," Lonnie grins. The blond bassist looks a bit weary in his faded Laker T-shirt and jeans. The band has been writing and recording their second album for what seems like centuries. First there were some, uh, song problems.

"We thought we had all these great songs," Lonnie recalls. "We write all the time. We're even writing now. But when we got off the road and came rushing into preproduction, well, the songs weren't quite there." Lonnie is the least revealing member of the BulletBoys. His caution is apparent not only during our solo conversation, but also when the rest of the band slowly joins us. He simply doesn't want to say too much, although it's clear that the BulletBoys have gone through fire and rain to get to *Freak Show*.

Drummer Jimmy D'Anda, much taller and more manly than when he started out at 19 with the BulletBoys, opens the heavy door and tosses his aviator sunglasses on the coffee table. Lonnie directs my last question to him. "Jimmy, she just asked me something really difficult," he moans.

Jimmy smiles at me and taps his chest fearlessly. "Let me hear it. I can answer it."

"I answered it too," Lonnie corrects, "but it's difficult."

I repeat my favorite question: "What's the hardest part of being in rock 'n' roll? Everybody knows all the wonderful parts, all the reasons why you do it, but what is the one thing you would do away with if you could?"

Jimmy freaks. "Oooooooh, wow! Yeah, well...ahh...uh huh...the part I would like to do away with? Um...well, I do have something I could get rid of: I would like to do away with all the liars in this business; all the people who think they know what's best for you and don't. I hate all the people who have the power to mess up a good thing."

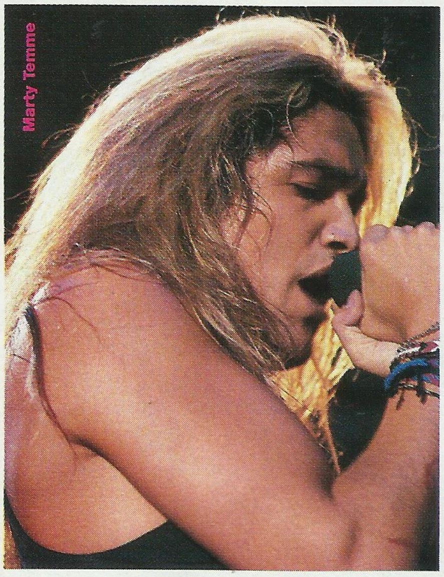
"That's just what I told her!" Lonnie says, triumphantly.

People getting in the way of being the BulletBoys is definitely a problem—even if it's the BulletBoys themselves! According to

Lonnie, Jimmy, Marq Torien and Mick Sweda, the journey from their first to their second album has been one of rediscovering who the BulletBoys are and why they went through hell to form the band in the first place. As everyone probably remembers, the BulletBoys were all once bits and pieces of King Kobra. As that band tried to listen to a million and one voices telling them how to look and sound in order to make a million, Marq, Mick and Lonnie realized everything was wrong. What's more, they knew exactly how to make it right. Forming BulletBoys with drummer Jimmy and manager Dave Kaplan, they went back to their rock 'n' roll roots, rehearsed in a condemned building in South Los Angeles and wrote songs. After many hours and many more tunes, a Warner Brothers A&R V.P. named Roberta Peterson heard their demo tape and brought producer Ted Templeman in to hear her boys. Ted signed them on the spot.

By September of 1988, the BulletBoys delivered their debut album, *BulletBoys*, and pretty much launched just the career they were hoping for. Touring with all the top bands, they crisscrossed the world so much, even they got pooped.

"When we were first out on the road, I thought I would explode, I was so happy," singer Marq Torien beams. With his sexy dark eyes and grey-streaked hair, the exotic frontman fills the studio with energy and warmth. "It's like, *that's* home for me. Home is being on the road, where I can see all my friends and fans and road crew members and...and ...." His eyes shine at the mere thought of it. "And I've learned a lot out there," he adds with a flicker of seriousness. "Life teaches you a lot. I mean, I also had a lot to learn."


Marty Temme

I probe for examples.

"Oh, almost anything. I can be quite a dickhead, you know. I used to say stupid things to the crew or sound guys. They had to lay into me, set me straight. I need a lot of that."

Guitarist Mick Sweda arrives. He looks annoyed. Actually, he has trouble looking at anything. Wearing metal-rim glasses, a flowing shirt, jeans and boots, his eyes dart over at me for a fraction of a second. He picks up a *Time* magazine and refuses to say a word. Listening to my questions regarding what went wrong with their songs and why they sound so magnificent today, Mick's body language screams irritation. Finally he can't stand it.

"I don't understand," he says loudly, never looking up from *Time*. "I feel like I just walked into the middle of an interview, and I was told to be here at 3 p.m. Am I late?"

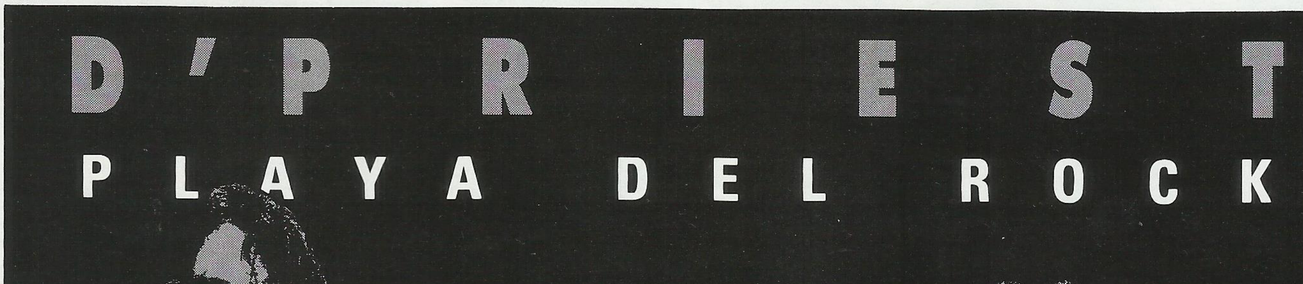
"No," I apologize. "I was early. Lonnie was here, so we just started. Do you want me to go out and start again?"

Still not looking up, he smiles, relieved. "No, I just didn't understand why everybody was here."

Rock 'n' rollers who give a damn about interviews and when they start? What a thrill. My experience is that bands, especially bands who aren't hungry for publicity anymore, simply don't get into a snit if they think they're a few minutes late.

Marq continues his thoughts on the BulletBoys' song saga. "Look, we had our troubles. We all write together, and we'd written a bunch of tunes that we thought were ready to go. We'd just gotten off the road after 14 months of insanity, and, well, I guess we needed a break. It's like we were, 'Yeah, yeah, let's get into the studio with this stuff. Dynamite!' But then we took some time off, and you know what?"

(continued on page 91)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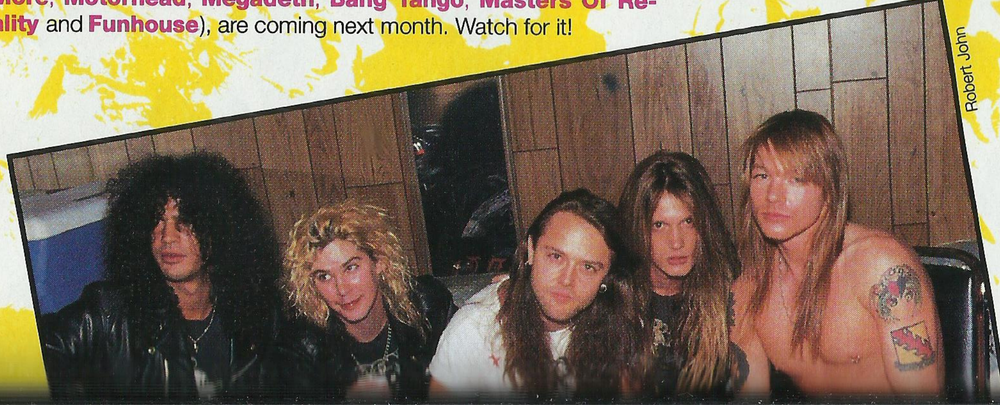
RIP

Robert John

For the kid who finds trouble wherever it lurks, here's a little item: **Sebastian Bach** wanted to fly home to Canada recently to visit a friend who designs clothes and hats. But when Bas arrived at immigration, the officials on duty punched up his name on the computer, and what they saw resulted in a three-hour wait and, ultimately, the denial of this Canadian citizen's right to return to the country of his birth. "It was the bottle incident in Massachusetts," said a frustrated Bach. "They knew about it...it was on their f?!kin' computer. And for that, they wouldn't let me go home to the country where I was born." Ah, but there's more to this ludicrous story. "The whole time they made me wait, I was signing autographs for their kids! Can you believe this shit?" Unfortunately, Bas, we do....

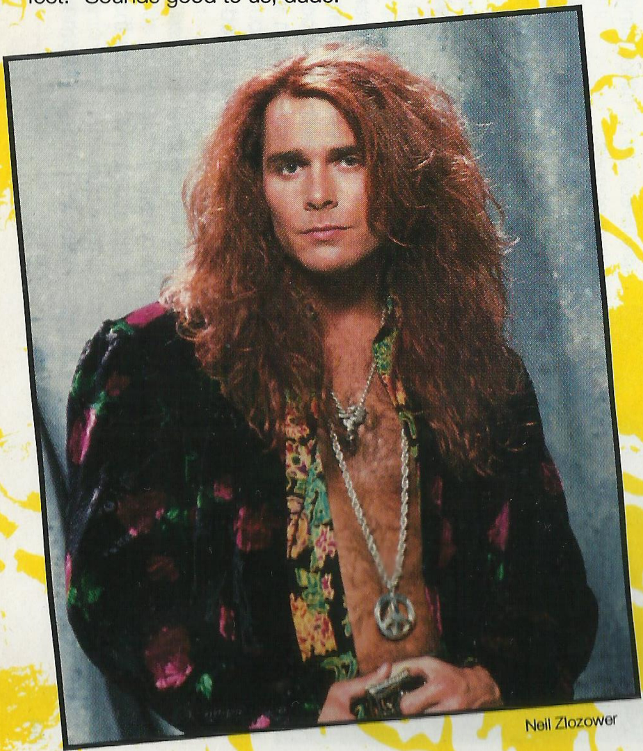
At a recent gig in Greensboro, North Carolina, **Warrant** played their little hearts out before a sold-out crowd of screaming Southern teens. However, when it came time for the headlining act, **Poison**, to hit the stage, there was no Bret Michaels in sight. He just plain didn't show up. Our impeccable sources say that Bret had a fight with his bandmembers and refused to play that night. The excuse given to the disappointed fans was that Bret, a diabetic, hadn't taken his insulin and physically couldn't perform. Thankfully, the promoter gave the fans their money back and rescheduled the show for a later date. As for the conflicting stories, well, take yer pick.

At **RIP's 4th Anniversary Party** in Hollywood, a bunch of friends got together and jammed. On this particular eve they called themselves Gak, but as you can see, the faces are quite familiar. Performing songs from each band's repertoire, the Metalli-Guns N' Skid supergroup kept the kids spellbound for 40 minutes. Wild photos and details of their set, as well as those of the other six bands who played the unbelievable event (**Faith No More**, **Motorhead**, **Megadeth**, **Bang Tango**, **Masters Of Reality** and **Funhouse**), are coming next month. Watch for it!


Robert John

Gene Kirkland

White Lion are roaring back this spring with a new LP that will serve notice to all those who believe this is just another superfluous happy-metal outfit. Mike Tramp personally escorted RIP to the studio to hear the stuff, and we were blown away. "Lights and Thunder," the album's opening track, is an eight-minute swirling metal opus reminiscent of Zep's "Achilles' Last Stand." Elsewhere, the band goes ultra-heavy again with "War Song." This seven-minute-plus crash-and-burn cruncher boasts some of guitarist Vito Bratta's most adroit shredding to date. The girls will love "Broken Heart," "You're All I Need" and the delicious "Love Don't Come Easy." "This is the hardest we've ever worked on a record," claims the affable Tramp. "We're taking our time and doing it perfect." Sounds good to us, dude.



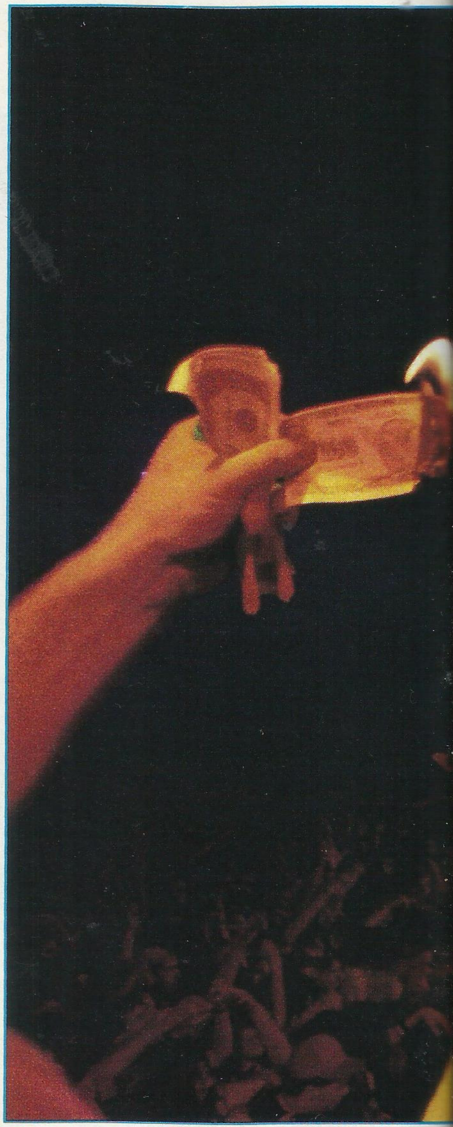
Neil Zlozower

Joe Giron/Photofeatures

"I've been busy writing with everybody," says a tongue-in-cheek **Alice Cooper** about his next record. But the Coop's not so far from the truth, and his list of collaborators is pretty impressive. Motley's Nikki Sixx and Mick Mars worked up three hellish tracks with Alice, one reportedly a killer ballad "reminiscent of 'Only Women Bleed.' " In addition, GN'R bassist Duff McKagan knocked pens with Alice, as did Skid Row's Rachel Bolan. Alice's LP should be out in mid-'91, with Peter Collins (Queensryche) producing. Oh, yeah, while in L.A. on his writing trek, the Coop managed to slide into the studio to sing with Axl on "The Garden," a tune off the new Guns album. According to Axl, the *Trash* man's vocals on this magnificent song are "vintage Alice."

RAP

WARRANT LIVE! TH



Flies and farms. That was my first impression of Saginaw, Michigan. Though the patchwork landscape sliding past beneath my plane couldn't be anything but Middle American, the pesky flies in the small airport gave me the added clue that there must be cows and horses nearby. *What's a heavy rock 'n' roll gig, featuring Poison and Warrant, doing in a place like this?* I thought. I had flown to the small town to try and catch up with Warrant three weeks into their tour. I didn't know it was going to be so difficult.

The Sheraton Fashion Square Hotel van driver was kind enough to pick me up, being that there was no one to meet me and no taxi service in sight at 8:30 a.m. Small-town hotel hospitality included arguing with the desk clerk over the pre-paid bill, which she claimed I owed $64 on, and dragging my luggage up to a dirty room. Rumors travel fast in small towns, and by 9:30 there were some 20 screaming fans hanging out in the hotel parking lot below my window. (Not for me—for Warrant!)

The phone calls began at 10:30. The interview time was changed from 2:00 to 5:00 to 5:30, and from an hour to 30 or 45 minutes. And as if I wasn't worried enough already, tour manager Jason Raphaelian told me both Joey Allen and Jani Lane were running late, but that Joey would eventually be in first, followed shortly by Jani. Dinner with the band was out, because "they eat in their rooms."

Next question: "What time are we leaving for the show?"

Jason said, "Didn't they get you a car or something?"

"No. I was told I was riding with the band, and you were to provide me with passes."

Jason's response was a friendly, "We can give you a ride there, but you'll have to find your own way back. We're going on to Fort Wayne tonight."

"Are you leaving right away?"

"You never know. It's a free-for-all." So much for spending time with the band!

My first encounter with the Warrant boys was an accidental one: Steven Sweet and Jerry Dixon were looking for Jason's room and their ride to a radio interview. They were surprised to find me, and had no idea I was interviewing them!

Joey surfaced around 5:45. Jani, wearing two different white tennis shoes, a Beer Drinkers of America Party Smart shirt, and looking worn out, appeared ten minutes later. "I'm freshly out of bed. I just woke up ten minutes ago. Oh, God," he screamed. "I'm just getting back into the touring mode." He settled down into a chair by the window and abstractly scribbled on the table with a hotel pencil. Joey flipped through the latest RIP.

Jerry and Steven had mentioned on that afternoon's radio interview that the band's tour schedule sometimes includes side trips to jail.

"Yeah, I went to jail the other night," Jani said, laughing. "That happens occasionally. It was C.C. from Poison's fault. Some girl was...I don't know...you get these over-the-top, fanatical...well, occasionally you meet these fans that are over the top, and this girl was. And in trying to calm her down she got offended and went after C.C., which I thought was very funny. One of our security guys pushed her away from him and got in between them. She was throwing cups of hot coffee at him. Everyone started to tell this girl to get out of the building. She walks out the door, and in comes four police. They said, 'All right, you five guys step outside, or you're under arrest.' I said, 'Why? What's up?' He said, 'I'm not asking you again. Step outside, or you're under arrest.' All I said was, 'You should learn how to be [expletive] polite.' And then I said, 'You hayseed [expletive]!' "

Both Joey and Jani were rolling by now. "The next thing I know, it's click, click, and see ya! I'm off to jail. The drag was, I got arrested really late; so by the time I got bailed out, it was time to go to court. I didn't get to bed till noon the next day, which, like, really threw my hours off," Jani said, impersonating a Valley boy. "So, like, today I, like, didn't fall asleep till 11 o'clock, and tomorrow it'll probably be ten. That way, by November, I'll be back to going to bed by two, if I'm lucky."

"That's when the alcohol wears off," Joey chimed in.

"It's amazing how when the alcohol wears off, you wake right up," Jani continued. "It's very difficult not to get involved in some kind of activity like that, because it's in your face. Every night is a Saturday night. You have nothing else to do to amuse yourself. There are a couple of other things...." Jani raised his eyebrows.

"You mean the girls outside?" I asked.

"You know, that gets old quicker than going out and drinking," he continues. "I don't mean to come across as not liking women—because I love women—but grabbing a girl you don't know from Adam, and taking her in the bedroom and having sex, and spending more time trying to get rid of her than it took to get her to come in the room in the first place gets very old to me. I'd rather be with somebody that I can actually have a conversation with. Still, it happens."

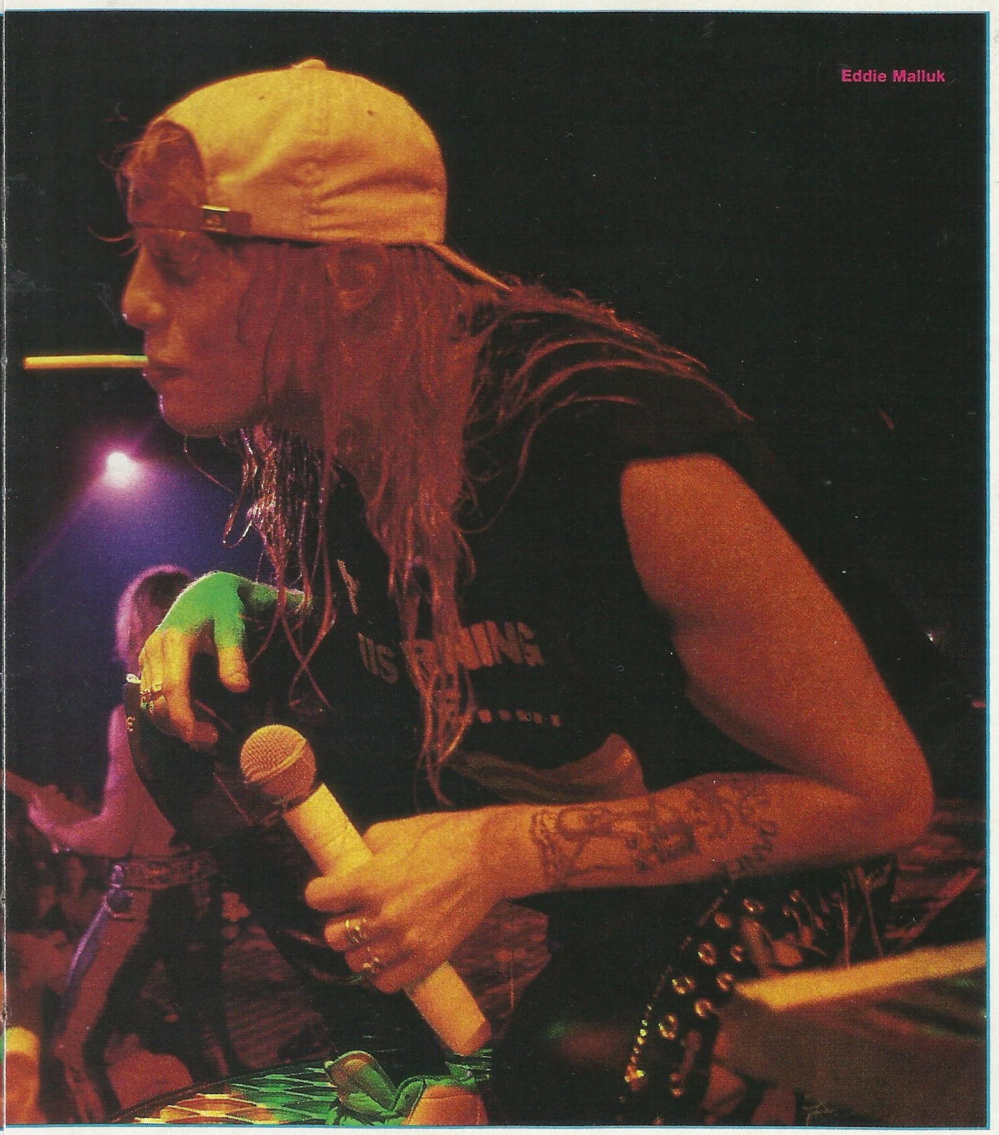
"You just contradicted yourself," Joey laughed.

"I didn't contradict myself. I said it gets old very fast."

"Is success what you thought it would be like?" I queried.

"It's very different from what I thought it would be," Jani replied. "It's not a party in a sunken living room or a jacuzzi every night, with a million girls and champagne and cocaine and heroin and all that kind of shit that I always thought went on. It's very much a business and a lot of work. We're pretty focused this time on tour, as opposed to the last one. The last one was, 'Let's all go out and get drunk, get laid, have a good time.' You only have one first world tour. This tour the band is definitely out to get some respect.

"I think the new record is head and shoulders above the first album," Jani continued. "I think the writing is better. The production is better. It's a heavier album. It's more representative of Warrant live. Warrant is live this time. There are no tapes, sampling or sequencing. We brought a keyboardist out with us to cover the stuff that we can't cover, because I personally feel that if someone comes out to see a live show, it should be live. If the performance isn't sterling, so



Eddie Malluk

SLICE IS RIGHT

By Jennifer Clay

what. That's part of the fun of seeing a band perform in the flesh. If someone hears a keyboard part or a harmonica part, I want them to know where it's coming from.

"We got categorized, and a lot of it had to do with the sound of the first record and the choice of singles. I had a lot of faith that if we came out with a record that was more representative live...because the band is pretty heavy live, you'll see tonight. I like the guys in Poison, and we're all friends, but we are definitely a heavier band than Poison live. No question. Hands down. Period. End of subject."

Jani and Joey were greeted by screaming, crying, picture-snapping fans as they headed to the "Pie Wagon" (tour bus). Erik Turner was waiting in the bus, having already greeted his public. Steven and Jerry were at the Saginaw Civic Center. Watching from the window, I saw Jani go back out and shake hands, hug and sign autographs with every one of the 30 or so fans. They screamed, "Jani, we love you!"

Polite and courteous, Jani offered me a drink and then sat next to me for the short ride to the venue. The Civic lot was full, and crowds were milling around out front. The three Down Boys checked the crowd out. Jani's observation: "I definitely don't see a wife."

Once inside and backstage, Joey ordered a bottle of Absolut from a roadie for those of us who were vodka fans. The guys feasted on dry turkey, hard bread, beer and Gatorade. Jerry played a new bass that had just arrived. Erik fiddled with one of his guitars. Jani double-checked that his friends were on the list. Steven sat quietly. The crew ran in and out with messages and deliveries—including the bottle of Absolut and six cartons of cigarettes! That night's wardrobe hung labeled and ready to wear.

Warrant emerged onstage at 8:00 p.m. in tight black pants, leather and wild hair. The band's stage energy was high, not letting on how exhausted they were from the previous night's excursion to a strip bar in Indianapolis. They opened the show with the rocking "Down Boys," slowed it down in the middle with "Heaven" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and ended it with the audience sing-along "Cherry Pie." The choreographed stage routine was much the same as when I last saw them perform a couple years ago. Technically, though, they had vastly improved. Most of all, Warrant looked like they were having a wild party!

But, as they indicated earlier, the *really* wild partying would come afterwards. True to their word, the band showed me how to have a good time, Warrant style. The backstage area was crowded with females no one knew, but who came bearing gifts. Jani's long-lost friend from Ohio appeared, and they talked about duck hunting with Jerry. Erik and I discussed the fine art of billiards, and how different he is on this tour—"It's like black and white, from band slut to faithful." He even indicated that his right arm was growing larger in the process. Joey and I acted as bartenders, serving up Gatorade and vodka, shots of tequila, and Jack Daniel's and Coke. We left behind several cases of empty beer bottles, an empty Cuervo Gold bottle, a half-full Jack Daniel's bottle and a half-full Absolut bottle.

The band was escorted by the security guards through the screaming fans. Jani and Jerry sandwiched me in. The crowd surrounded the bus, making a quick escape difficult. We headed back to the hotel to pick up the driver—Jason, tour manager, was at the wheel. From the mobile phone, Jani arranged for a taxi to pick me up at 1:45 a.m. in front of the Rockin' Roundup Bar, our spot for the remainder of the night. I told Jani I

Neil Zlozower

Ross Halfin/Zlozower

didn't think that would wash as a needed expense. He insisted I had to go, and he would pay for it—the proverbial good host!

The driver followed someone to the bar, which no one seemed to know the exact location of. It turned out to be some 35 miles away through the pitch-black countryside in the neighboring town of Midland. We piled in the back of the Pie Wagon and listened to a tape of Warrant live. When I voiced my fear that I would never return to the Sheraton, Jani and Joey suggested I continue on the tour. We munched candy from a jar on the counter. I asked Jerry, who was reclining next to me, what was in the jar next to it.

"Condoms."

"Well, I'm glad to see it's still full," I said. "I think."

The Rockin' Roundup turned out to be a rockin' good time. A cover band played all those irritating hits you hear too much on the radio, Jani and Jerry Cowell, his Ohio friend, ruled the foosball table, and Erik and I challenged the locals to a few games of pool and lost most of them. The house band requested Warrant's presence onstage. The Down Boys took over and closed the bar with great oldies like ZZ Top's "Tush," Cheap Trick's "Surrender" and the Rolling Stones' "Honky Tonk Woman."

Jani and I looked for my taxi, which, not unexpectedly, didn't show. So it was back in the tour bus with five plastered guys, one plastered friend, me, and a tour manager saying, "We can't take you back." Jani was trying to get through to a taxi service. Others suggested once again that I continue on the tour. Jani's friend offered to give me a ride back, since he thought they had to head in that direction, although he wasn't sure. I took him up on it and said my farewells to one of the wildest, nicest groups of guys in rock 'n' roll.

Not wanting to miss the perfect opportunity to get an inside into a Warrant member's childhood, I attempted to grill Jani's pal Jerry Cowell on the drive back to the Sheraton. On the record, a fairly intoxicated Jerry said, "I don't know what Johnny [Jani] would want me to say about our childhood life. We did some wild stuff. From three years old on... the first birthday party, ever since then. We played sports together. Johnny, in his in-between time, was playing the drums. His brother got him into drums. The neat thing about tonight was up there they played 'Honky Tonk Woman' by the Rolling Stones. John, I believe in fourth or fifth grade, played a talent contest at the elementary school in Brimfield. He played 'Honky Tonk Woman' on drums. He always played the drums all his life."

No rest for the weary—*and* hung over! Early that morning, as I sat in the airport terminal, swatting flies and popping aspirin, I thought of the *months* of hangovers ahead of Warrant and how I wished I could share some more vodka and candy with them. I felt like I'd left the party before it even started •

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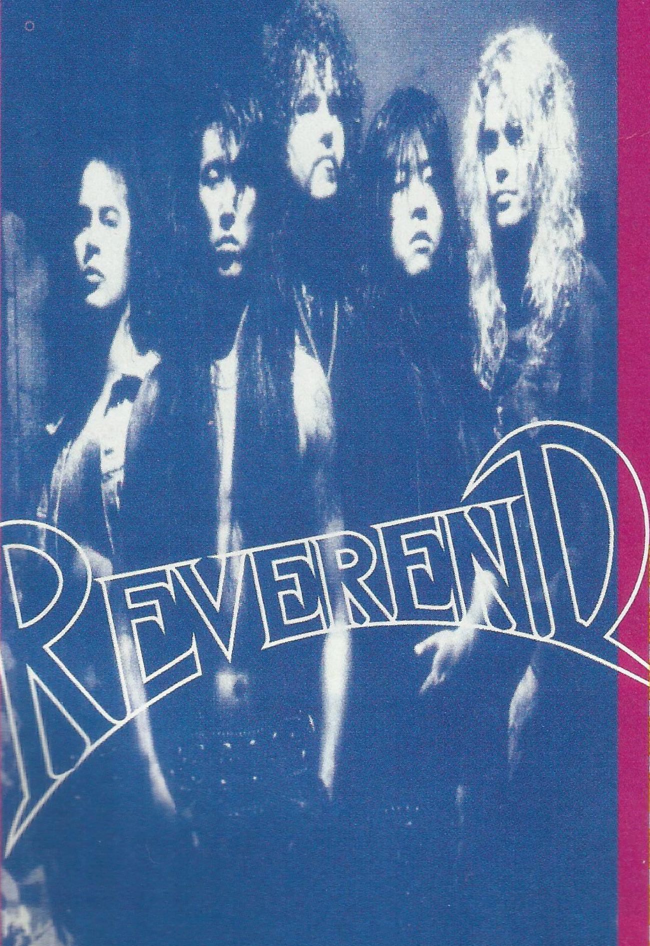

RULES:

All entries must be postmarked by February 30, 1991. Entry in the contest constitutes full permission to publish the name, address and photographs of the winners without compensation. The winners will be selected by a certified CPA for Charisma on March 15, 1991 and notified by certified mail. Prizes returned as non-deliverable will count as awarded. Odds of winning depend upon the number of entries received. No cash equivalent or substituted prizes are offered. There is no age restriction on entrants. Prizes won by minors will be awarded to guardian. Employees of RIP Magazine, it's parent and affiliates and Charisma Records, it's parents and affiliates, are not eligible to enter contest. Contest is subject to all local, state and federal regulations. Contest is void in Georgia, Utah, Michigan, Rhode Island, Oklahoma, New Mexico, South Dakota, Virginia and Canada and other foreign countries, and where otherwise prohibited by law. No purchase is necessary. One entry per person. Winners are responsible for all local, state and federal taxes. Decisions of the drawing organization are final. To obtain a list of the winners, send a letter to Contest Winners, Reverend Contest, RIP Magazine, 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.

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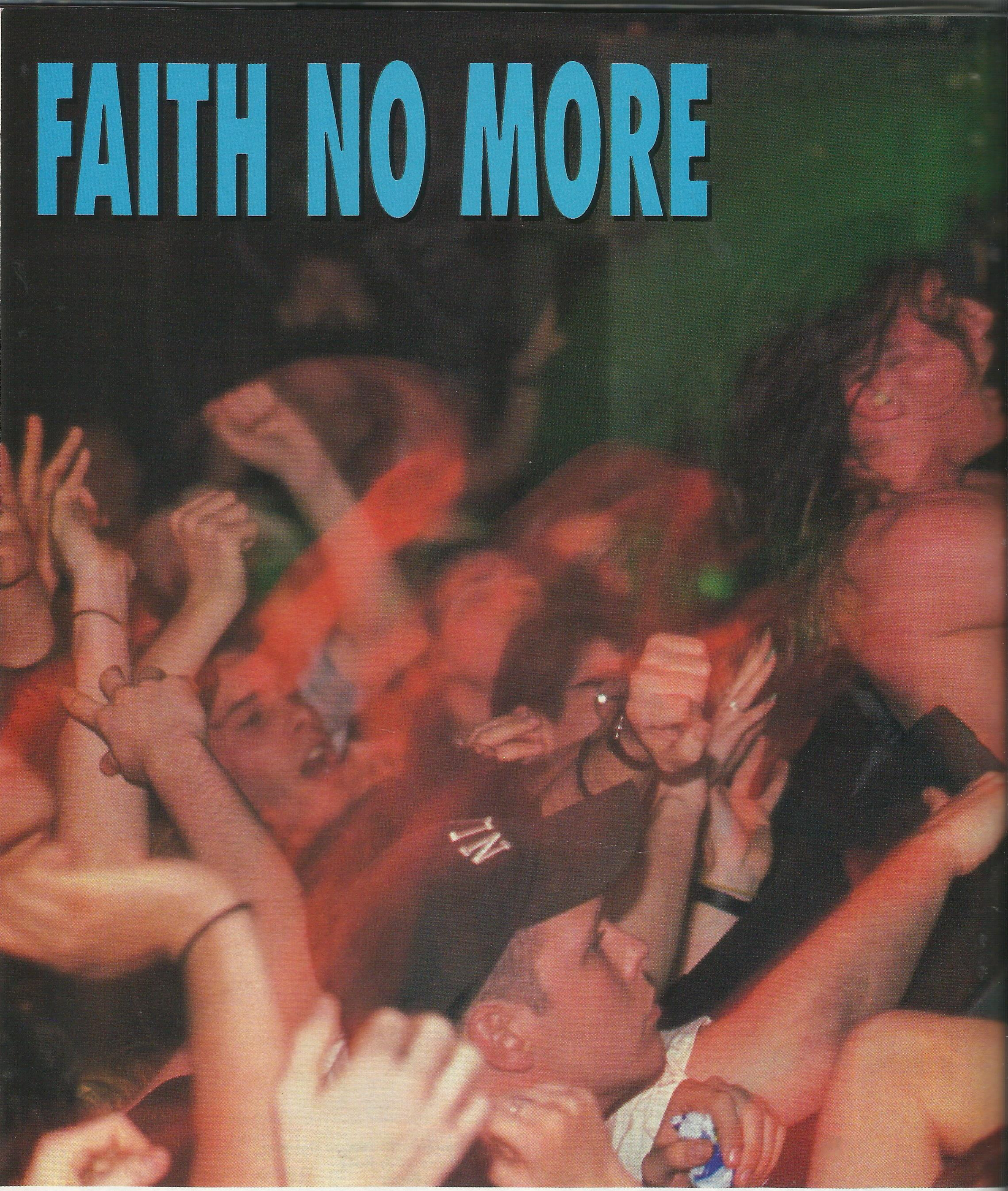

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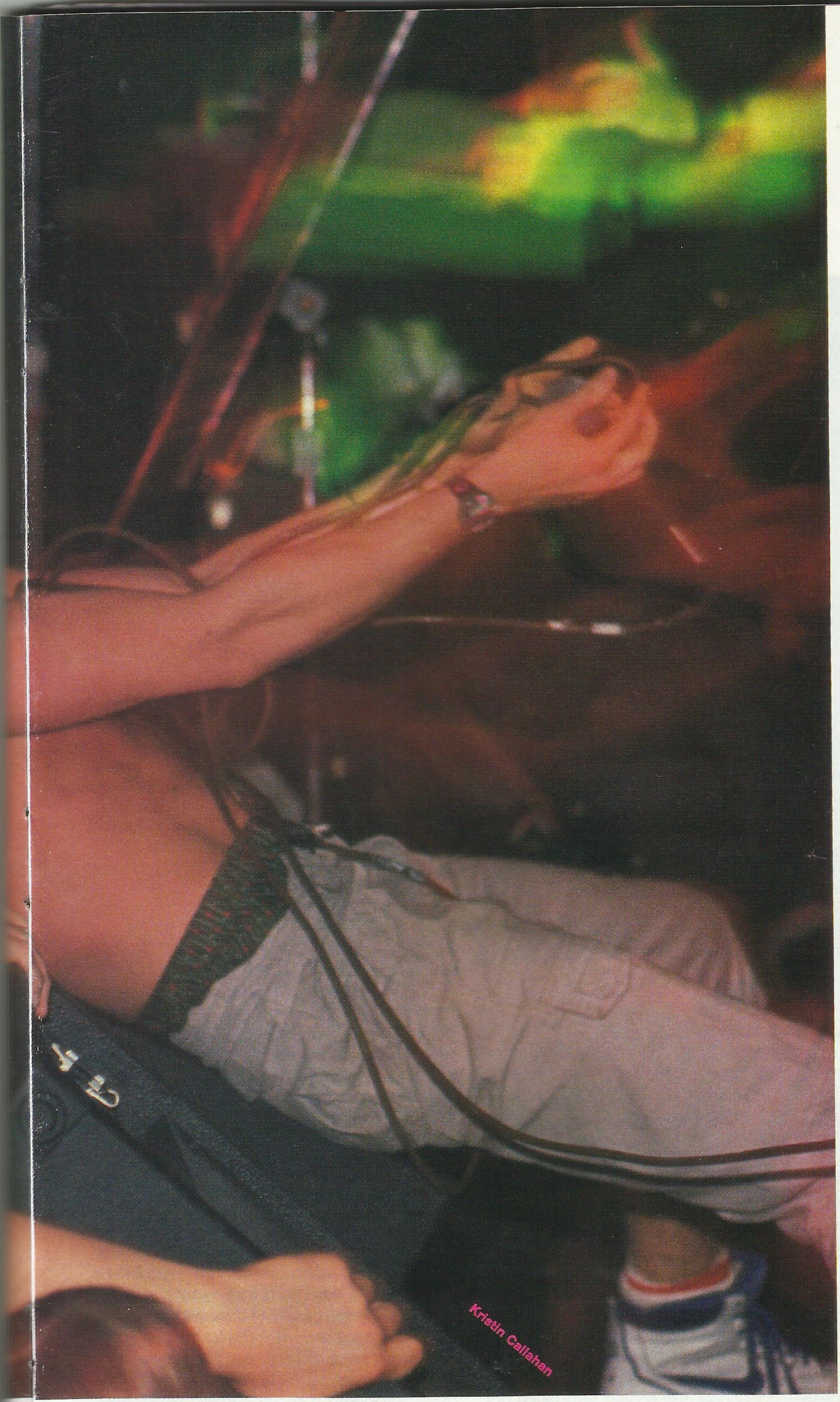


Kristin Callahan

ND YOU GOT IT!

RIP READERS' POLL WINNER

BAND OF THE YEAR

Yes, they have. No, they haven't. Yes, they have. No, they haven't. Have, haven't, have, damn well haven't yet! The tensions ran high. Every few hours I dashed to a phone booth in North Carolina, taking time out from another assignment and braving filthy smelling garbage cans in the thick, greasy humidity to try to find out if Faith No More had capped off a glorious year by being your favorites of 1990. Rumor was, they had it in the bag. They were *the* band. *The* choice. *Your* choice. Acting on this slim bit of info, I made another call from the same North Carolina booth, this time to the band's management, to somehow wrest some minutes from a group whose time is all booked up. Quite simply, FNM 1990 doesn't have enough day in the day. I'd have to wait, they said, to see what could be done.

Then, in another booth somewhere in Florida, someone at the RIP office is telling me to hold up, step on the brakes, keep my hat on and *stop talking about it*! My source had been less than perfect. Now there was a good chance Faith might not pull it off after all. The count wasn't quite complete. Slaughter were creeping right up there, and you could never discount the Crue now, could ya? It was going to be a squeaker.

In the end it took every last one of your responses to push Faith over the top and make them the winners in the Best Band category of the RIP Readers' Poll, 1990. That gave me a Reggie Hammond (48 hours) to write this damn retrospective cover piece on the band, to help you understand just where the hell Faith No More came from.

Tension and stress aren't things that are new to FNM. Ever since I first wrote about them in mid-'87, I've seen a good deal of it. Even before that, when they originally formed in the Bay Area during 1983 as Faith No Man, it was obvious that they were quite, errumm, *different*. Roddy Bottum and Bill Gould, schoolmates in the L.A. area, moved to San Francisco, became bandmates, and quickly saw to it that the right elements were drafted in after a few early shows. Wiry wonder-drummer Mike Bordin came to the fold fresh from his studies in African rhythm at SF State. The enigmatic Chuck Mosely fronted the band, and Zappa-in-your-acid-nightmare

By Steffan Chirazi

Jim Martin added the metallic guitar crunch so necessary to the formulating sound. He came from various local bands, including EZ Street, Vicious Hatred and the infamous Pigs Of Death. And Martin wasn't exactly a stranger, he and Bordin having gone to school together in Hayward, California. Their mutual friend Cliff Burton recommended Martin for the slot.

Neil Zlozower

Signing with Ruth Schwartz's indie label Mordam Records, the band recorded and released their debut album, *We Care a Lot*, in early '86, using Matt Wallace to produce. A weird and wonderful album, *WCAL* was bound to confuse the masses with its nonconformist, open-handed approach. Pumped hard on college radio, the band achieved a cult following big enough that they could pack into a car with a trailer and march around the country, finding gigs wherever they could. They attracted the interest of L.A. indie (with Warner Bros. distribution) Slash Records, and were signed by Anna Statman to Bob Bigg's label in late 1986. Recording in Sausalito, again with Matt Wallace, they kicked out *Introduce Yourself*, a record that confirmed FNM's refusal to mold themselves to any genre or style.

FNM hired a Ryder truck, stuck a couch in the back, made a crib for their equipment, and set off on another grueling tour in 1987. Things were tough, and I even remember hearing from Martin in Atlanta once, saying he'd crashed on a floor and woke up to find a rat eating some Chinese hot-and-sour soup that had crusted in his beard. Later that year the band set off on the Three Years Too Early Tour, supporting the Red Hot Chili Peppers. (What would that cost in arenas now, eh?) There was a problem with Chuck, though, something that had been coming on for a long time. For reasons probably only he could explain, he grew more and more distant from both reality and his own abilities as a performer. More drinking and abuse came into the picture, a difficult thing to tolerate with everyone else working so hard.

Faith No More decided to split from their old management company, which didn't seem to be doing them a whole bunch of favors, and tensions continued to fester between Mosely and the band. The band's first (successful) tour of Britain in January 1988 saw some key catalysts. First of all, after a fight with Jim Martin, the band's main roadie was flown home—and he happened to be a good friend of Chuck's. Then the reviews from some shows started to come out, and all criticized Mosely's singing. Indeed, many reviewers felt he couldn't. While that may be true, it is important to remember that Mosely was still, potentially, a great performer.

Sadly, that wasn't enough for him. The excesses continued, the scared arrogance got worse, and his general distaste for both the band and its situation grew to intolerable proportions. FNM had signed a management deal with WEM (Warren Entner Management) that looked set to put them into a competitive position, yet this singer situation still needed resolving. Another successful summer tour of Europe followed, but upon their return to the States it was officially over. Before that tour's start, Bill Gould had threatened to quit because of the Mosely misery, so with commitments fulfilled and after a bit of soul-searching, out went Chuck Mosely, and Faith No More were singerless.

Reprise Records, a sibling of Warner Bros, took up a new deal with Slash and Faith No More. A third album's music had been written, and all it needed was a singer. Humboldt County gave Faith No More a young auditionee named Mike Patton, and the click was there. Patton had only weeks to write a set of lyrics, and then Faith No More recorded once again in Sausalito, once again with Matt Wallace at the helm.

The Real Thing came out in late spring of 1989. It was a monstrous synthesis of the variations FNM love to combine; an album so rich, strong and great, that I was afraid it might go over a few heads. Immediately the band hit the dusty trails of the USA, playing club after club after club. Patton was proving himself to be a gem find—young, athletic, clean, professional, and packing a great voice and excellent lyrics. Sales crept merrily along, a thousand here, a couple thousand there, but nothing to blow anyone's socks off. Then came a major turning point: the September Metallica tour. All the West Coast outdoor shows that Metallica had already sold out were to have Faith No More as openers. It went back to the strong mutual respect the bands have for each other's music, some good friendships, and a little open Metallica support (i.e., James Hetfield modeling an FNM shirt on the *Garage Days Re-Revisited* EP).

A storm they did not go down, the fans

being a little too sheltered (closed-minded) to appreciate matters fully; but the door was open for celebrity accolades. Suddenly there was verbal support coming from such diverse figures as Robert Plant, Joe Elliot and Axl Rose. A winter tour with VoiVod and Soundgarden increased the buzz, yet the record still wasn't flying off the shelves. MTV had already passed on the video for "Epic," and it looked like no kick-start could save this poor brilliant bastard of an album.

Then, after some heated discussions and red faces, MTV did an about-face and started to place "Epic" in a more favorable spot. WEM and Slash/Reprise were vindicated—particularly the management, who wouldn't stop running around on behalf of the bugger—because the placement worked! Smash! Bam! Boffo! Whamarooooni! You couldn't escape the mother after a few months. Their nasty fizzogs (dead fish and all) were on all the time. From a few thousand to a million albums, quickly and painlessly. Off the band went to the U.K. as superstar headliners. Then it was Australia, New Zealand, the rest of Europe, and on to the Monsters Of Rock.

It was a time when Mike Patton's tomfool mouth nearly got the better of him. He remarked that members of Poison indulged in certain sexual activities with themselves, and, sadly, there wasn't a sense of humor in sight. Couple that with an Aerosmith insult, and apologies had to be exchanged to ensure FNM finishing their show-stealing appearances. It was a turning point for Mike P., who finally realized that there really can be a lack of humor in this industry, especially among the big boys.The U.K.'s Reading Festival saw them rip open 40,000 More-heads before returning to the USA for a Billy Idol support slot and some dates with Robert Plant. TV appearances during the late summer/autumn of 1990 came on the MTV Music Video Awards and Arsenio Hall. Faith No More even garnered a Grammy nomination in the Best Hard Rock Album category. They were featured in every major magazine I can think of.

And, as we discussed at the start of this piece, their free time shrank to nothing. Even though most of the band didn't even have a chance to recognize the fact, Faith No More had become superstars.

An insane Friday night at the Hollywood Palladium with a cast of stars only our pal o' the stars, Lonn Friend, could assemble for RIP Magazine's 4th anniversary bash. Chaos? Of course! Faith No More headlined the show, and it was my task to sneak around and A) tell the band they'd won the Readers' Poll, and B) record their reaction. Bottum, Bordin, Martin and Patton seemed surprised and grateful, while Bill Gould took on the mantle of official band spokesperson to deliver his feelings on the matter.

"We're really proud and honored to be chosen as the RIP Band Of The Year," Gould said in earnest. "RIP was the first glossy rock mag to give us full support, and for that we'll always be grateful. And Lonn Friend's association with over-the-counter naked magazines makes the honor all the more wonderful."

Mark Leialoha

What is the reaction when you see yourselves on magazine covers?

"Well, it really is still kinda strange, because all these people say, 'You're there! You've made it,' when we haven't. We're still working, we're still touring, we're still getting on with it. I think, unconsciously, people are telling us what *they* think 'making it' is. They like us to be a definition of having 'made it' for them, something for them to get into. We're in the middle of all that. I don't see us as having made it, but I do realize the changes. This is not a giant machine that can just stop; you just keep on doing what you do."

Could I resist asking someone of Gould's deviant mentality what the wildest thing they saw during their year of rising stardom was? Of course not.

"Okay. I'd like to say that we've searched and searched, and I think we've finally found the 8th wonder of the world. It's in Zurich, Switzerland, about two blocks from the train station. I hear they're going to close it down soon, so if you're plannin' that trip to Europe, you'd better get this one in. It's a park about 300 feet square, with a large gazebo in the middle. At night about 400 people gather under a big light there. It might look like a rock concert, but move a little closer, and you'll see picnic tables with needles and spoons and candles, and blood on the ground, and people throwing up. If anyone has ever read Dante's *Inferno*, this is definitely one of the hells. Four hundred junkies puking on each other, with blood coming out of their necks and shooting out of their noses. They're shooting up in their eyelids—naked men in the Swiss winter shooting up into the veins in their dicks—and they all walk in a circle. Jim [Martin] walked the circle against them, and they got real mad. Think about it. This is the richest country in the world, and it's so f?!ked. These people are so f?!ked up, it'd put you off getting into it forever. That's probably the wildest thing I've seen all year. An ugly, ugly thing. Goddamn, was it ugly and sick."

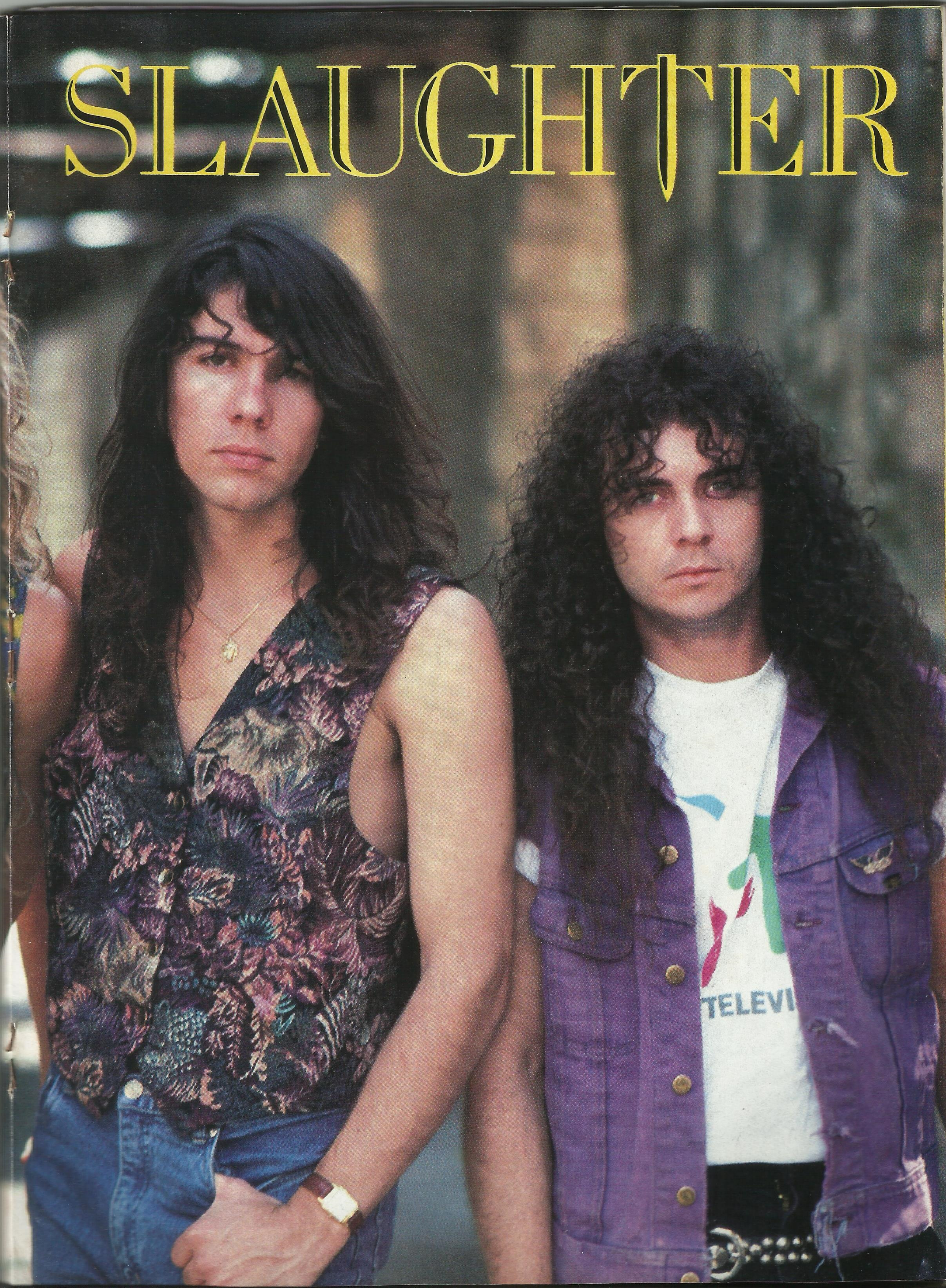
Why are Faith No More RIP's 1990 Band Of The Year? Because, quite simply, you and I both know there's no one else like them. •

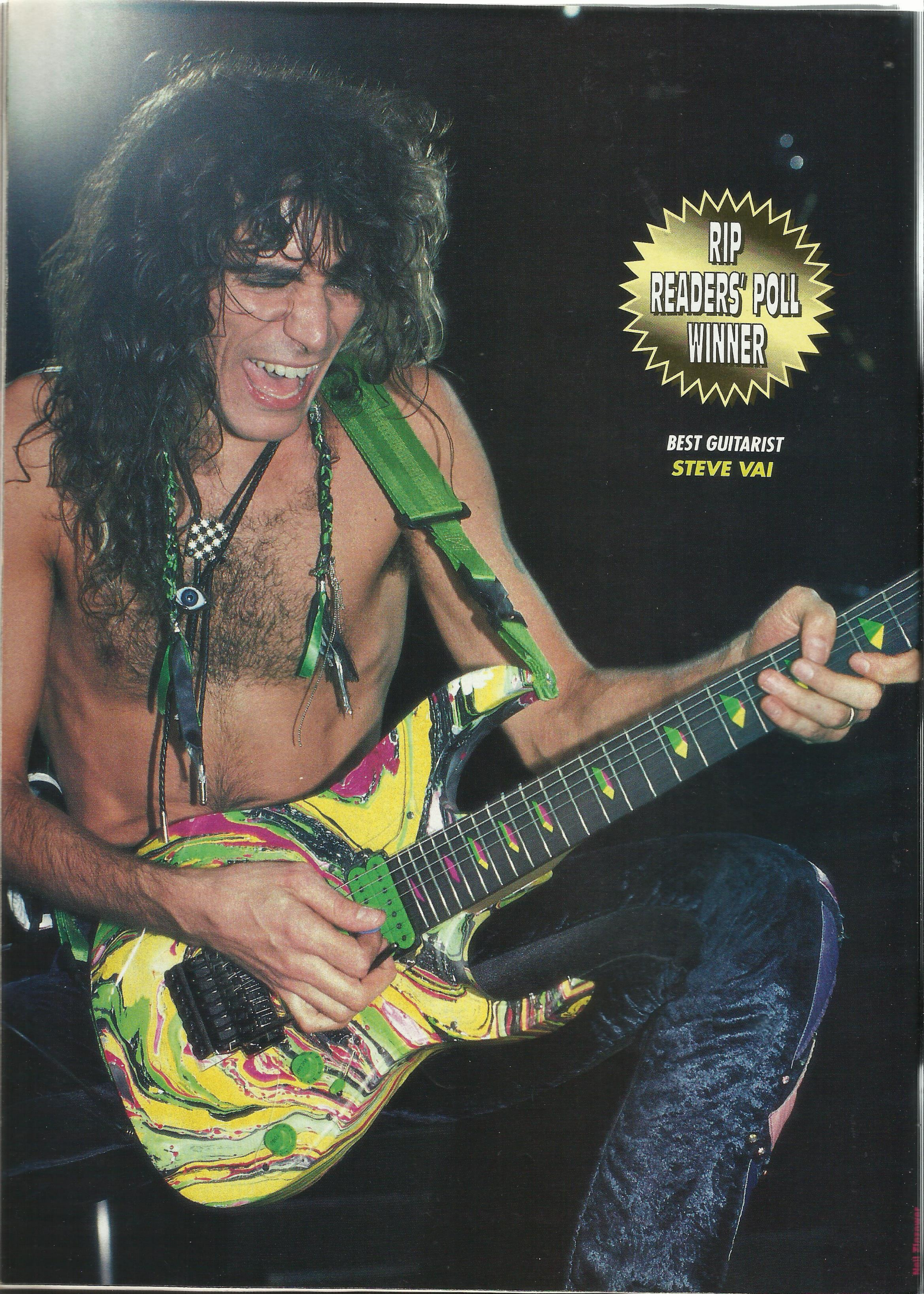
RIP READERS' POLL WINNER

BEST NEW GROUP OF 1990

Gene Kirkland

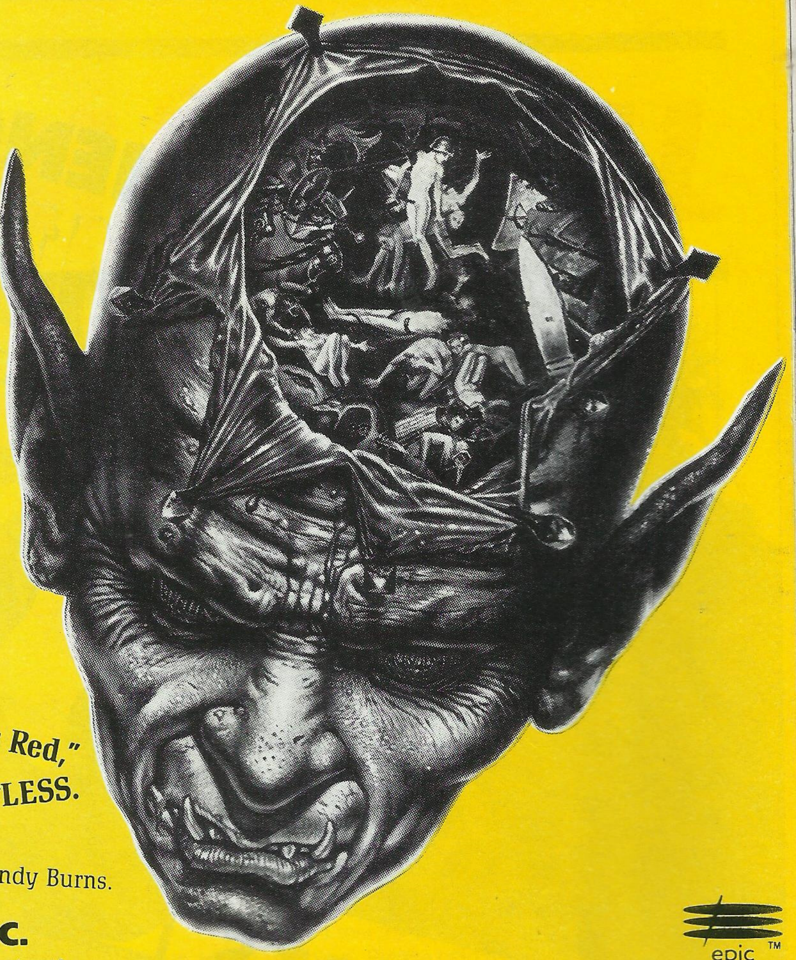
SLAUGHTER





RIP
READERS' POLL
WINNER

BEST GUITARIST
STEVE VAI



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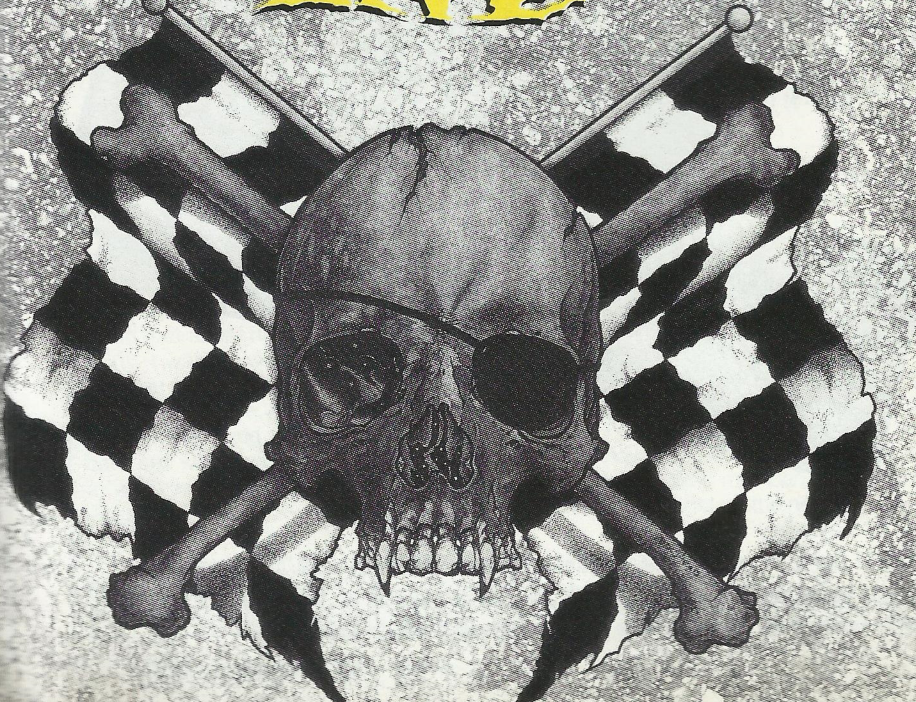

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DEAR MOM RUSSELL

DEAR MOM RUSSELL: I really need your advice, because I feel like I'm going crazy. The problem is that I've been depressed a lot lately, off and on. That's what bothers me—that I'm not just *totally* depressed. It's more like, now I'm depressed, now I'm not. Then I feel like a complete idiot, because it's over "nothing." What the hell is wrong with me? I'm not just gonna go to my parents and say how I've been feeling. When I get really upset, I don't really give a shit if I get hit by a truck. No matter what kind of mood I'm in, good or bad, it usually doesn't seem to last very long. Please help. I really do need some advice. —Crazy Californian

Dear Crazy Californian: Are you a drug user? If so, give them up. Drugs are known for their ability to alter moods. If drugs are not involved, your symptoms could be associated with illness requiring medical assistance. Tell your parents. They'll get you help. Don't wait.

DEAR MOM RUSSELL: My friend recently started using drugs. Ever since she came to Hollywood to visit, she's been staying with this girl she thinks is her best friend. My friend is only 15, and never had sex or did drugs until she came to stay with this girl. Now all she does is drugs, and she screws every guy with long hair. She thinks it's cool and brags about it all the time. She thinks I'm jealous of her, because I'm trying to help her and tell her that this friend is going to get her in trouble. I told her I was going to tell her parents—who think she's an angel—that she has a serious drug problem and needs help, and she got mad and won't speak to me. But I still love her and want to help! —Sunny
Hollywood, California

Dear Sunny: Help her if you love her. Your friend has become one of the "space cadets" who need professional assistance. Telling her parents might save her life. It's better to have a living ex-friend than one who becomes an ex-friend through death by drugs.

DEAR MOM RUSSELL: I'm a 16-year-old virgin. My 21-year-old boyfriend wants to have sex with me, but I'm scared to. I'm afraid that after I have sex with him, I will feel slutty. I was taught to save my virginity for the man that I marry, but most likely the man I marry won't be a virgin for me. So what's the point in me being a virgin for him? Should I have sex with my boyfriend, or should I have a "white wedding"? Please give me some advice. Help! —Little Miss Innocent
California

Dear Little Miss Innocent: Of course he wants to have sex with you. Most men want to have sex with women! Don't give up your virginity for a slutty feeling. You can't get it back. Give up the male virgin argument. Male virginity cannot be proven! "White weddings" today are primarily dress color! Do what's right for you. Dare to be different!

DEAR MOM RUSSELL: I have a friend who is having problems with her mom and her mom's boyfriend. Ever since her mom started dating this guy, he is trying to be her father. She told me she wanted to run away, because he beat her one night. I went to counseling last year, and I told her that my counselor was a good listener, but I don't know if she will go see her. Can you give me any advice to help her? —A Concerned Friend
Texas

Dear Concerned Friend: Discipline should be handled by a parent, not a boyfriend. Tell your friend to talk with her mother. Running away is no answer. It's a temporary escape from the problem. You can help by being there for her. Your advice to seek counseling is commended.

DEAR MOM RUSSELL: I've known this girl for about seven months. She's about 17 years old, and I'm 13. We've become really great friends, but the problem is, I think I'm falling in love with her. This isn't just some little thing. All I do is think about her and me. Once I came close to asking her if she felt the same way, or almost the same way. But, you guessed it, I chickened out. I just can't get up the nerve to ask her. I think she likes me too. When I'm around, she acts really weird. I don't know if it's because I'm younger, or if it's because she likes me. Can you give me advice on how to get up the nerve to ask her? —Scared and In Love
New Jersey

Dear Scared and In Love: Great friends, yes. "Heroine worship," yes. Love? "Chickening out" means you don't really believe she feels as you do. Her weird actions could stem from recognizing your adoration. As your need to know the answer grows, so will your nerve!

DEAR MOM RUSSELL: I'm a 15-year-old girl. My boyfriend and I have been going out for two years now. A month before I met him, I was raped! When I told him that I was raped, he got very upset. Every night before I go to sleep, I can see that horrible guy's face, and him taking advantage of me. My boyfriend and I tried to talk about it, but we never finished because it tore him to pieces and he began to cry, and that tore me up even more. I need to talk to him very badly, but he doesn't know it. I understand it has been two years since all that happened, but I really need to talk to him. I'm scared he might break up with me if I bring it up again. I believe he blocked it out of his mind. Should I try to bring the subject up again or not? I feel it's the only way to cope with my problem. Please help me! —Hurt, Confused and Scared

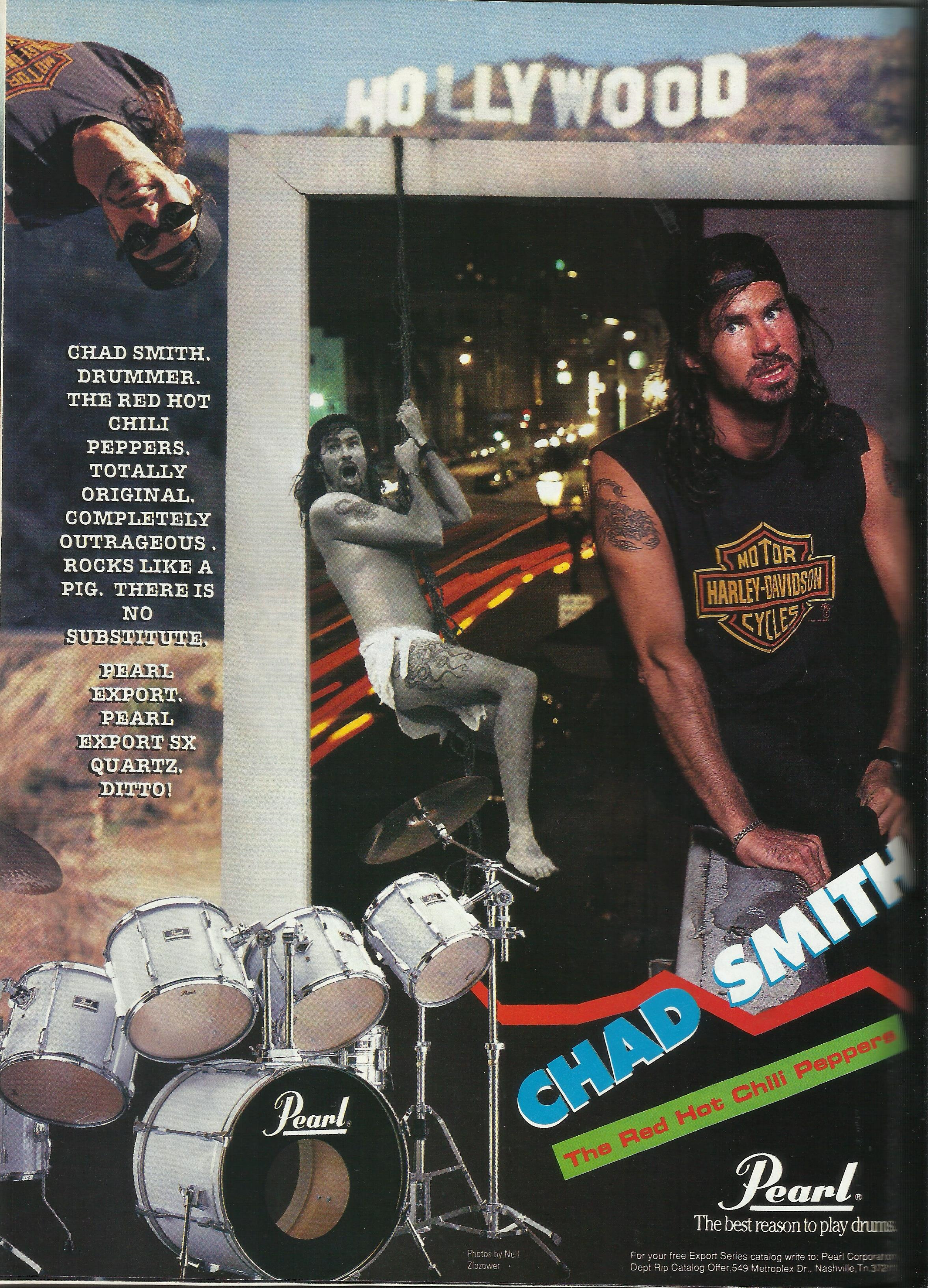
Dear Hurt, Confused and Scared: Your boyfriend was not the one violated. You need to talk to someone who "has been there" to resolve your problem. The YWCA, in some areas, provides a rape hotline. Many groups offer rape counseling. Seek help for yourself. You'll learn what to say to your boyfriend.

DEAR MOM RUSSELL: I am a 14-year-old, and I am pregnant. I'm not with the father anymore. He dumped me when I told him that I was pregnant. I'm giving up the baby for adoption, but I really want to keep it. My mom says that if I keep the baby, she will kick me out of the house. I'm so confused. What should I do? —Totally Confused
Alma, Michigan

Dear Totally Confused: Ask yourself the following questions, and answer them truthfully: Am I ready to become a mother? Am I ready to assume the responsibility of a child? Can I support a child and myself? What quality of life can I give a child? What's best for the child? The answers will tell you what to do.

Dudes and dudettes, if you've got a problem that's got you stumped, write to Mista Bone's mom. Send your pleas for help to Dear Mom Russell, 9171 Wilshire Blvd., suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.

NOTE: The opinions of Ms. Russell do not necessarily represent those of RIP Magazine.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HANGIN' WITH THE LYNCH MOB

BY JANISS GARZA

"Capture this on film. We're picking the cover!" shouts Anthony Esposito. There's no camera on hand, so my tape recorder has to do.

The guys in Lynch Mob had paused in the midst of the final mixes of their debut album, *Wicked Sensation*, to do an interview with me. But before we could even start, their manager, Burt Stein, walked in with four photos and asked the group to pick one for the back cover of the record; so Anthony, Oni Logan, Mick Brown and, of course, George Lynch, crowd around him to check out the glossies.

"The girls like this one better," Burt suggests.

"Yeah!" cheers Mick.

"Boo!" Anthony protests. He tries to win George over to his side. "You look tough in that one, man!" he tells him. "You're lookin' like Mr. Scary in that!"

"I don't care what I look like," responds George. "I think *this* works better overall. Anthony's doing the love song over here."

"I don't wanna be doing that love shit," complains Anthony.

"But you're the love god, Anthony," Oni insists.

"Yeah, love god my butt," the bassist sneers.

It turns out that Anthony and Oni like one picture, while George and Mick prefer another. "So we'll send these two back to Nick and tell him we like them both equally?" Burt asks.

"No, no, let's make a decision," George replies.

Naturally, they can't decide, so they do the only logical thing—they flip a coin. George and Mick's choice wins.

"Oh, that sucks!" groans Oni.

"Oh, you—what a sore loser!" Mick chortles.

Finally we all sit down in one of the recording studio's lounge areas and begin our interview. "Now, one thing I've gathered from the past 20 minutes is, this band basically functions as a democracy," I start off.

"Well, the coins decide!" shrugs Mick.

"See," George confides, "me and Mick

Rick Gould/ICP

have special coins, though, that are weighted on one side."

Let it be known right now that the Lynch Mob resembles George and Mick's old band, Dokken, in no way, shape or form. *Wicked Sensation* is an appropriate title for Lynch Mob's debut album—there's an edge here that was never explored in Dokken. You *will* find George's fine guitar licks all over the record. If anything, Lynch Mob has given him a sense of freedom and creativity that he wasn't able to express before. As for the time-worn battle between George and Don Dokken—well, that's old news. Why rehash the past when the present is so much more interesting? The relationship between the four members of Lynch Mob is a far more entertaining subject, as I found out.

Joe Giron/Photofeatures

There's a rollicking camaraderie here that never existed in Dokken. You can hear it on the record, and if you hang out with the guys for any length of time, you can see it. The whole band even lives in the same city—a new experience for George and Mick. When Anthony and Oni joined up, they had to move to the Phoenix area.

"Didn't you have culture shock, moving to Arizona?" I asked New York native Anthony.

"I think *Arizona* had culture shock, havin' him come out there!" Mick laughs.

"The first day, I was drinking cocktails out in Mick's pool," Anthony warmly recalls.

"I tried to make him feel at home right away!" Mick nods.

For Oni, the move took him from L.A., where his voice had been making a big impact. He had spent time in Marc Ferrari's band, now called Cold Sweat, but he'd also been courted by several other groups.

"First of all," Oni modestly begins, "I don't know why there was such a demand, or something."

"Because you have a big pee-pee!" Anthony interrupts.

"No, he *is* a big pee-pee!" George grins.

Okay, okay, but anatomy (or whatever) aside, what was it that George liked about Oni? George manages to get earnest, at least for a moment. "Obviously, the first thing about Oni was his voice and his look. Then, upon meeting him, I thought he wasn't just your generic Hollywood wannabe rock star. He had a definite charisma and personality that was above and beyond the norm. Potential greatness. Emphasis on potential—no, just kidding!" More laughter all around. "And then Anthony—see, with all the charisma and free-spirited bullshit we got with this guy—" here, George shoves a thumb in Oni's direction "—you need some grounding in a group too. So Anthony's kind of like the sensible foundation of the band. Mick's got that too. So, we've got a good balance."

The four of them balance out in another way too. George and Mick are experienced veterans at the big-time rock 'n' roll game, while Oni and Anthony have yet to set foot on an arena stage (as of this writing, at least). How do these two youngsters feel about performing in front of several thousand people?

"We talked about that one night; who's gonna shit more!" chuckles Anthony.

"He's shittin' more bricks than me!" Oni claims. "I said, 'Anthony, you'd better hold it together, bro.' Until I get there, I won't think about it."

Mick looks over at Anthony with a wicked grin. "I took him over to the *bowling alley* the other night and jammed. I thought he was gonna start cryin', he was shaking so bad."

"Well, because I never *play* any of these songs, you know!" Anthony protests. "The guy gets up. 'Heartbreaker.' Mick goes into the fill, and I'm like...."

"That's a *hard* song!" George whines sarcastically.

"I don't know that! That's got a lot of changes in it!" Anthony replies.

"One-five-seven," George recites, matter-of-factly.

"No one-five-seven!" Anthony retorts. "You're talking out of your ass now!"

"They make me nervous just thinking about the thing," groans Oni.

Thankfully for Oni, we go onto other, more pressing subjects—like the songs. "We like good hooks—I mean, all people do," George points out. "We wrote what we like. It's still nasty; it still creates grooves; and it's still a little bit on the edge. It's not totally safe."

That slight feeling of danger was important to the guys in Lynch Mob. They were sick of hearing the homogenized sound coming out of their car stereos. "It's like all the bands start to sound the same," Mick complains. "Because this is big on the radio, six other bands try to do the same thing."

"And you know why?" George asks. "Because there's this 'radio format' that's being dictated to the groups. There's almost these two different ways of thinking among bands now—whether you play the game, or you don't play the game."

"Well, what do you think of when it comes to radio-made music?" I want to know.

"Dokken," is George's quiet reply. But before anyone can assume that this is a dig at his old group, he elaborates. "We were part of that machine. I mean, we had a manager that dictated to us, and if we didn't do what he said, we were considered 'unmanageable.' We made real sure with this group that it wasn't set up that way, that we were ultimately in control. When it boils down to it, all our decisions take precedence over anybody else's decisions. We realize we don't know everything. I mean, the record company is there for a reason."

"And they give you money, so you gotta kiss butt a little bit!" Mick giggles.

"Everybody has their job, and we appreciate that," George says. "When they start dictating how you write your music, that's when they cross the threshold."

"If someone's gonna tell you how to do that...." Mick starts off.

"Might as well give them the guitars and the drums and let them form their own band," George finishes for him.

It seems like Lynch Mob is in a no-lose situation. *Wicked Sensation* is a great new album. George and Mick know the ins and outs of the music business—and how to get around them—while Oni and Anthony have the youthful exuberance to keep it fresh. "We're at an advantage," George agrees. "We could have taken the fact that we were in Dokken and used that as a jumping-off point, but we've tried not to. Our songs don't sound anything like that, because to us that wasn't the ultimate band. We're not ashamed of it but, hopefully, we'll do better now."

There's some muffled laughter in the background, courtesy of Anthony. George gives him an exasperated look.

"You can't say anything!" George lectures.

"I'm just watching you two!" Anthony mirthfully replies.

"Well, then, *you* say something brilliant!" George tells him.

"I just like watching you speak," Anthony smiles innocently.

"Oh, yeah, leave me alone," says George, looking heavenward. "See how well we get along? It's easy to make fun of people. Say something really brilliant."

"What do you want me to say?" Anthony asks.

"Well, I guess, 'Hoo, hoo, hoo!' " suggests Mick, imitating Anthony's laugh.

"I'm sorry if I laugh like a jackal!" Anthony huffs.

A band is like a marriage of spirits. And while the incessant needling that goes on between the members of Lynch Mob indicates that the honeymoon is long gone (if it ever, in fact, existed!), I get the feeling that these four crazy guys will be walking arm-in-arm into the sunset for a long time to come. •

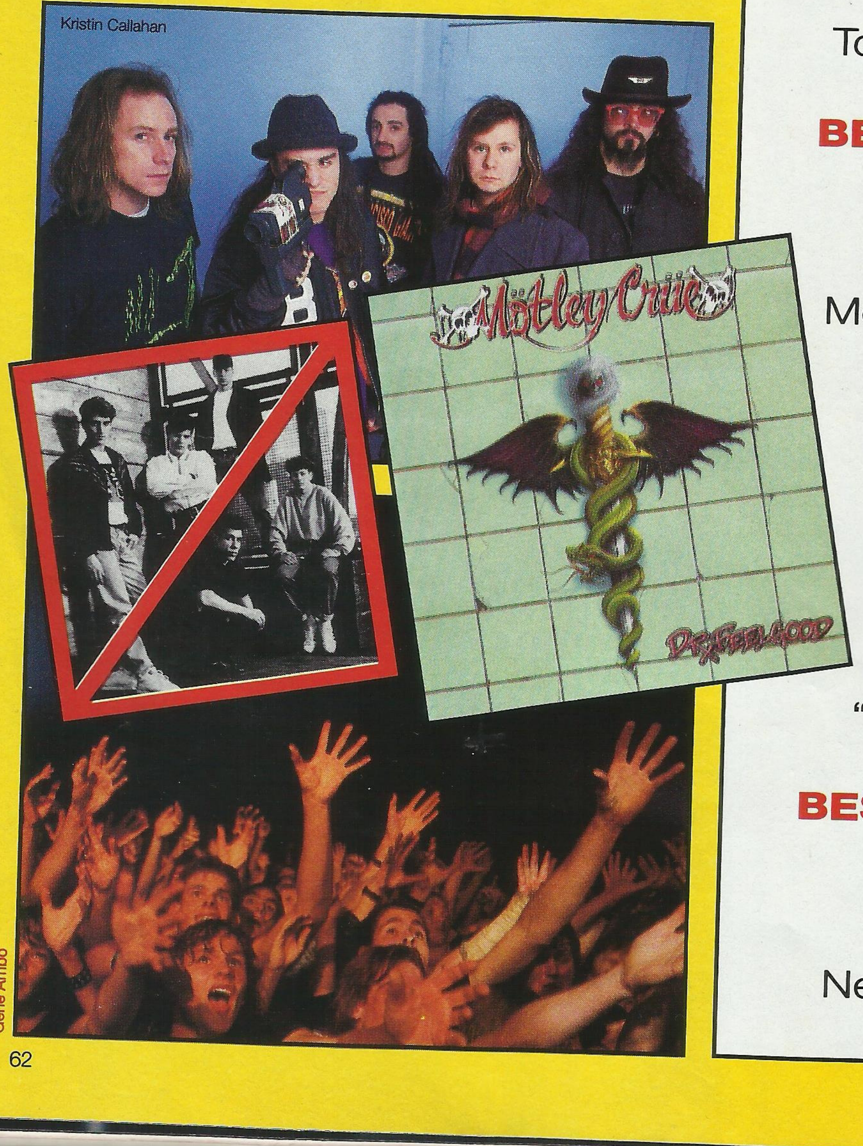
Shaun Clark

1990

RIP READERS' POLL WINNERS

THE RESULTS ARE IN!

The ballots have been tallied, and the results of the second annual RIP Readers' Poll are now official. Once again loyal RIP readers rocked the vote, letting everyone know exactly how they feel. The band of the year, as dictated by you, is Faith No More, barely edging out Motley Crue. The battle for Best New Group was also a hot-and-heavy contest, with Slaughter squeaking past Black Crowes. Special congrats to repeat winners Nikki Sixx and Lita Ford. Once again, thank you, RIP readers, for proving to all that you know your rock 'n' roll! We couldn't do it without ya.



Kristin Callahan

Gene Ambo

BEST GROUP OF 1990:
Faith No More
RUNNER-UP: Motley Crue

BEST NEW GROUP:
Slaughter
RUNNER-UP: Black Crowes

BEST VOCALIST:
Geoff Tate (Queensryche)

BEST GUITARIST:
Steve Vai (Whitesnake)

BEST BASSIST:
Nikki Sixx (Motley Crue)

BEST DRUMMER:
Tommy Lee (Motley Crue)

BEST FEMALE ARTIST:
Lita Ford

BEST TOUR:
Motley Crue/Dr. Feelgood

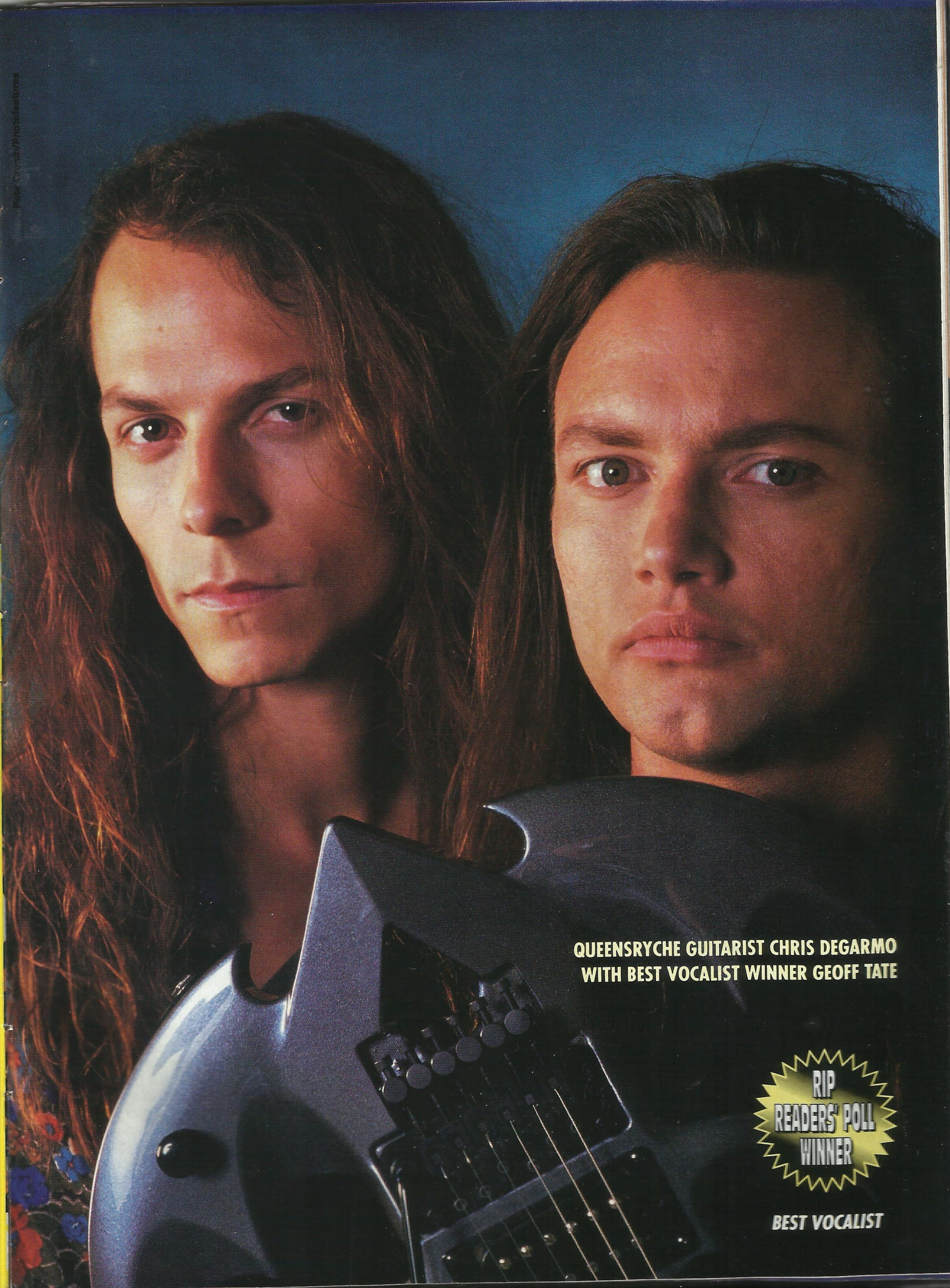
BEST LIVE ACT:
Motley Crue

BEST ALBUM:
Dr. Feelgood

BEST VIDEO:
"Epic," Faith No More

BEST THRASH GROUP:
Anthrax

WORST GROUP:
New Kids On The Block



QUEENSRYCHE GUITARIST CHRIS DEGARMO
WITH BEST VOCALIST WINNER GEOFF TATE

RIP READERS' POLL WINNER

BEST VOCALIST

CLASH OF TH

EUROPE'S MONSTRO

Gene Ambo

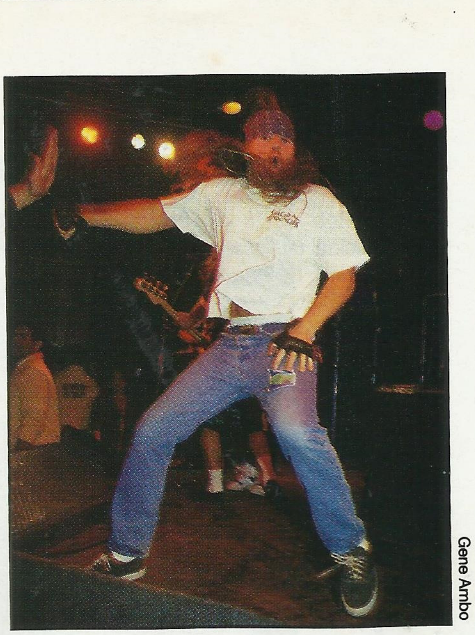
It was a concept conjured up from the deepest bowels of heavy-metal hell, putting four devastating acts—Suicidal Tendencies, Testament, Megadeth and Slayer—on one titanic bill. For a month The Clash Of The Titans tour rumbled across Europe, one of the most anticipated events of 1990. Loyal RIP scribes Steffan "The Prime Minister of U.I. (Useless Information)" Chirazi and Del "Hide Yer Beer" James risked a multitude of hangovers, visa hassles, space cakes, massive weight loss due to hunger, confusion with money exchange, ear damage and, of course, pit bruises to bring you this exclusive report.

'Twas pure bliss....

At Barcelona, Spain's Ramada Renaissance we rendezvous with Dave Mustaine in his hotel room for a chat. Megadeth have been keeping a lower, sober profile so far on the tour (something that requires tremendous discipline when you look up from your dinner and see everyone in the bar shouting and drinking), but the payoff's immediately obvious. Dave's looking good—real, real good—and what's more, he seems pretty damn happy with the way things have been going. As well he should be, for when Megadeth take the stage that night in the open-air, 8,000-capacity Barcelona Velodrome, we are left gob-smacked. Wired with energy and channeling their pent-up frustrations into a framework, Megadeth pound their set through 8,000 Spanish heads like gleeful merchants of professional torture. We should know: Being the daring professionals we are, we marched right into the pit and stood with hands, arms, legs and bodies flying everywhere. (Whisper from stage left: "It was the *photo* pit!") Yeah...well...so what! Because let me tell you, that's where it's easy to get hurt, as the bodies hurl through the air with no stopping point other than your back. And seeing as how these Spaniards don't get much metal, well, hey, they were intent on making up for lost time.

Megadeth open with the intention of injuring as many as possible, with "Rattlehead" kicking the shit out of any lingering fears that the band might be, well, err, *rusty* live after their two years offstage. Nick Menza immediately sucks you into his torrential beating. He's a flurry; a dynamo who absolutely pounds his poor-bastard drums. Marty Friedman, the guitarist on whose head much pressure sits, is the genuine article. Do not fear, those of you who worry that Friedman will be a virtual outcast from the start; Marty has no intention of ever letting that be the case. He moves everywhere and plays like you never thought a Megadeth guitarist would.

TITANS:
S THRASHFEST


Gene Ambo

Carmelo Giordano

Mark Leialoha

Dave "Junior" Ellefson? Ahh jeez, look, the man's as pleased as a pig in shit at the way things are now. He looks like the most supreme of pedigreed greyhounds, balanced, poised, majestic, yet full of hooligan. Don't you worry about D.E. He's happy to be part of a *great* band and not just an unpredictable one. Which leaves Dave Mustaine. Wearing an angel-white shirt over his natural, healthy tan, he looks like some sort of contemptuous little thrash god, standing there with his strawberry/ginger-blond mane and snarl. He's also playing every bit like the devil you know's in him. It may have taken a few hard lessons, but finally Dave Mustaine has realized that he no longer wishes to be an inconsistent genius, perhaps capable, but never fulfilling his potential. Watching him pick off the riffs with demon excellence and swirl his body into the power-surge the band creates, it's obvious that Dave Mustaine is really coming together.

The songs? Well, look, it was an incredible selection of old and new. We got "Skull Beneath the Skin," the superbly caustic "Hook in Mouth," a classic "In My Darkest Hour," a hatefully spat, venomous "Liar," the excellent, riff-charged "Holy Wars," the controversial "Hanger 18," the immortal "Peace Sells...." and the head-ripping "Black Friday," along with many more (yeah, believe it) great songs. And you know the best thing? Megadeth were consistently excellent from Barcelona to San Sebastian to Leiden to Paris... and beyond that, I'm sure. Magnificent malevolence.

San Sebastian, Spain, is a poor man's French Riviera. Yes, the chicks sunbathe naked. After charming several of the natives with wit, physiques, water tricks and massive amounts of alcohol, your humble scribes were too wrecked to review that night's show; so after a 15-hour trek, we wound up in Amsterdam.

Holland is to thrash what Tennessee is to whiskey. Or something like that. It's intense, insane, and kids there are born headbanging. There is no other place that has more denim vests, greasy hair, urine stank, studs, bullet belts, and mosh pit (or is it armpit?) sweat per square inch. No wonder bands love gigging there. The legalized hash bars and whorehouses don't hurt much either.

The venue was packed hours before Suicidal Tendencies took the stage. Divers hurled themselves into oblivion from the opening strains of "You Can't Bring Me Down," all the way through the 30-minute set, which included "Join the Army," "L.A. L.A.," "I Saw Your Mommy" and "Trip at the Brain." The Sui-sycho beneath the bandanna, singer Mike Muir, is nonstop motion and aggression. Eyes focus in on Muir and are

An exclusive tag-team, on-the-road report by Steffan Chirazi and Del James

held there for the entire set as he sings and screams, prancing about like a caged lunatic. Offstage, Muir is quiet and subdued, waiting to let go during his band's short but savage set.

Bassist Rob Trujilio is a welcome addition to the Suicidal crew, adding newfound depth to their sound. He and drummer R.J. Herrera lay down a Suicidal backbeat that is at times funky, but most often fierce. Guitarist Rocky George, winner of the Most Consistently Smashed Member of the Tour award, is one of metal's most underrated axe-slingers. No matter what Rocky does offstage, he's always on the mark live. Suicidal's set is so intense that Slayer bassist/singer Tom Araya offered to give up some of his act's time onstage, so Suicidal Tendencies could get a few more songs in!

How do Slayer do it? Wait, how do Slayer do it *night after night*? The set is so bombastic, words cannot describe the mayhem conjured up by Araya, guitarists Kerry King and Jeff Hanneman, and drummer Dave Lombardo. This is a band that parties hard and plays even harder. How the f?!k do they do it?

Slayer are not speed metal, nor are they thrash. Such words are too unfulfilling, leaving out far too much. Slayer are like an H-bomb going off inside your boxer shorts while receiving a drill-press lobotomy. Opening with "War Ensemble," the show is an hour-plus of high-voltage ear assault. Exquisite agony for those who dared tread to the front and sacrifice themselves over the barriers, only to drop ten feet onto concrete. Drawing blood gets a ten from the judges. The Slaytanic set includes "Die By the Sword," "Altar of Sacrifice" and "Reign in Blood," and the new songs "Dead Skin Mask" "Seasons in the Abyss," "Mandatory Suicide," "Spirit in Black" and "Skeleton of Society." The encores were "Angel of Death" and "South of Heaven." If this monstrosity is any indicator of Slayer's forthcoming U.S. tour, it's going to be insane—no, it's going to be a body count.

France. The place defies all adjectives and really stands just fine by itself. Although we *could* produce a few fine descriptions after our French problems coming back from Holland (alright, alright, I know it's suspect, but still). It seemed to some bright-spark customs folk at the French/Belgian border that our crappy hired Citroen was actually a vehicle of major drug trafficking (we didn't even have anything as strong as a can of Jolt), and so through our bags, through our car, and off with our clothes it was. We saw "the rubber glove," but you'll be happy to know it was in a box on the wall, and not placed upon the hand of a French customs agent. And y'know what: We could've handled the one search—put it down to them "doing their jobs," or whatever—but when we got pulled over 40 minutes later and searched *again*...well, insults fail us. Anyway, as we were saying....

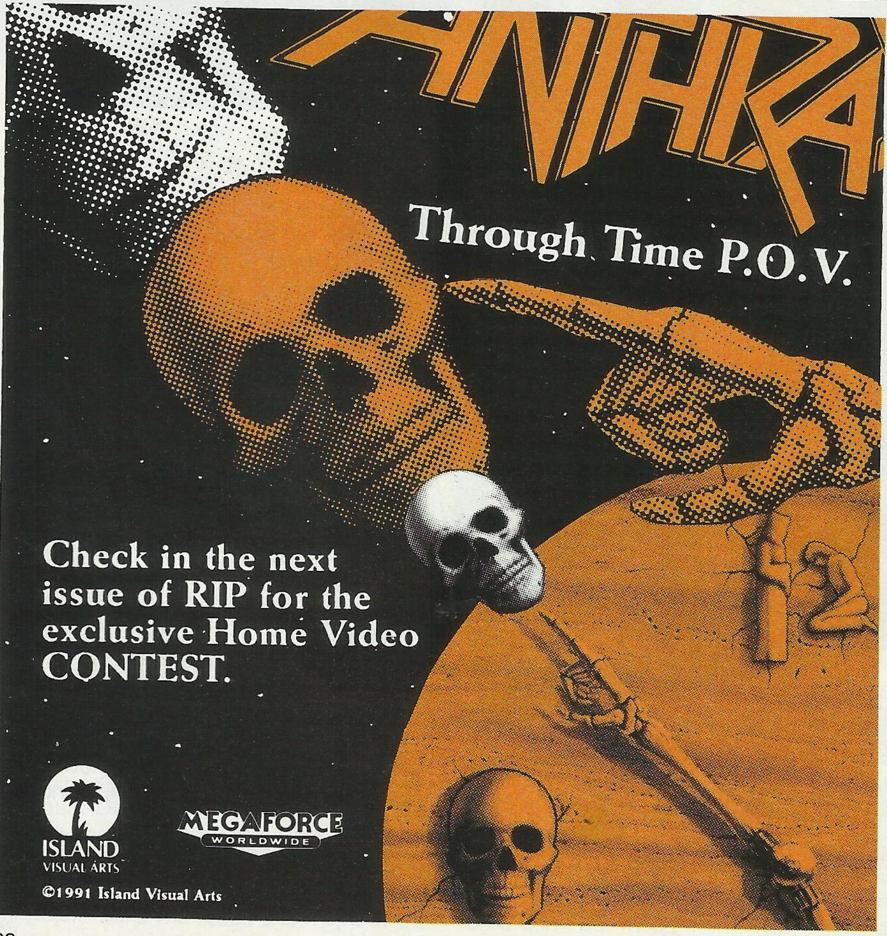
Testament's Chuck Billy, standing in the lobby of Paris's Hotel Mecure De Pantin, is having some French problems of his own. Chuck learns that the skivvies he put into a local laundromat for return that day won't be back until Thursday. "I knew it," Chuck grumbles. "I knew something like this would happen, because she was just staring at me, then she started laughing at us! I mean, we'll be in Germany by the time they're finished!" As you can see, not all problems on a metal tour are drug or alcohol related.

When it comes to showtime in Paris, Parisian laundromat hell is rudely shunted aside as Testament take the stage to the thumping assault of "Practice What You Preach." Looking at this hard-working and much-improved band, they strike you as one tight street gang, moving with cohesion to each other, yet without any synchronized cheese. Billy simply stomps back and forth, brandishing his half-stand like a spiked club, defying the crowd not to get off on the Testament roar. Eric Peterson on rhythm guitar is a psyched-out gremlin, all revved with energy and intent, while drummer Louie Clemente is a superb pivotal reference point, hard to the beat and with his own little touches to share. Bassist Greg Christian has always brought to mind a vision of the late, great Cliff Burton in his stage presence: laconic, stoked, fired up, yet in his own world of rhythm. Christian is, like Billy, a stage wildcard, roaming wherever he wishes. Alex Skolnick is different. Preferring to stay relatively tied to stage right, Skolnick's face is always a screwed-features picture of intense concentration.

They pound through favorites such as "Trial By Fire," "Burnt Offerings" and "Sins of Omission," as well as two cuts off the new album, *Souls of Black*, before closing out with the huge "Disciples of the Watch." Their display on this tour reminded anyone who's forgotten that Testament are up there with the biggest thrash has to offer...and they aren't going anywhere other than higher.

Before heading to Europe, we'd heard a lot about the rumored "politics," i.e., Suicidal's Mike Muir would punch Dave Mustaine, Tom Araya and Dave Mustaine were not getting along, Slayer and Megadeth were not happy with the headline situation, Suicidal was not very happy about much at all. We saw none of this; everyone being, at the very least, civil to each other, and at the very most, completely and utterly drunk off their bottoms in the streets at 2 a.m. with each other. Indeed, we'll not soon forget the sight of Hanneman, Rocky George and Kerry King stumbling down a Barcelona street and turning a corner to find Tom "I'm a different person when I'm drunk" Araya crouched low and roaring a big growl at some poor person. After a whole bunch of shouting in his general direction, Tom turned slowly and flashed a wonderfully happy, content and evil drunk smile. The same sort of smile that Clash Of The Titans leaves on our faces whenever we think about it.

STOP THE PRESSES! *Rumor has it that an American version of Clash Of The Titans may be coming to a town near you this summer...more when we know for sure.* •



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Cheap Trick have been the most influential underdogs in rock and roll's past two decades. The band has been on top of the world with the phenomenal success of Live at Budokan, *and entered the depths of hell with everything from record-company lawsuits to their album* The Doctor, *which bombed in 1986. Cheap Trick have traveled the world countless times, opening for rock legends like Kiss and Queen, and playing the headlining host to some of today's rock 'n' roll chart-toppers, one of which was Guns N' Roses.*

Liza Leeds

Few bands indeed have had the bird's-eye view of the music business given to these Rockford, Illinois, residents, and here to share all the gory details with RIP is C.T. founder and guitarist Rick Nielsen....

RIP: Alright, Rick, let's go back to the very beginning and get some of your personal memories surrounding each album.

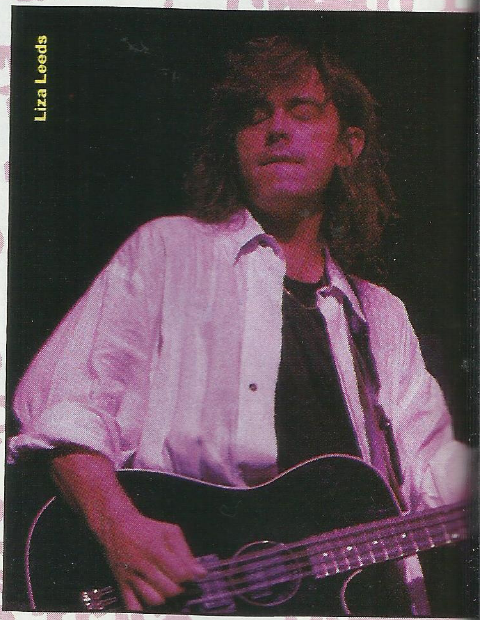
RICK NIELSEN: We got signed in '76 and started work on our first album, *Cheap Trick*. We wanted John Lennon to produce us, but he wasn't available. Our second choice was Jack Douglas, because we liked the sound of "Back in the Saddle." The first review came out, it was a real good review, and we sold [pause] not many records. We went out on tour with the Kinks and opened up a few shows for Queen. They took us on because they liked our band. Before we even had a record out, we joined them for a few shows.

RIP: That was when Queen was huge.

R.N.: Yeah, huger than huge! We went out to L.A. and did our second record, *In Color*, with Tom Werman, who had just finished working with Ted Nugent. When that came out, we actually went out with Kiss for a couple of months. They were also huger than huge. They actually hand-picked us for the thing, which was neat. They took us on because they liked our band. We did our third album, which was *Heaven Tonight*, again with Werman, and that's when we started to do real well in Canada and did some trips to Europe.

RIP: That one did well in Japan, didn't it?

R.N.: Yeah, so did *In Color*. *In Color* was the first gold record we ever got, and that was from Japan. In 1977, after *Heaven Tonight* came out, we went to Japan, and they wanted us to record an album for the Japanese fans only. We had three hits over there. "Clock Striked Ten" was a hit, "I Want You to Want Me" was a hit, and I think "Surrender" was a hit too. That's when we did the Budokan record. After we did that, we came back to tour the States and did the *Dream Police* album. While we were working on *Dream Police*, the Japanese record got released, and all of the sudden it started selling here in the United States on import. They were selling for, like, 30 bucks apiece. It was only supposed to be released in Japan, but then we got this great idea: "Hey, maybe we should try and put it out here, and instead of people havin' to pay 30 bucks apiece, they could pay eight or nine." It was Gem that started to import them, then Epic said, "Well, instead of Gem gettin' the dough, why don't we go ahead and put out the ten or twenty thousand copies they thought it would sell?" And then the record exploded!


Liza Leeds

RIP: And *you* became huger than huge.

R.N.: It was weird. It was a fluke, you know—typical band planning. We didn't plan a thing, and it hit us. It was a good hit! We were supposed to be releasing *Dream Police* when the Budokan thing hit, so we delayed it. And when it came out, critics started saying it was an old record. That was the beginning of when we started to get slammed. All through the years, we never stopped touring. We were playing 300 nights a year when we were doing clubs, and when we started doing concert tours, it was pretty much the same. We did, like, 280 nights a year, and the other two months we were in the studio. From the road, we went down to Montserrat in the West Indies and did *All Shook Up* with George Martin. That was when Tom was leaving.

RIP: Was he actually fired?

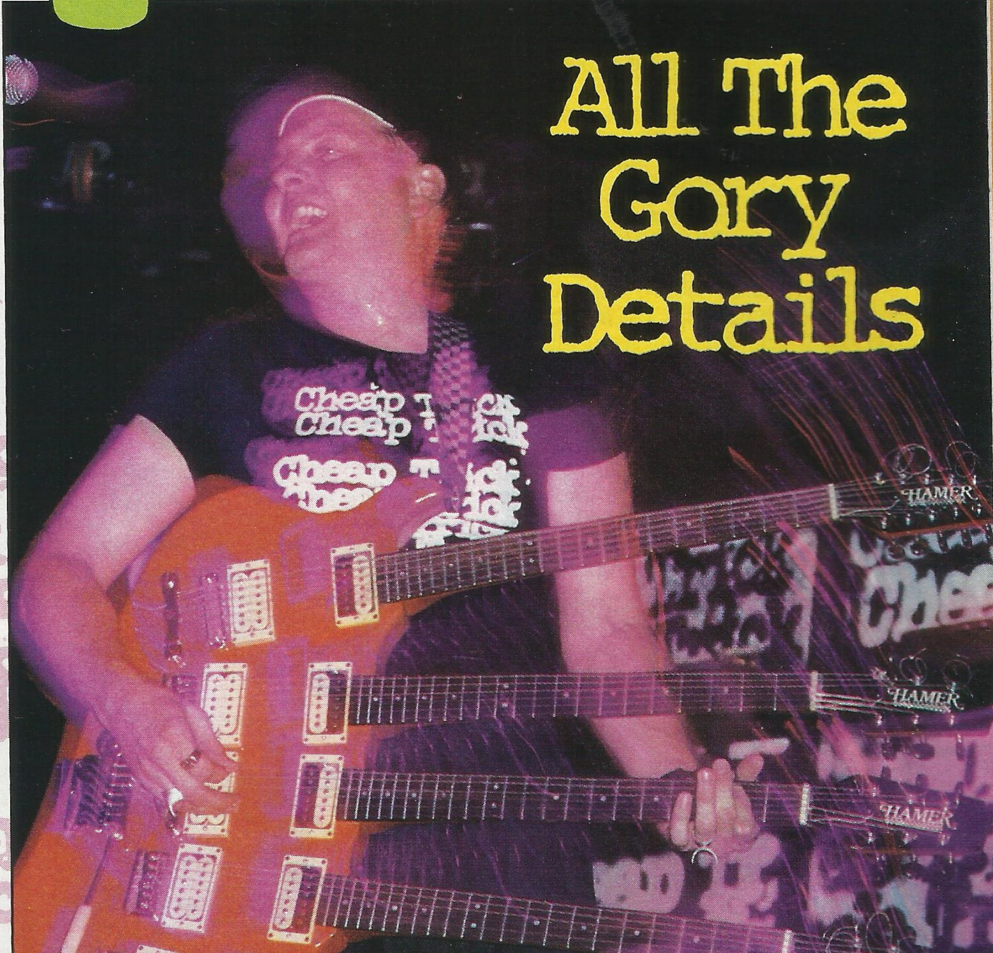
R.N.: He was asked to take a leave of absence.

RIP: Did you remain friends at that point?

R.N.: You know, I didn't even talk to Tom for about seven years. I never said anything bad about him; he never said anything bad about me. He was just doing his thing, and we were doing ours. We recorded *One on One* in 1982, with Roy Thomas Baker and without a bass player—I played bass on almost the entire record. We had a Number-One song in Australia, "If You Want My Love," and

Robert Matheu

Cheap Trick



All The Gory Details

by Shari Sloane

Bob Leafe

"She's Tight" was on that—kind of a fun song. That's where Poison got their "Talk Dirty to Me." That's alright. I'm sure they're gonna send us a couple of royalty checks. They promised! Our next record, in '83, we did with Todd Rundgren, *Next Position Please*. We did that at Bearsville. After that record was *Standing on the Edge*. We recorded that album in Lake Geneva. We were, like, the first band that ever used Royal Recorders. We started the record with Jack Douglas, and then we got wah-wahed with a quagmire of problems. Jack got his money for *Double Fantasy*—a lot of money. Can you imagine getting a check for ten times more than you ever had, and probably ten times more than you ever dreamed you would get, and having to concentrate on another project? We ended up getting Tony Platt to mix it for us, and we got some good airplay with "Tonight It's You." The next album was *The Doctor*, and it didn't do very well. It's kind of like roulette. It had some good stuff on it. I think all our albums have some good stuff. It's like, who's in vogue this week, and who's out of vogue this week?

RIP: Who was in vogue that week?

R.N.: What happened to us in the '80s was a lot of the Duran Durans and a lot of the Floggin' Numbskulls—ABC, all that hip New Wave from England. I think a lot of American bands suffered during that time, for whatever reason. We did a video for the song "It's Only Love," and I think it was the first video we had signed all the way through for the deaf. We were thinking after that we'd do a video for the blind! When we first started playing clubs in Milwaukee, we used to get a huge following from upstairs, above the club we played at, because it was a school for the deaf. We used to play so loud, they would come down and dance to the vibrations. It was kind of weird. You'd finish a song, and they wouldn't clap. After *The Doctor*, John Brant, our bass player, was going to do a project. We had just seen Tom in New York, and we started thinking we'd talk with him about doing a separate project called—since *I'm* doing the interview—Nielsen, Zander, Carlos and Petersson. If somebody else was doin' the interview, it would be different. We were gonna do that—kind of like a law firm. On the first day of rehearsals it fell together. We just said, "Why don't we just, you know, do a Cheap Trick?" We were still on tour with John, and his project never happened. I asked him to write some more songs, and *that* didn't really happen. So that's the way it went. When we went to do that record, it turned into *Lap of Luxury*, and we had our first Number-One single with "The Flame."

RIP: Since you've been around the world and done it all, you've obviously got some really good stories. Wasn't Cheap Trick responsible for bringing Aerosmith back together?

R.N.: We helped in that, but it was their doing. We were playing in Boston and had been friends with the guys for a long time—individually and as a band. We were at the Boston Gardens, and I had Joe Perry on my side of the stage, and Steven Tyler was on the other side. Neither guy knew that the other was there. At the end of the show we went up for the second encore and said, "Hey, we've got some friends here. I think you might know who they are." They hadn't really spoken at that time. I brought up Joe, and Robin brought up Steve, and we did the song "This Will Be the Last Time," and it was cool. After the show they started talking, and it turned into the beginning of them getting back together again. A couple of times after that they came to my house in Illinois. When bands are in town, I usually have them over. I've had Guns N' Roses over, Kiss, Todd Rundgren.

RIP: Is it true that your house is all black and white?

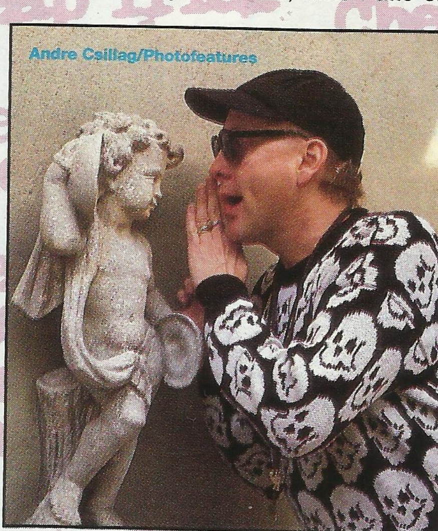
R.N.: Parts of it. When the Aerosmith guys were there, they were still gettin' pretty zonked. They had the band back together, but they were still having some problems. I sat around frankly and said, "You guys are too good." In *Rolling Stone*, Joe said I was one of his favorite guitarists. The review of our album was a real terrible one, and I was never gonna buy *Rolling Stone* again, but a week later Joe said something nice about me.

RIP: Who in this business have you seen come and go?

R.N.: We toured with Kiss for three months in 1977, and that was a great tour—not to mention a big break for us. They were getting slammed by the critics every night, but still they were bringing in 10,000 people. So who cares what the critics say? It was good for us. We were getting great reviews. We did a year and a half as an interchangeable headliner with AC/DC. I was good friends with Bon Scott. I was the first guy to take him to eat Mexican food. He'd never had Mexican food in his life! It was a great show every night. Both bands were doing really well. It was cool, because it would make us play harder. We did shows all over the world. We were in Germany together, and France and England. His death was a tragedy for me. We were doing the *All Shook Up* album, and I get this phone call that a third of this house I was building burned to the ground. Then we got a phone call 20 minutes later that Bon Scott had died. I didn't give a damn about the house.

RIP: Needless to say, it was not a good week.

R.N.: No, not a good week. It was a bad week that week for sure. I had an offer to make a solo record at one time. I was gonna use Alex Harvey on vocals, Mike Patto on vocals, Bon Scott on vocals, Steve Marriot on vocals, and Robin on vocals, and three of the singers died—not a good deal. If I ask you to sing on my record, don't do it.



Andre Csillag/Photofeatures

RIP: You got to work with John Lennon before he died.

R.N.: That was great; what an honor. Jack Douglas was producing it, and they called us in because they wanted more of a hard edge—me and Bun E. We did two songs, "Losin' You" and "Movin' On," and John Lennon said to me, "Wow, I wish you guys were here when we did 'Cold Turkey,' because Eric Clapton choked on the riff!" They took us off the tracks, because they said the album didn't sound balanced. It was too heavy on our tracks, so Earl Slick copied my guitar tracks, and Andy Newmark copied Bun E's drum licks. That was August 12, 1980, and he died December 8th.

RIP: How did his death affect you?

R.N.: It was devastating. Lucky I got to meet the guy. It was, like, a Monday night. I was at a strip club in Minneapolis, watchin' a football game, and all of the sudden we hear John Lennon had been shot—he's dead. It was like Stevie Ray Vaughan. It was heavier than Stevie Ray Vaughan. With Stevie, I knew him, but it was an accident. It wasn't like John got ran over by a car or something; some fanatic came out and shot him.

RIP: How old were you when you decided you wanted to do this and nothing else with your life?

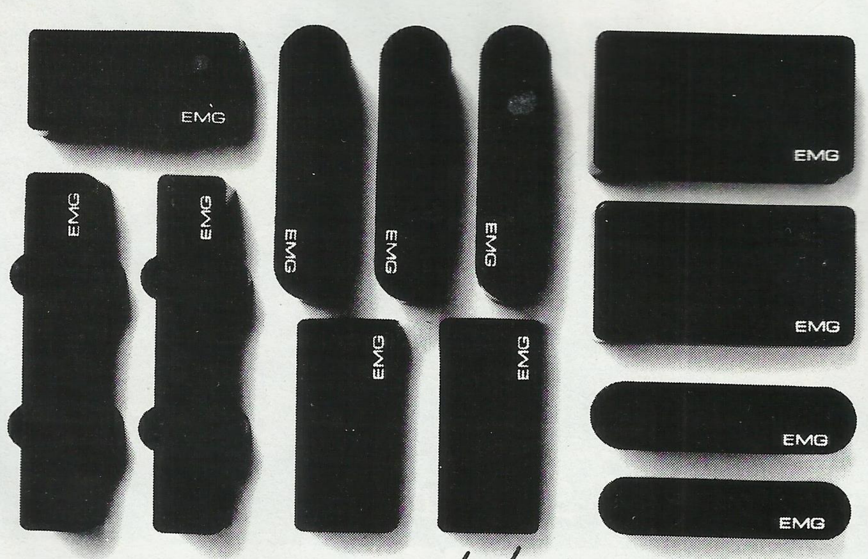
R.N.: I got in my first band when I was 16, and had taken drum lessons from the time I was ten. I could never find people to play the other instruments, so I taught myself to do all of that. I used to go to church with my parents, who would sing in the black Baptist churches, and they ended up buying a music store; so I was always around that stuff. I didn't know that it would last 20 years, because when you're a kid, you're more worried about what's happening that night. Even if we hadn't been successful, I would be involved in music. I would try to be a songwriter. I was a math major in school, and I took a lot of business classes. I loved architecture, archaeology—all the things that go into playing music!

RIP: You guys have a real reputation for partying, and you've been labeled wacko. How do you plead?

R.N.: Whatever we do after work is different than what we do while we work. We're not choirboys. We used to work, and people would say, "Gee, Rick, what are you on? I want some." I don't know. I'm on the high of playing! We take what we do seriously, but the minute the last note is over, it's our free time. We've never missed a show; we've never fallen off the stage. The work comes first, but then we like to have our fun too. As for being wacko...a neurotic is a goofball that's got no control, because he's mentally unfit. Eccentric is more what I think I am. I'm not nuts 24 hours a day, but I always think there's more to do. I'm excited about stuff, and I'm having fun; so if that makes me crazy, then so be it.

RIP: With all that you've seen in the business, and as much music as you've recorded, do you ever feel you've lost any of the original passion?

R.N.: Not one iota. When I get off the road, I come in, say hi to everyone, and sit in my studio writing songs. When we started rehearsing to go to Japan, it just sounded so good. I mean, yeah, I'm a little jaded because I'm in the band, but as far as the group—there are groups where one guy comes, and one guy goes, and it doesn't make a difference—as far as stickin' around, bein' comfortable with our style and the way we do things, it's good. If I had to do it all again, I would do it in a skinny minute. •



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FREEZE FRAME

Edited by Janiss Garza

MINISTRY: ***In Case You Didn't Feel Like Showing Up (Live)***
(Warner/Reprise Video)

Event. An unnerving spectacle. An insidious rock show of behemoth proportions, like Kiss meets the bloodiest Aztec mass sacrifice. Part tribal ritual, part ultimate def-metal meat grinder, in this hour-long video form the only diminished aspect of industrial metal gods Ministry is the threat of imminent violence. While the blond, long-tressed pretty boys of rock prance about, building unassailable barriers between themselves and their sheepish hordes, ringleader "Mad" Al Jourgensen and Co. are solely interested in tearing all that down. In fact, they give the crowd a conduit for doing just that: a jungle-gym-like chain-link fence for stage divers to swing on and hopefully destroy. That's what happens at the best of Ministry gigs, anyway.

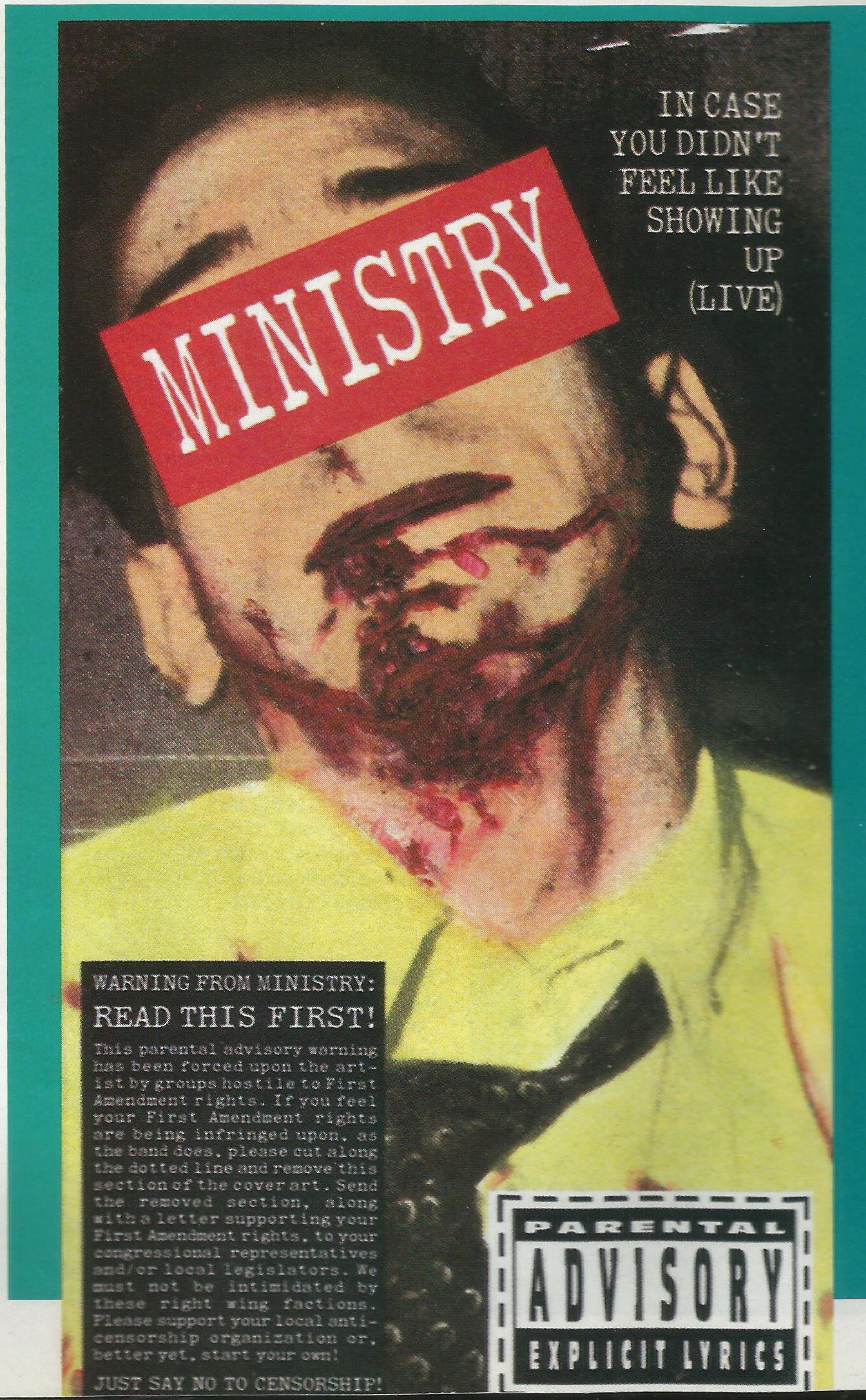
As intense and out of control as Slayer, Ministry's nine-member orchestra of catharsis and hatred (including members of Texas death metalers Rigor Mortis, seminal punks Killing Joke, electro-goths Skinny Puppy and hardcore progenitors Discharge, and street poet/ex-Dead Kennedy Jello Biafra, whose reading of the Pledge of Allegiance is irreverent, to say the least) arm themselves with a more eclectic arsenal of weapons of sonic destruction: two drummers, a painfully overamped bank of keyboards and four (count 'em) guitars. A celebration of sadistic volumes, blinding light and deafening sound, Ministry are metal's next plateau; a fusion of nihilistic electronics and unrepentant rage.

Captured live by the wildly inventive cameras of the H-Gun team (also responsible for Megadeth's "Holy Wars" clip), *In Case You Didn't Feel Like Showing Up* is an unrelenting volley of sound and vision. Images strobe in brutal syncopation with the band's hyperkinetic, dentist's-drill-in-hell velocities. Flashing between their live show and a volley of often-disturbing visuals (most hauntingly, the fire breathers and concert-in-the-abyss attack of "Burning Inside") Ministry stake their claim as metal's harshest muthas and final frontier. *—Mike Gitter*

CHEAP TRICK: ***Every Trick in the Book***
(CMV Enterprises)

Every rock 'n' roll fanatic has that one special band that made his or her adolescence a bit easier to survive. For older rockers, that group was most likely AC/DC or Aerosmith. The younger ones have Guns N' Roses. For me, Cheap Trick sent my pubescent heart reeling. From the first moment I heard "Surrender," I daydreamed constantly about what it would be like to meet the darkly handsome Tom Petersson, laconic straight man Bun E. Carlos, wild-eyed genius Rick Nielsen, and my all-time idol, Robin Zander—the man with the face, and voice, of an angel. I spent many evenings reclining in Trick-infused revelry instead of doing my homework.

Well, I got my chance to disappear into Trick-dom again, only this time their home video, *Every Trick in the Book*, was my homework. Being a rock journalist certainly does have some great advantages. Okay, so I'm (supposedly) grown up now, but I still melt when I hear the ironic twists and catchy hooks of a Cheap Trick tune, be it "Way of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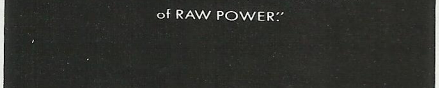

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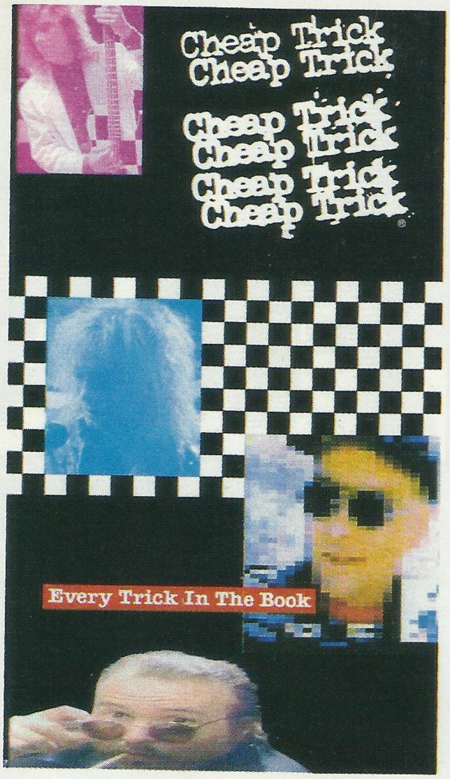
Cheap Trick
Cheap Trick
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Cheap Trick
Every Trick In The Book

the World" from 1979's *Dream Police*, or the romantic "Can't Stop Fallin' Into Love" from the group's latest LP, *Busted*. *Every Trick in the Book* covers much of the band's 15-year history, starting off with its clips for "Can't Stop" and "Wherever Would I Be," and working its way backward in time to live performances of "Surrender" and "I Want You to Want Me" from their Budokan show and rare, pre-MTV vids from *Dream Police*. The band's offbeat image adds a twist to nearly every clip, from the mug shots in "Dream Police" to the surprise "Elvis" ending of "Don't Be Cruel." This is 72 minutes of heaven for any Cheap Trick fanatic.

The only things that could have made *Every Trick in the Book* even better would have been live footage from their first two albums—some film must exist somewhere—and additional backstage or interview segments. Oh, yes, and it would have been nice to give bassist Jon Brant credit. Granted, Tom Petersson he wasn't, but he did appear in nearly a third of the clips here—however, his name is nowhere to be found. But those are small complaints when you can have Robin Zander's soulful brown eyes smiling at you in the privacy of your own home.

—Janiss Garza

HARD 'N HEAVY, VOLUME TEN
(MCA Music Video)

It'd been a while since I last sat down with a *Hard 'N Heavy*—probably issue five, if memory serves—and I was feeling pretty ambivalent 'bout doing so again. Those early issues were cursed with a level of technical proficiency worthy of the title *Metal America's Funniest Home Videos*—dodgy single camera work, garbled sound, and interviews that never seemed to go anywhere—and it stood to reason that nothing much would have improved within the space of a year. Well, slap my face, the fine folks behind this long-running home-vid metal mag have certainly come a long way.

In goes the tape, and out comes the familiar strains of AC/DC's "Who Made Who," probably the last genuinely good song to bear those legendary initials. Still, a "classic track" from their entirely forgettable '85 *Maximum Overdrive* soundtrack? Pshaaw! Don't worry, it's largely uphill from there. Suicidal Tendencies' Mike Muir and Rocky George spread a little brass-knuckled reality on the campus of UC Irvine, while the Daves o' 'deth, Mustaine and Ellefson, show us Megadeth's new way of "getting high"—skydiving! Long-faced and sullen, Living Colour get their revolutionary ya-yas out, and Ozzy celebrates Halloween with a Trick or Treat bag chock-full of nostalgia.

Jane's Addiction's audacious frontman Perry Farrell spits fire and vitriol at the censors as his band plays poolside—how bad can life be, really? A visit to the Metal Blade offices recounts head honcho Brian Slagel discovering Metallica and incorporates footage of current clients, including D.R.I., Armored Saint, Fate's Warning and the mighty GWAR! Vixen go to London, Queensryche yack about economics, Extreme make chumps of themselves, and the Little Angels go completely unrecognized in L.A. Not only that, but there's also a recap of this year's Castle Donington festival with footage and commentary from Thunder, Poison, Aerosmith and Whitesnake.

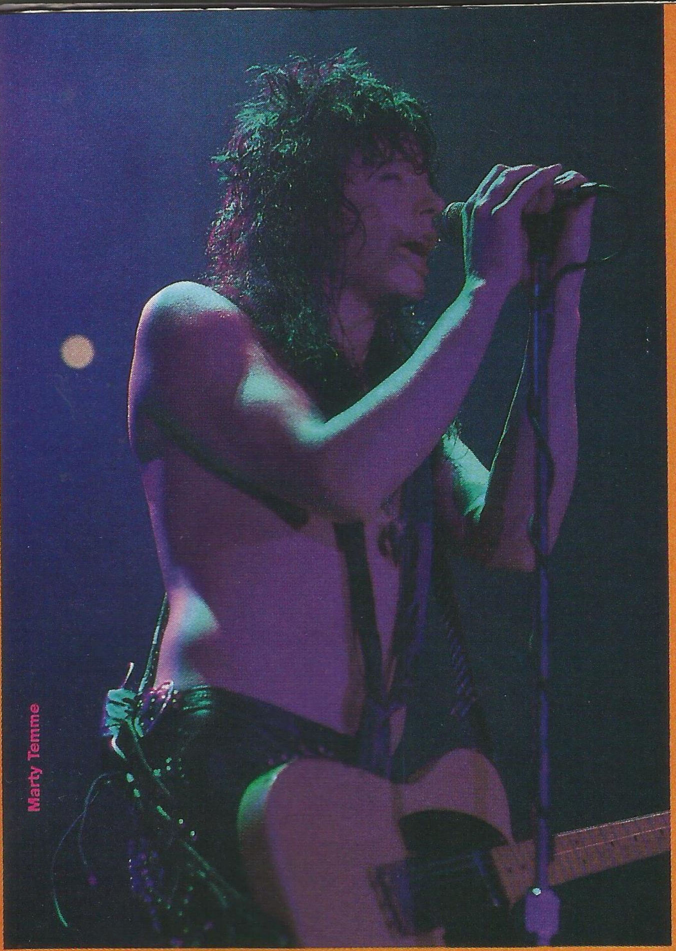
HARD 'N HEAVY
90 MINUTES OF UNCENSORED VOLUME VIDEO
MUSIC, INTERVIEWS & MORE
VOLUME 10
MONSTERS
EXCLUSIVE LIVE!
MONSTERS OF ROCK
whitesnake
ALIVE AND DANGEROUS
PLUS
AC/DC • MEGADETH • LIVING COLOUR
OZZY • JANES ADDICTION • VIXEN
QUEENSRŸCHE • SUICIDAL TENDENCIES
STRYPER • ANTHRAX . . .
AND MORE
WARNING: THIS IS NOT VIDEO FOR THE WEAK, PARENTAL DISCRETION ADVISED

Good news, folks, ten issues down the road, *Hard 'N Heavy* has actually evolved into a fairly watchable affair: competent, coherent and worth a second look. They've sloughed off the shoddiness and stupidity factor—no misogynistic animated-biker skits in sight—and come up with a video mag replete with the necessary balls and brains.

—M.G.

KILLER KWOTES

Edited by Katherine Turman



Marty Temme

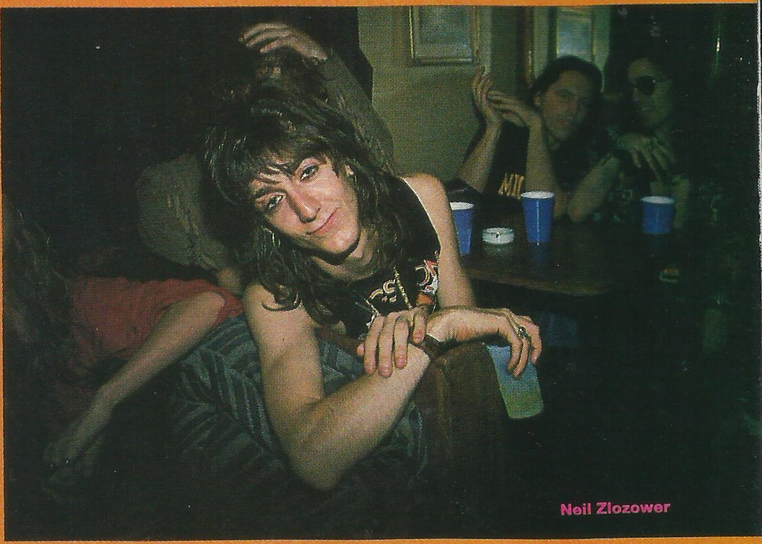
▲"You want to see the world, join a rock band; f?!k the Navy. I don't mean f?!k the Navy; the Navy's great, but you can see the world in a rock band." (Cinderella's **Tom Keifer**, who apparently has never belonged to any branch of the armed services.)

"We'll be lucky if we get hotel rooms." (Trixter bassist **P.J. Farley** anticipating living arrangements on their low-budget first tour.)

"Not really. I just get lots of free T-shirts from MCA." (What Pretty Boy Floyd bassist **Vinnie Chas** replied when asked whether he liked VoiVod, the band pictured on his T-shirt.)

"My friends and I would pretend we were Gene Simmons and blow fire in front of people's windows. They'd call the cops, and we'd run and hide from the police. That's what we did for excitement. But then my friend burned his eyebrows, so we quit doing that. No way, man! I want to keep my eyebrows!" (**Taime Downe** of Faster Pussycat on his youthful firebug propensities.)

Ross Halfin/Zlozower



Neil Zlozower

▲"The last time I had a good night's sleep was sixth grade. I don't like sleep. Sleep is for sloths. I'm not a slothful person. Sleep is a necessity for me—after three days of being up." (**Chris Robinson** of the Black Crowes, an apparent insomniac.)

"We're all the same shade, and people do notice that we look a bit alike. But we're all from the States now. Being Filipino here is like being any other nationality here. Basically, we're all mutts." (Death Angel's **Mark Osegueda** ruminates about his heritage and about being in a band with a bunch o' relatives.)

"My first experience was like a joke, combined with a nightmare, combined with a psycho ward. Probably in that order." (The now-very-happening **Dana Strum** of Slaughter speaking about his first real band experience playing with the Vinnie Vincent Invasion.)

"I can tell you when Christ is supposed to come back." (**David Wayne** of Reverend offering the Biblical knowledge he gained while growing up the son of a preacher.)

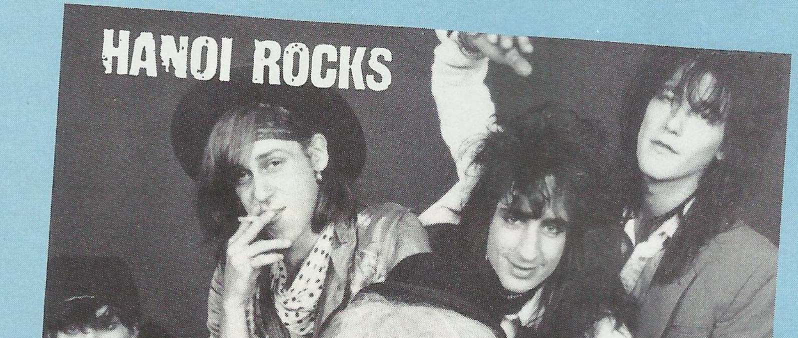
"We used to have to work so hard, and now it's like, when the record company said, 'Now the hard part is, you guys gotta go out on tour.' And we're like, 'The hard part?! One set a night?! All right!' We're used to three sets a night of everybody else's music. 'You mean everybody in the place is gonna know that we have an album out, and we get to play that for an hour?!' " (An ecstatic and unbelieving **Kenny McGee** of Julliet realizing he's "made it.")

◀"I don't blame him. I started it." (**Jon Bon Jovi** commenting on the verbal lashing given to him by Sebastian Bach in *Kerrang!* magazine.)

ROCK VAULT

edited by S.L. Duff

Greetings, mortals. I was listening to Chubby Checker's "Limbo Rock" the other day—you know, the one where you're supposed to bend over backward under that stick while Chubby asks, "How low can you go?"—and it got me thinking: Just how low can a crypt keeper like me go? Well, I did a bit of excavating, and I've got good news for you trivia buffs: I've unearthed even more volumes of rare rock knowledge from the deepest caverns of the Rock Vault. So, those of you brave enough to come along, here we go. Should ya get stumped, the answers are on page 95.



Sam Yaffa Andy McCoy Michael Monroe Razzle Nasty Suicide

1. What do metal heroes Megadeth and punk legends the Circle Jerks have in common?

2. In 1970 Neil Young sang "Down by the River," which was the flipside to a bigger hit. What song was on the flipside? BONUS: According to the lyric, what did the singer claim that he did down by the river?

3. Beside his work developing the solid-body electric guitar, what other important technology did Les Paul develop?

4. This famous rock guitarist was only 19 years old when his band's hit "Journey to the Center of the Mind" landed in the Top-20 in 1968. Name the guitarist and the band. BONUS: What U.S. city was the band from?

5. This LP was the Number One record in the U.S. for only one week, yet it remained on the charts longer than any album in history—well over a decade. Name the album and the artist that made it.

6. Hardcore/pop band All recently made a live LP called *Trailblazer*. What does the title refer to?

7. What production team produced *Back to Mystery City* by Hanoi Rocks, and with what band are they generally associated? BONUS: Who produced Hanoi's live LP, *All Those Wasted Years*? DOUBLE BONUS WITH CHEESE: Where was *All Those Wasted Years* recorded?

8. Thirteen years before the popular TV show, which heavy band recorded an LP entitled *Twin Peaks*?

9. Famous rock critic Richard Meltzer and punk poetess Patti Smith both contributed lyrics to early work by this seminal hard-rock band. Name the band.

10. This band's most recent LP cover features a nude dwarf holding a dead rabbit, and two nude women. All three are covered with blood—four if you count the rabbit. Name the album title and the band responsible for this.

11. What do Boz Burrell (Bad Company), Ian McDonald (Foreigner), Greg Lake (ELP), John Wetton (Asia), Bill Bruford (Yes), and Adrian Belew (Bowie, Zappa) have in common?

12. English science-fiction author Michael Moorcock wrote and recited lyrics for what long-surviving Brit rock band?

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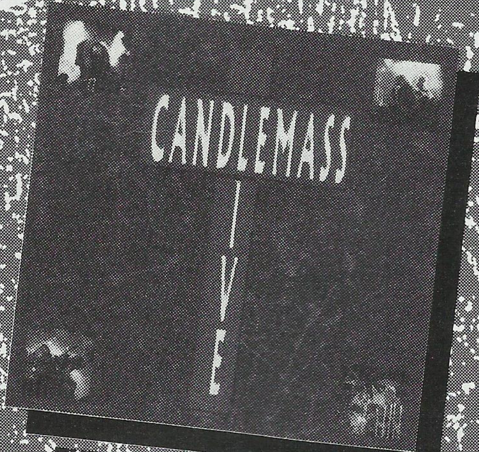
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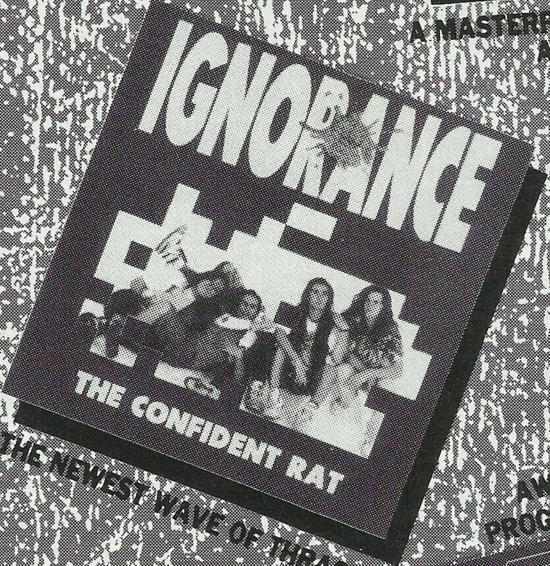
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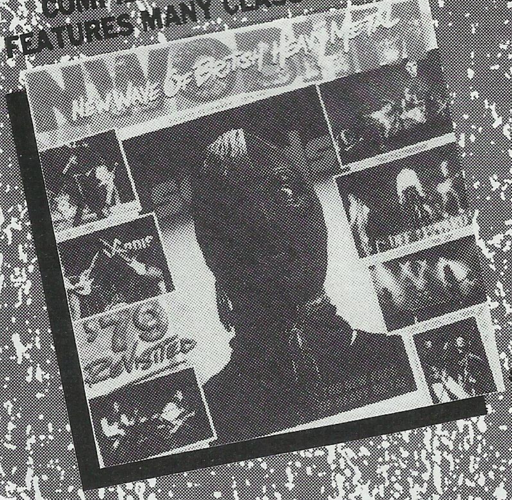
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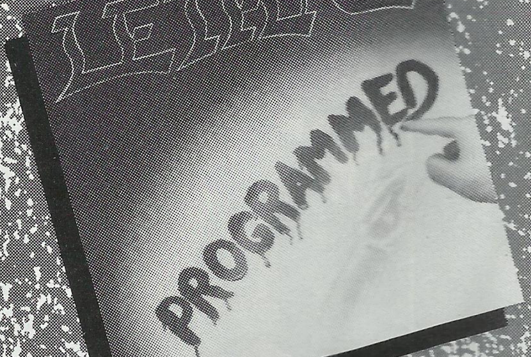
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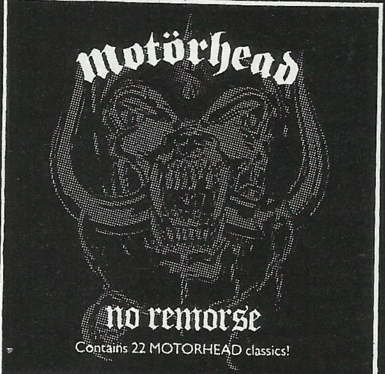
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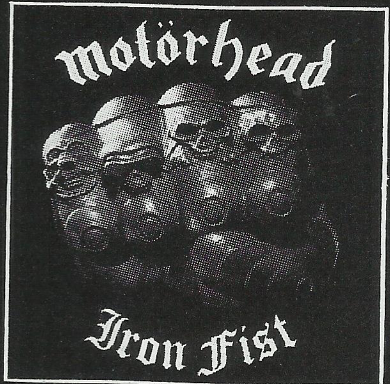
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Iron Fist
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ANGEL WITCH
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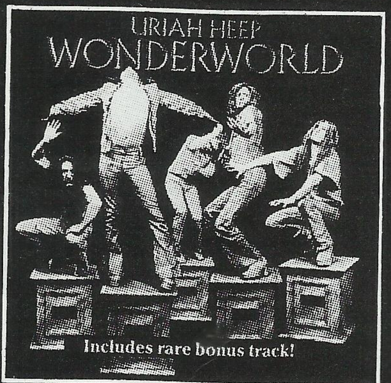
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SOUND

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SOUNDTECH

PC800 and PC1200 Powered Mixers

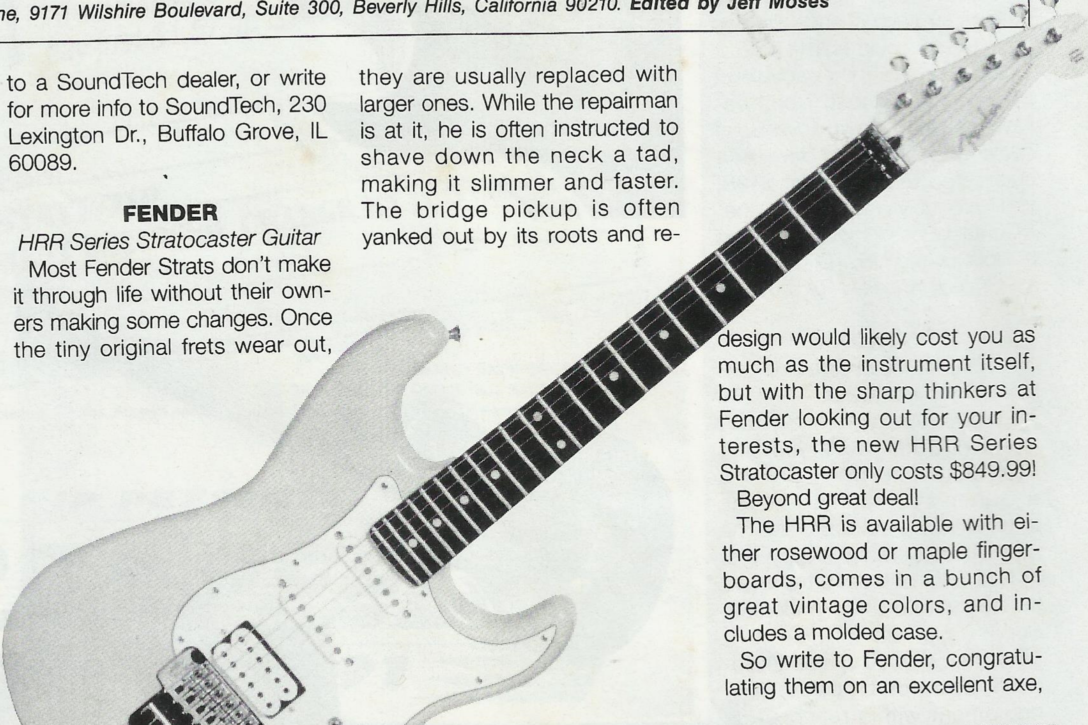
If you're looking for PA gear but don't want the hassle of luggin' around cumbersome components, check out SoundTech's new powered mixers. The PC800 is an eight-channel mixer with 150 watts of power per side. The PC1200 is a 12-channel job with 250 watts per side. You can use the PCs in stereo format or in a mono configuration. In the mono setting the power amp not only juices the mains, it will power monitors as well. Each power amp has its own nine-band graphic EQ for tailoring tones for any application.

These units also have selectable metering and an extensive patch bay that allows expansion of the system and integration into larger systems. They are convection cooled for totally quiet operation. But to find out what they sound like, bop over to a SoundTech dealer, or write for more info to SoundTech, 230 Lexington Dr., Buffalo Grove, IL 60089.

FENDER

HRR Series Stratocaster Guitar

Most Fender Strats don't make it through life without their owners making some changes. Once the tiny original frets wear out, they are usually replaced with larger ones. While the repairman is at it, he is often instructed to shave down the neck a tad, making it slimmer and faster. The bridge pickup is often yanked out by its roots and replaced with a fat, juicy humbucker—say, something like the DiMarzio HM, for example. And although some old-timers might like the tone of a standard Strat tailpiece, wiggle-stick aficionados generally prefer a Kahler Floyd Rose-style double-locking trem.



Even with these changes—or upgrades, as some may see them—the Stratocaster still retains its vintage appeal and noble good looks. In fact, Fender is now manufacturing Strats with precisely these changes. They are simply hot-rodded versions of the classic '50s and '60s models.

These revisions to the original design would likely cost you as much as the instrument itself, but with the sharp thinkers at Fender looking out for your interests, the new HRR Series Stratocaster only costs $849.99! Beyond great deal!

The HRR is available with either rosewood or maple fingerboards, comes in a bunch of great vintage colors, and includes a molded case.

So write to Fender, congratulating them on an excellent axe, and while you're at it, ask them where to buy one: Fender Musical Instruments Corp., 1130 Columbia St., Brea, CA 92621.

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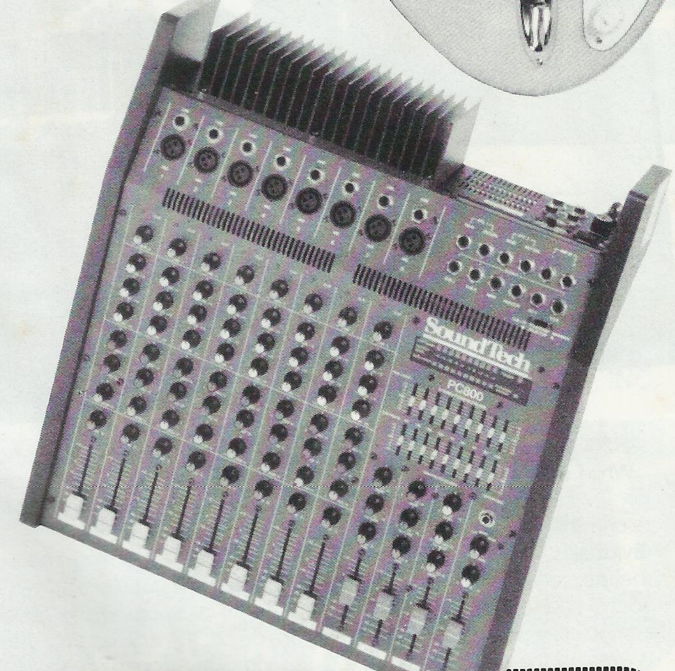


ROLAND

Boss SE-50 Stereo Effects Processor

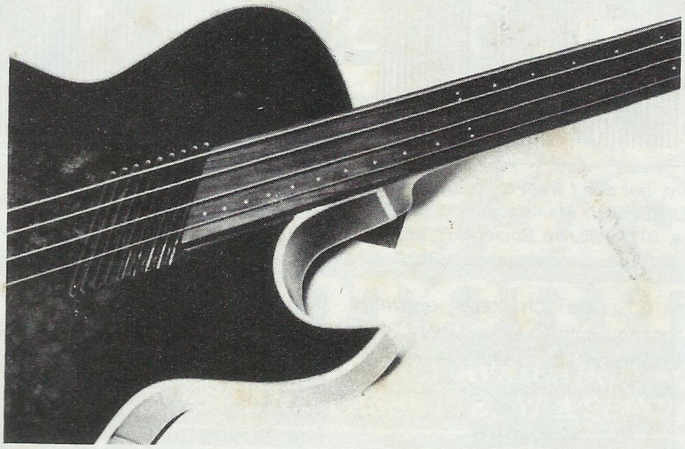
Great googly moogly! What with all dat chip-style techno stuff, Boss done shoved 'bout ten stomp boxes' worth o' stuff in one teeny thang. Know whadda mean? No? Okay, Boss has just come out with the SE-50. It's a stereo effects processor with 14 built-in effects, up to eight of which can be used simultaneously. It comes with re-

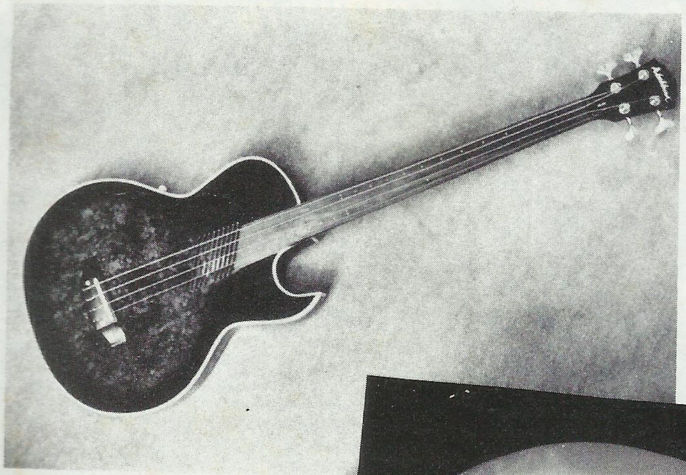
REPORT

verb, delay, chorus, EQ, flanger, phaser pitch shift, rotary, distortion, compressor, pan, noise reduction, exciter and vocorder. Twenty-eight different preset algorithms combine the 14 effects in various series or parallel ways.

You can also use the SE-50 as two independent signal processors due to separate inputs and outputs for each channel. In fact, if the SE-50 could hold a knife, it would be more than capable of buttering your toast. Don't believe it? Head down to a Boss dealer and take a test drive. At a suggested retail price of $499, you'll probably walk out with one.

Contact Boss Products Division at RolandCorp US, 7200 Dominion Cr., Los Angeles, CA 90040.





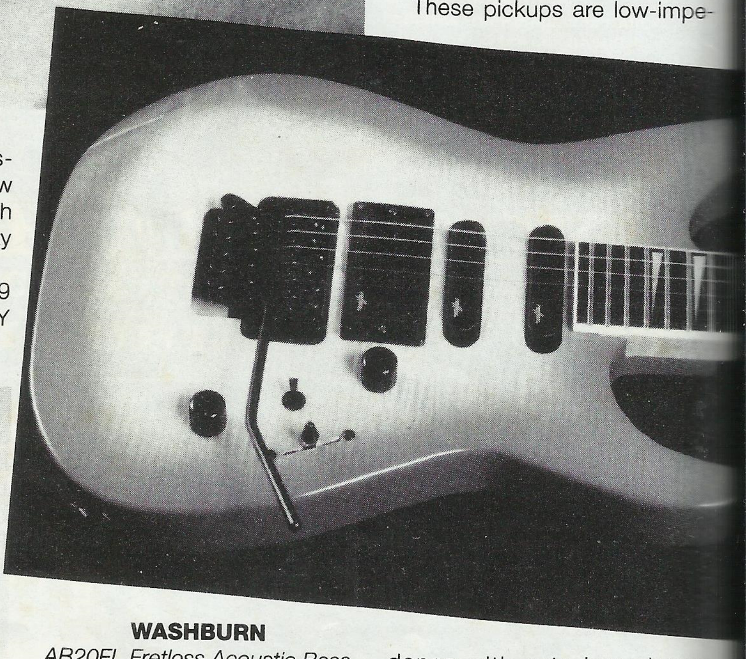
SONOR

Force 2000 Drums and Hardware

If you're a thumper who hasn't heard of Sonor, well, you ain't been around the block. Sonor is a German company that has been cranking out top-o-the-line drumware for many loud years. In fact, a lot of today's top beaters endorse, or have endorsed, Sonor equipment.

The Force 2000 Series is Sonor's attempt to price their equipment within reach of us less-than-wealthy folk. These drums and their hardware are still made in the Sonor factory in Germany and feature nine-ply poplar-wood shells. The hardware is reminiscent of Sonor's HiLite line and includes chrome-tubular lug castings, new tom holders and bass-drum spurs, as well as newly styled bass-drum T-rods. To put it simply, few kits in this price range can match the sound and all-around quality that Sonor's Force 2000 offers.

You can contact Sonor at 89 Frost Street, Westbury, NY 11590.



WASHBURN

AB20FL Fretless Acoustic Bass

While some trends come and go, the only road worth following is one that leads to personal individuality. For musicians, that means seeking out one's own sound and feel—something that immediately sets you apart from the rest of the drips.

For this reason Washburn has introduced the AB20FL. It's an acoustic/electric bass that just begs to be played. Features include a maple neck with a fretless rosewood fingerboard complemented by new and unique dot-inlay-pattern position markers. The body is a blend of tradition and contemporary styling. It's a single cutaway with an arched back for excellent balance, playability and tone. Plus, Washburn's famous Sound Slots offer a cool alternative to the gaping sound hole.

Full-time active electronics power specially designed pickups mounted under the bridge. Preamplification and equalization are accomplished with Washburn's new Equis 2 system.

For $699.90, you can't beat it. So check one out, or write to Washburn International, 230 Lexington Dr., Buffalo Grove, IL 60089.

CHARVEL/JACKSON

Reflex Pickups

Reflex Music Technology of England has just signed a distribution deal for their Reflex Silvers guitar pickups with Charvel/Jackson. These are high-tech pickups that were available only in England before, but now can be had here in the U.S.

These pickups are low-impedance with auto-impedance matching, super-low noise and high output. For further tonal control, active mid-range boost and cut and active high-frequency boost and cut were added to the new pickups. Reflex Silvers produce a very open, clear sound with astounding power. In fact, Charvel/Jackson will be stuffing their axes with these pickups as standard equipment soon. To find out more, contact C/J at 1316 E. Lancaster Ave., Fort Worth, TX 76102.

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FOU

META

"This way to the crucifixion," Ronnie James Dio facetiously welcomed fans who congregated around him at the third annual 1990 Foundations Forum at L.A.'s Sheraton Plaza La Reina Hotel. Ronnie's greeting wasn't far off. What the hard-rock/heavy-metal convention attendees found in the 45 booths *was* killer. The Judas Priest concert *was* to die for. The Lynch Mob slayed 'em. There were enough panels, parties, showcases and action to keep you going till you literally dropped. Even the most die-hard metalmongers could easily succumb to a deadly overdose of murderous metalmania. And so it went for three days, when close to 4,000 solid, as well as aspiring, music-industry pros, both up-and-coming and established bands, and just plain metalheads descended on the normally peaceful L.A.-airport-area hotel. The place may never be the same.

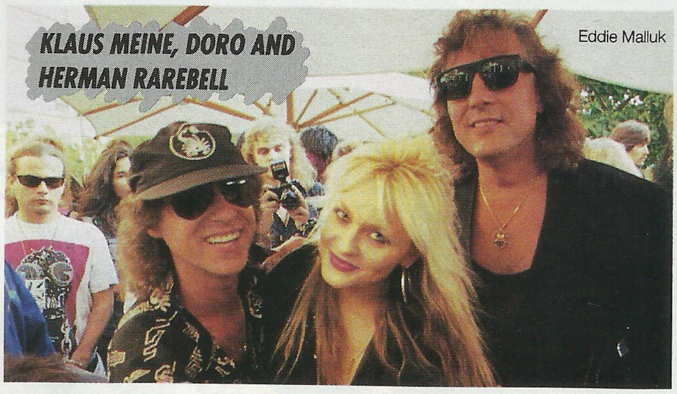
THE ARTIST PANEL

Shaun Clark

(Top) Jani Lane, Gregg Giuffria, Rick Nielsen, Glenn Tipton, Joey Allen, K.K. Downing
(Bottom) Flea, Lonn M. Friend, Riki Rachtman, Dave Mustaine, Vito Bratta

Gracing the proceedings was a nearly nine-foot Eddie, Iron Maiden's menacing monster mascot, who towered over crowds in the lobby. Eddie was only one of several celebrities meetin' and greetin', joined by the many musicians who hung out on the exhibit floor. The PolyGram and Epic Records booths hosted the most acts, with appearances by, among others, Motorhead, the Riverdogs, Burning Tree, Doro, and the Almighty, who performed an acoustic set featuring a song cowritten by RIP's own Del James. Another happenin' booth was Shotsie's Tattoos, where Chuck Billy of Testament got inked by Elio...after Chuck saw a snapshot of a tattooed female sporting a tat of his likeness in an Indian headdress, rendered by Elio from a photo.

"Come dressed as you do for bed," read the invitation to the slumber party for Every Mother's Nightmare, held at one a.m., after their gig. Except for one individual clad in red long johns and a Rip Van Winkle nightcap, the only partygoers who took the dress code seriously were a couple of authentic hookers who were not only dressed, but also *ready* for bed. As the bed in the suite had already been pounced upon and destroyed, the ladies of the, er, *morning* were forced to ply their trade in the bathroom, to the dismay of those for whom the beer was flowing perhaps too freely. Hundreds of party animals found their way to the scene and, needless to say, no one slept at *that* slumber party. For the second year in a row, the highest bill for damages was presented to Arista Records—sponsors of the Every Mother's Nightmare bacchanalian debauchery—whose late-night revelry in honor of Babylon A.D. last year was shut down by the police.

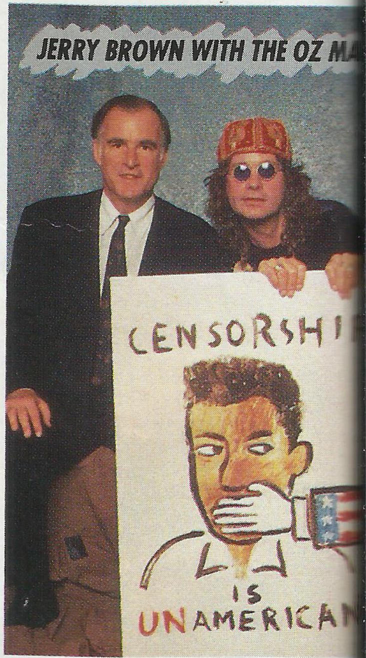

KLAUS MEINE, DORO AND HERMAN RAREBELL

Eddie Malluk

BY LAUREL FISHMAN

A fight in the hotel bar brought out a beefed-up team of both security guards and police. Metal Maria of Megaforce Records reported that it involved Sean Killian, vocalist of Vio-lence, who wasn't trying to live up to the name of his band, but rather defend a young lady's honor. According to Maria, while Sean was in the midst of a game of pool, an unidentified male made a rude remark about a female friend of Sean's. When Sean responded with "[Expletive deleted] you!" another complete stranger approached Sean belligerently, whereupon Sean hit him over the head with a pool cue. Seven policemen showed up to end the clash, as well as the transaction of any further business in the bar that night. Taking up posts in the lobby, the men of the law girl-watched and looked on bemusedly as conventioneers schmoozed throughout the entrance hallways. But the police

appearing to have the best time at the convention were the ones grooving on the Judas Priest show from a backstage vantage point, just inches away from Megadeth.

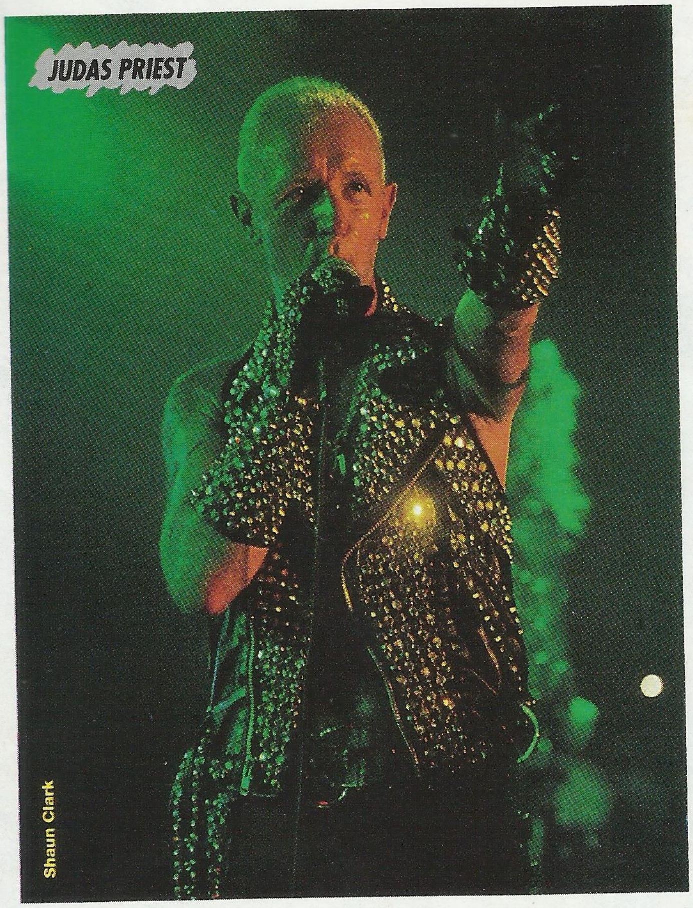

JERRY BROWN WITH THE OZ MA

A party was held poolside for the Scorpions, where Jimmy Driscoll and Adam Wacht of Trouble Tribe amused themselves by tossing grapes toward the cleavages of the more well-endowed females in attendance. Jimmy and Adam's attempts were largely fruitless. Commented Jimmy: "Adam managed to bank a few good ones off the right and the left, but couldn't quite get 'em in...the story of his life!"

The most popular T-shirt at the convention was the Mother Love Bone promo tee, in spite of the band's plans to re-form under another name with a new singer (following the untimely death of vocalist Andrew Wood). The no-contest winners of the Most Tasteless T-shirt award at the convention had to be Laaz Rockit, for their shirt bearing the fluorescent-orange-on-black lurid lure, "Gargle My Sack."

DATIONS FORUM

HEADS CONVENE '90



JUDAS PRIEST

Shaun Clark

Seen wearing a piece of the appalling apparel was West Coast *Billboard* editor Chris Morris, who, the day before—despite his questionable fashion statement—conducted a lively, well-planned panel on censorship with much style and savoir-faire.

Guests ranging from Ozzy Osbourne to California's former governor Jerry Brown (currently chairman of the California Democratic party) were hosted by Chris. He focused on every First Amendment issue affecting the music industry, and—using certain pro-censorship factions' own rhetoric—referred to record labeling as "a deal with the devil," and the stickers themselves as "the mark of Cain." Ozzy remarked that writing lyrics with the intention of harming anyone would be a "bad career move," because people who shot themselves after hearing his record wouldn't be around to buy the follow-up release! Sharon Osbourne (Ozzy's wife and manager), in describing the ludicrous lengths to which people go in condemning the allegedly evil influences of heavy metal, cited an autopsy report that noted that the deceased "died of devil music"! Chris urged the audience to "face the issue as an activist, not a pacifist." Jerry Brown illustrated how "politics works on finding a scapegoat," and recommended that the best way to stop censorship is by the power of the vote.

In his keynote speech, censorship was also a main topic addressed by Judas Priest's Rob Halford, fresh from winning a lawsuit that charged Priest's music was responsible for the deaths of two boys. Rob balanced his discourse with inspirational words of wisdom about the business, and encouraged artists to "create, create, create!" ...and to be prepared to "spend some time defending your work."

A new panel this year dealt with sexism/racism in the industry, and there was also an ASCAP-sponsored songwriter's workshop. Once again, RIP editor Lonn Friend's freewheeling artist's panel was the most popular, with audience questions ranging from the sublime to the ridiculous—such as whether any of the artists had ever had sex with any of the females in their videos (no affirmative responses), and what their worst jobs were. Flea of the Red Hot Chili Peppers answered that he'd been a brain surgeon for about 12 years(!), and Warrant's Jani Lane told how he shrink-wrapped porn videos and had a paper route. Although Jani caught flak for being in a "glam band," he was a good trouper, especially considering he was running a fever that day. Other panelists were Gregg Giuffria (House of Lords), Dave Mustaine (Megadeth), Rick Nielsen (Cheap Trick), Joey Allen (Warrant), Vito Bratta (White Lion), Joe LeSte´ (Bang Tango) and Judas Priest's K.K. Downing and Glenn Tipton. Dave talked about how he'd just performed his first gig sober—also his first in two years—and that it had been his best ever. The audience wanted to know if any of the guys ever got bugged by the women who waited outside of their hotel rooms. The question got diverted to Lonn, who didn't miss a beat before replying, "Yeah...when I'm with Steven Tyler!"

In spite of all the metal mayhem, convention organizer Bob Chiappardi says chances are good Foundations Forum will be held at the same location next year...minus a few hotel restaurant waiters who refused to serve convention guests, and so lost their jobs!

Metal rules! •

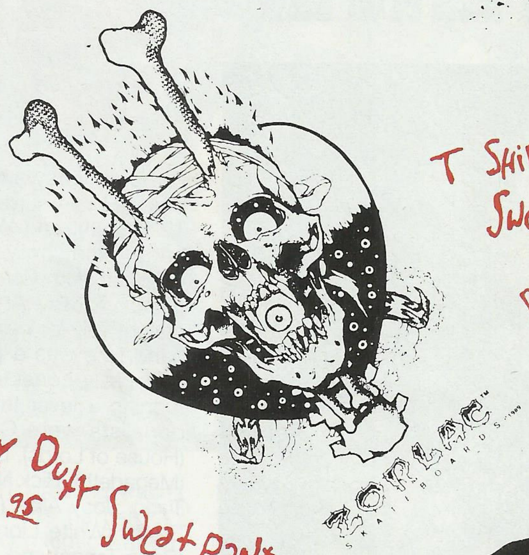
SPREAD EAGLE

Shaun Clark

Vivian Campbell jamming with members of Burning Tree, Blonz and Funhouse

Bob Leafe

THE BLACKOUT



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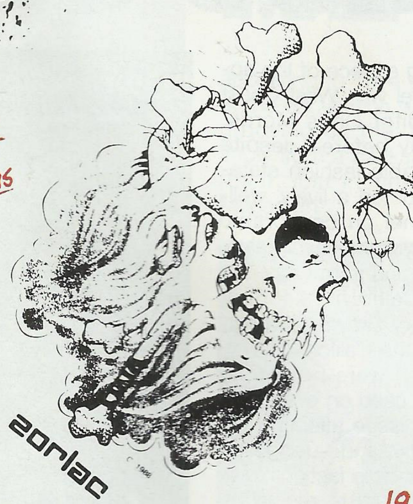

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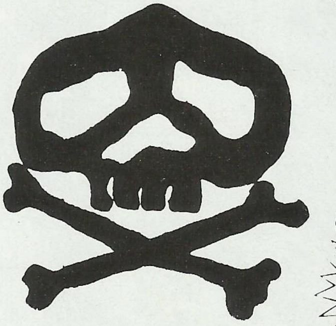

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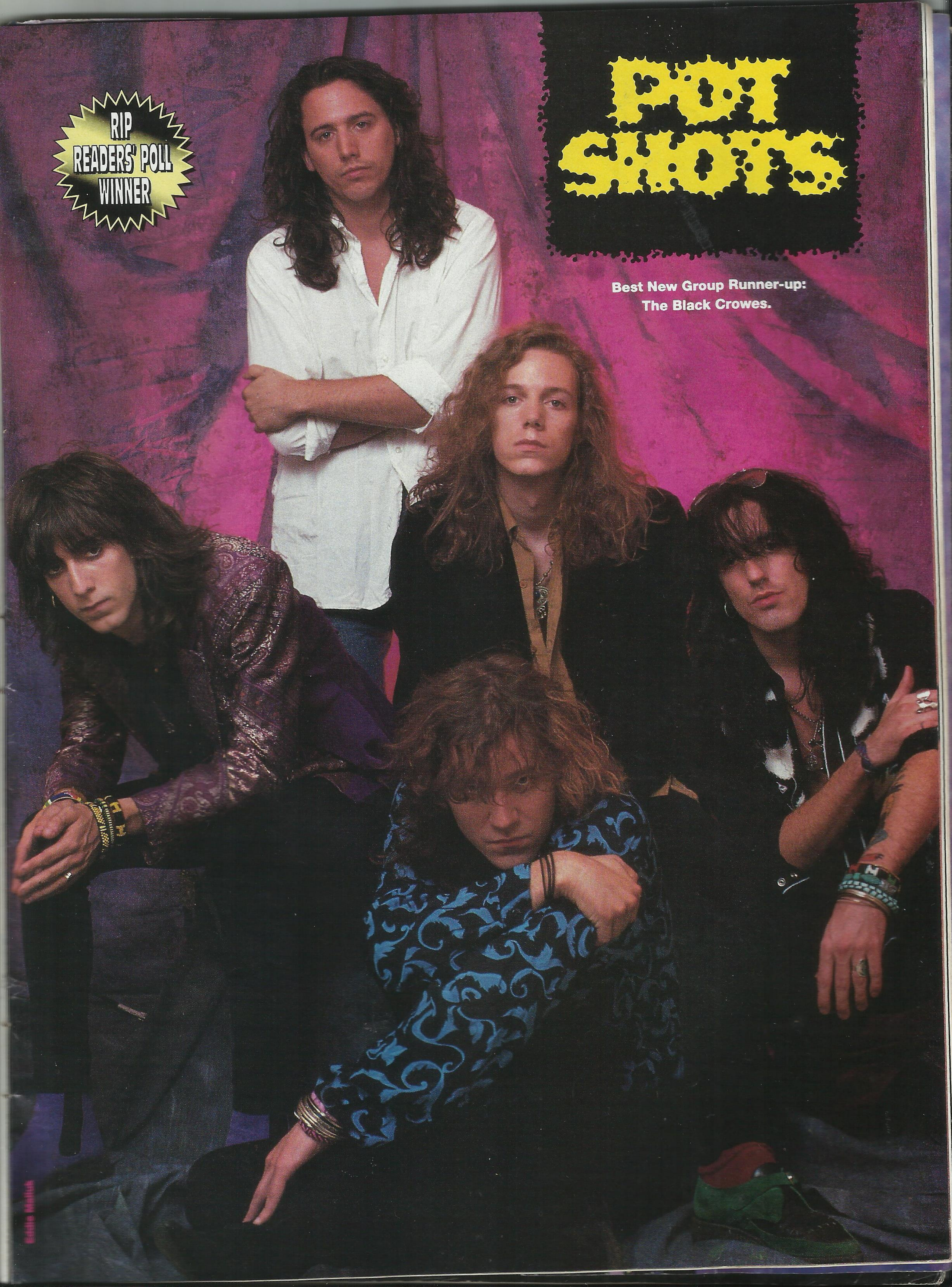
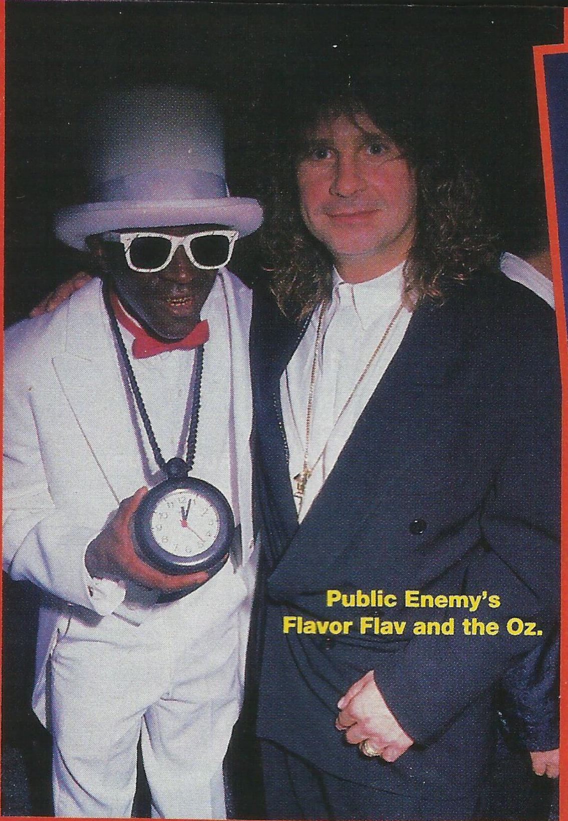
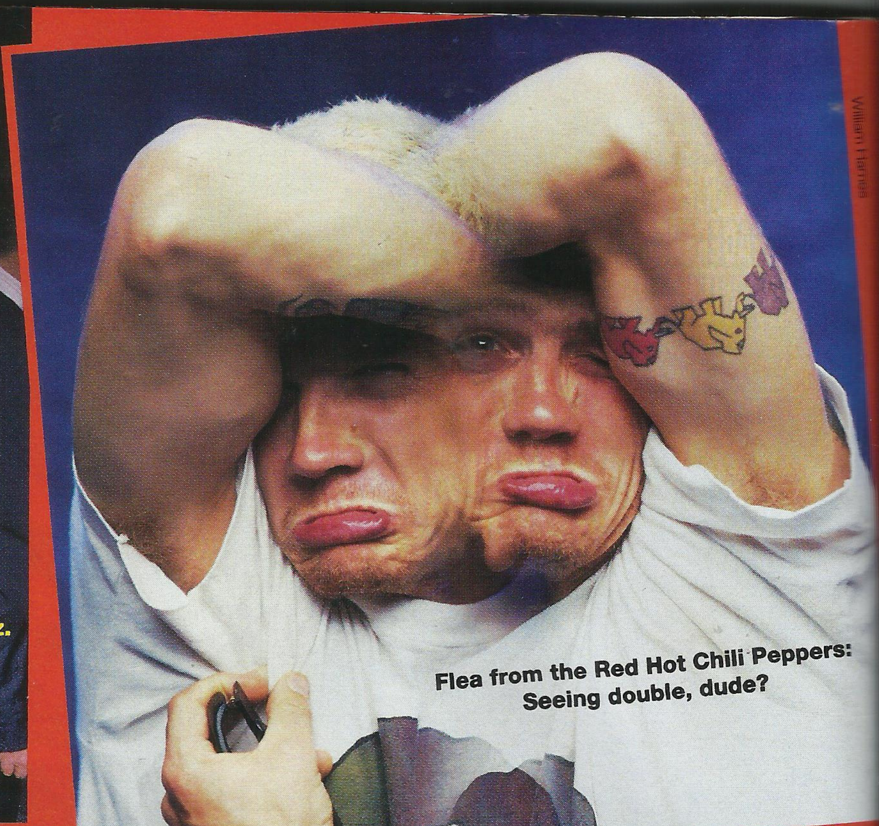

RIP
READERS' POLL
WINNER

Best New Group Runner-up: The Black Crowes.

Eddie Malluk


Public Enemy's Flavor Flav and the Oz.

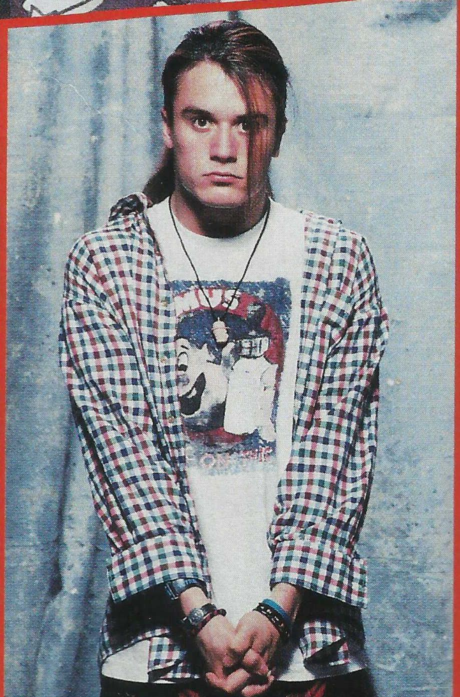
Ortega/Michelson


Flea from the Red Hot Chili Peppers: Seeing double, dude?

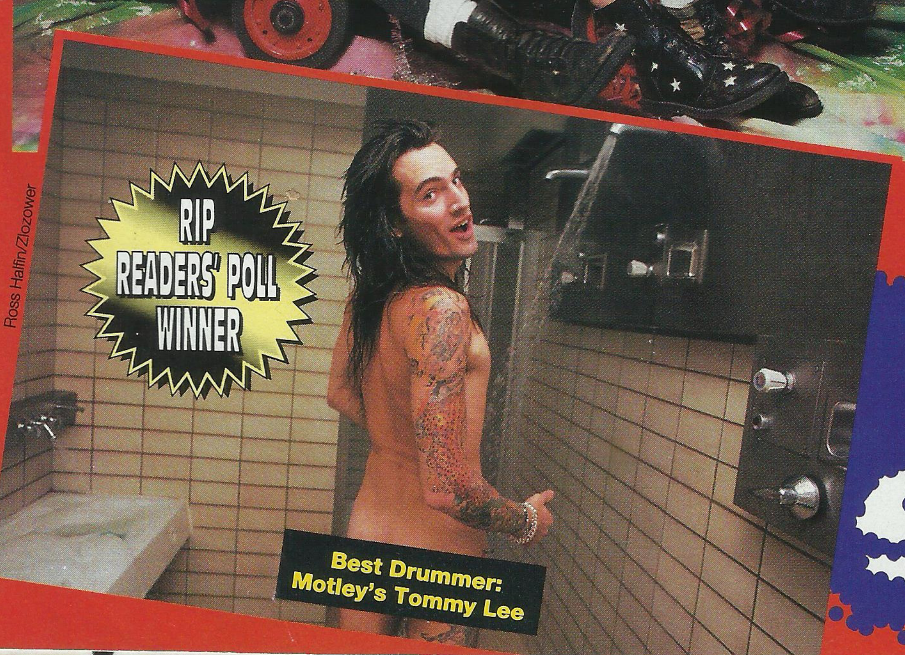
William Hames

Happy Holidays from Alice In Chains.

Karen Mason


Neil Zlozower

Band Of The Year vocalist Mike Patton: Winning's a *drag*.



Best Drummer: Motley's Tommy Lee

Ross Halfin/Zlozower

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Best Bassist: Motley's Nikki Sixx

RIP READERS' POLL WINNER

Gene Kirkland

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Metallica

T-2
Metallica

T-3
Metallica

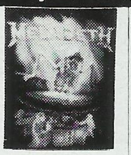
T-4
Metallica

T-5
Metallica

T-6
Metallica

T-7
Metallica

T-8
Metallica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Megadeth

T-10
Megadeth

T-11
Iron Maiden

T-12
Iron Maiden

T-13
Bon Jovi

T-14
Skid Row

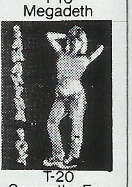
T-15
Slaughter

T-16
Motley Crue

T-17
Motley Crue

T-18
Aerosmith

T-19
Poison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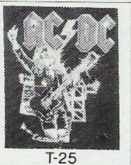
Samantha Fox

T-21
Randy Rhoads

T-22
Eddie Van Halen

T-23
Van Halen

T-24
Van Halen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AC-DC

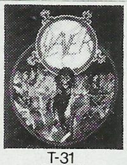
T-26
AC-DC

T-27
Joan Jett

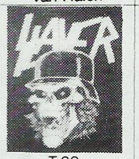
T-28
Ozzy Osbourne

T-29
Ozzy Osbourne

T-30
Pink Floyd


T-31
Slayer

T-32
Slayer


T-33
Slayer

T-34
Slayer

T-35
Pink Floyd

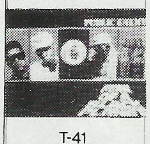
T-36
Misfits

T-37
Misfits

T-38
Misfits

T-39
Madonna

T-40
Cult


T-41
Public Enemy

T-42
Over Kill

T-43
Jim Morrison

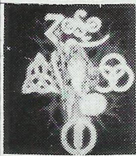
T-44
Jimi Hendrix

T-45
Led Zeppelin

T-46
Led Zeppelin

T-47
Led Zeppelin

T-48
Led Zeppelin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Led Zeppelin

T-140
Kiss

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T-59 Kix
T-60 Suicidal Tendencies
T-61 Sacred Reich
T-62 Dangerous Toys
T-63 The Who
T-64 Beatles
T-65 Circus of Power
T-66 Depeche Mode
T-67 M.C. Hammer
T-68 Jimmy Page
T-69 Living Colour
T-70 Lynyrd Skynyrd
T-71 Motorhead
T-72 Ziggy Marley
T-73 Richard Marx
T-74 Smithereens
T-75 Def Leppard
T-76 Tesla
T-77 Doors
T-78 Sex Pistols
T-79 Sid Vicious
T-80 Anthrax
T-81 Bob Marley
T-82 B-52's
T-83 The Church
T-84 The Cramps
T-85 Butthole Surfers
T-86 Dark Angel
T-87 Bruce Dickinson
T-88 Faster Pussycat
T-89 The Front
T-90 Go West
T-91 Helloween
T-92 The Jesus and Mary Chain
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T-94 King Diamond
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T-96 Metal Church
T-97 M.O.D.
T-98 Nuclear Assault
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T-100 S.O.D.
T-101 Toxik
T-102 U2
T-103 W.A.S.P.
T-104 Winger
T-105 Grateful Dead
T-106 Stryper
T-107 L.A. Guns
T-108 Guns 'N Roses
T-109 Alice Cooper
T-110 Queensrych
T-111 Testament
T-112 Dead Milkmen
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T-138 Warrant
T-139 Janes Addiction

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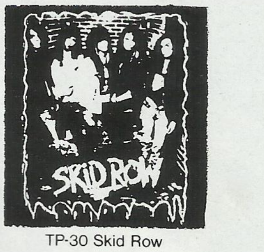
TP-30 Skid Row

TP-1 Slayer
TP-2 AC-DC
TP-3 Led Zepplin
TP-4 Judas Priest
TP-5 Pink Floyd
TP-6 Motley Crue
TP-7 KISS
TP-8 Black Sabbath
TP-9 Iron Maiden
TP-10 DIO
TP-11 RUSH
TP-12 Jimi Hendrix
TP-13 Ozzy Osbourne
TP-14 Grateful Dead
TP-15 Bon Jovi
TP-16 Mercyful Fate
TP-17 Cinderella
TP-18 Poison
TP-19 Bob Marley
TP-20 Jim Morrison "Doors"
TP-21 Guns 'N Roses
TP-22 Sex Pistols
TP-23 Stryper
TP-24 U2
TP-25 Metallica
TP-26 Beatles
TP-27 Megadeth
TP-28 D.R.I.
TP-29 Dangerous Toys
TP-31 Warrant
TP-32 Ziggy Marley
TP-33 Aerosmith
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TP-39 The Cult
TP-40 Public Enemy

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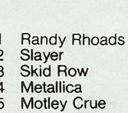

X-1 Randy Rhoads
X-2 Slayer
X-3 Skid Row
X-4 Metallica
X-5 Motley Crue
X-6 Kreator
X-7 Poison
X-8 Slaughter
X-9 Guns 'N Roses
X-10 Pink Floyd
X-11 Dangerous Toys
X-12 Megadeath
X-13 Led Zeppelin
X-14 Aerosmith
X-15 Testament
X-16 Warrant
X-17 British Flag
X-18 Doors
X-19 The Who
X-20 KISS
X-21 Over Kill
X-22 AC-DC
X-23 Harley Davidson
X-24 Anthrax
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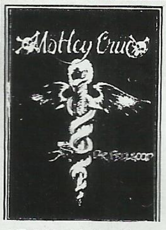
X-26 Cinderella
X-27 Suicidal Tendencies
X-28 Sex Pistols
X-29 Depeche Mode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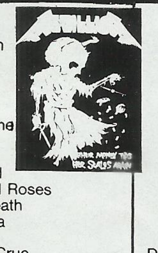

BX-1 KISS
BX-2 Led Zeppelin
BX-3 Doors
BX-4 Jimi Hendrix
BX-5 Ozzy Osbourne
BX-6 AC-DC
BX-7 Def Leppard
BX-8 Guns 'N Roses
BX-9 Megadeath
BX-10 Metallica
BX-11 Misfits
BX-12 Motley Crue
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DT-9 KISS
DT-10 Whitesnake
DT-11 Jim Morrison "Doors"
DT-12 Jimi Hendrix
DT-13 Bob Marley
DT-14 AC-DC
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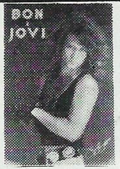
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Skid Row
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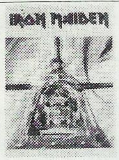
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Iron Maiden
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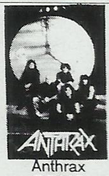
Anthrax
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Ozzy Osbourne
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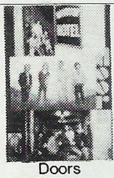
Doors
P-5002

Jim Morrison
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Prince
P-7031

Prince
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Metallica
P-7022

Metallica
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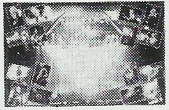
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Metallica
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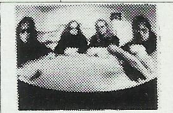
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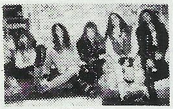
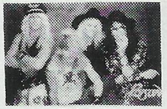

Skid Row
P-3240


Poison
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Slayer
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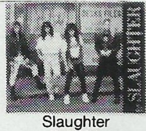
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Motley Crue
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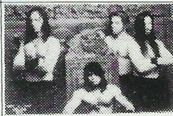
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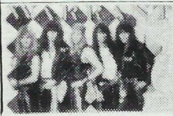
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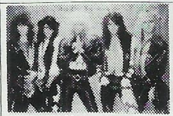
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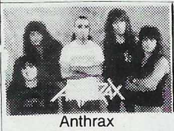
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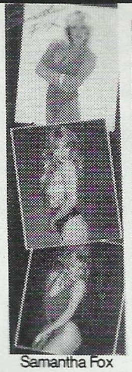
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BULLETBOYS

(continued from page 40)

"We weren't ready at all," Jimmy interrupts, apologizing to Marq for doing so. "We needed to do a lot more work on the tunes, write new ones...."

"We could have just gone out there with all kinds of stuff," Lonnie offers.

"But it wasn't us," Mick says, still reading.

"We didn't throw everything out," Lonnie clarifies. "We rewrote some things, and created other songs new. We decided not to do the formula ballad thing that all the bands are doing now."

Joe Giron/Photofeatures

"There are no ballads on this album," Marq announces heroically. "We even tried that, but it wasn't us. We wanted to put an album out that doesn't sound like all that boring crap on the radio today. Our record doesn't sound like anything you're hearing today."

To prove their point, I follow Marq, Mick, Jimmy and Lonnie into another control room where four of Ted's first mixes are unveiled. I hear "Hell Yeah!" "Thrill That Kills," "Hang On, Saint Christopher" and "Talk to Your Daughter." I feel like something fresh and powerful has just blown through my body. The BulletBoys are right. Nothing on the radio sounds like this. The songs are raw, down 'n' dirty, and everything rock should be. I scream out loud with enthusiasm. They hardly hear me. They're screaming too. Manager Dave Kaplan leans in to explain. "This is a big moment. They haven't heard the mixes yet either."

"It was worth it! It was worth it!" Jimmy wails. Months and months and months of fighting, illness, freaking out and back-to-the-drawing-board writing has paid off.

"It was an amazing experience," Kaplan tells me. "They had put together this whole other album, and it was...okay. We know the formula thing to do. Everybody knows what to write and what order to release the singles in. We knew what to do, and they did it. But something was wrong. We listened to the stuff and felt terrible. I've been with the BulletBoys from the start, before the first demos, and I *know* who they are. This wasn't them. We talked. We decided to scrap everything and go back to what rock 'n' roll is all about, to what the BulletBoys are all about. What you just heard, what they just heard for the first time—that's it! Maybe we'll sink, or maybe we'll swim; but at least whatever happens, it will be the BulletBoys."

"I think this is a very dull time for rock 'n' roll," Mick says, his face joyful and no magazine in sight. "I don't blame people for feeling uninvolved with rock now. Listen to what's on the radio. Listen to what you just heard in here. I think the BulletBoys are the only exciting band happening now. It's up to us to be true to ourselves. Why should we do the same stupid, formula album everybody else is making today? Thank God we couldn't really let ourselves do that."

Yes, *Freak Show* is definitely worth whatever the BulletBoys put themselves through. Obviously there were some pretty horrid battles behind the scenes. How is everybody getting along these days, after all that?

The room falls silent. Mick takes on the question with great drama. Tossing his hair back and striding toward the Oreo cookie jar, he turns, downs some sweets and announces emphatically, "Any band that tells you they get along is lying! We fight. We fight a lot."

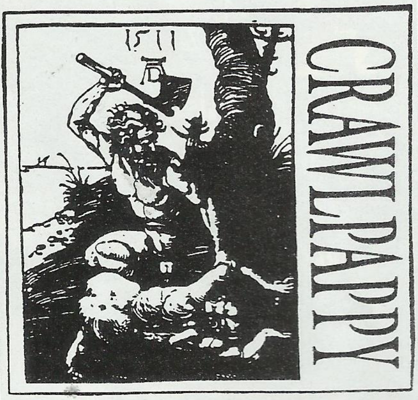
Marq shakes my chair for punctuation. "I hate him! I also hate him," he points to Jimmy, who shrieks back at him, "Not like I hate you!"

Lonnie blushes. "I can't stand any of them."

Mick stomps his boot and continues. "But I will tell you one thing that's changed: When this band first formed, when we would have a fight, we used to scream at each other for about an hour and then talk for several more hours." He pauses to acknowledge a room full of heads shaking in agreement. "Now when we fight, we scream at each other for five minutes, and then we get into the talking right away. It's a grand improvement."

Four creative bullets in search of a gun, and *Freak Show* is just the combustive force they've been looking for. So if you really like to rock hard, you are definitely the target. What's more, you've been warned. •

UGLY...



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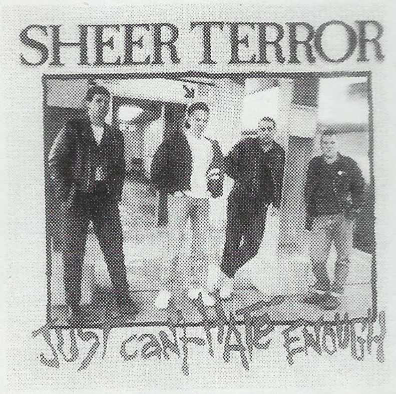

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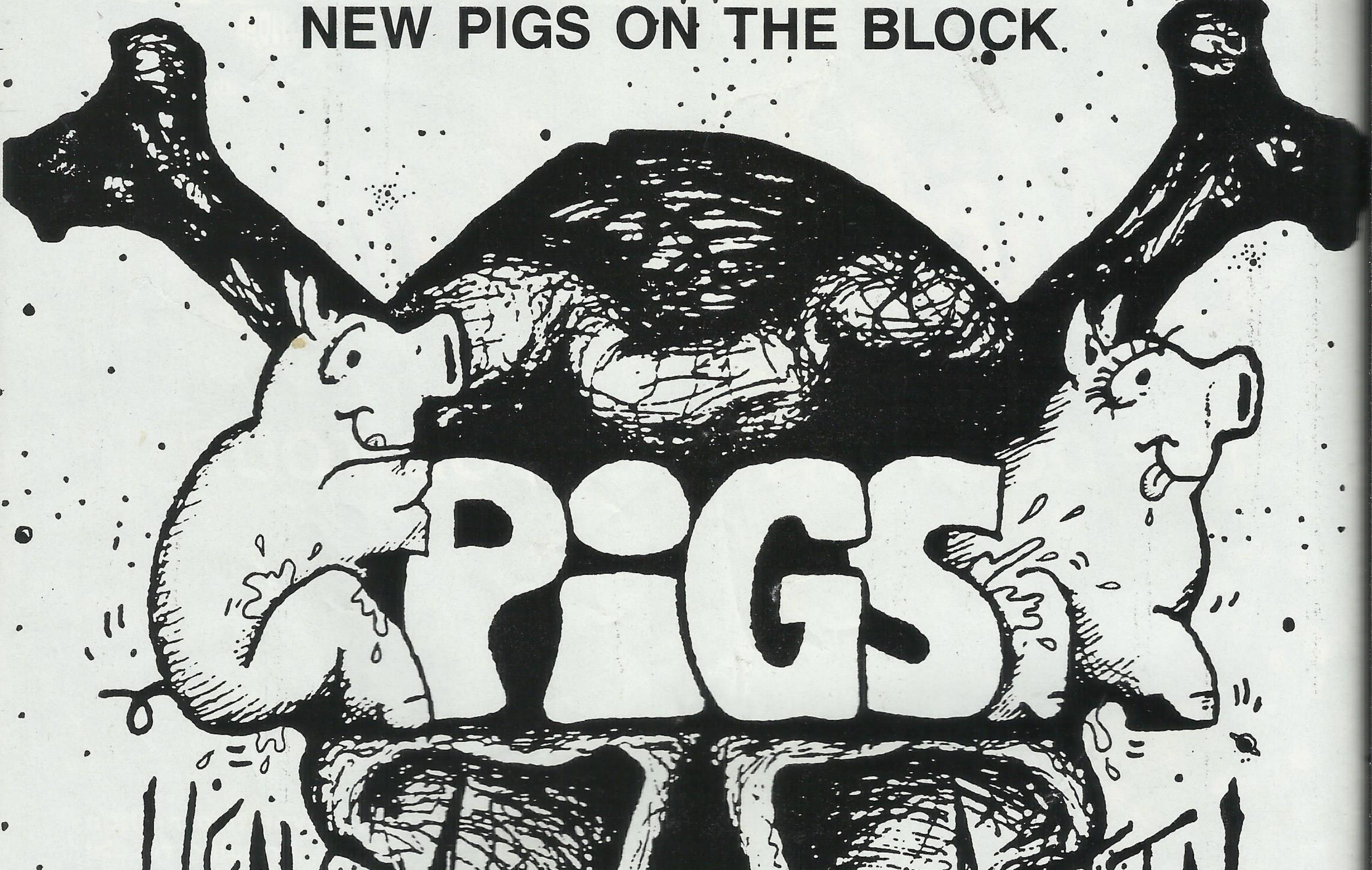
They played to over two million fans in 14 nations, bringing record crowds to their knees on the Dr Feelgood World Tour. And what you've probably heard about a Motley Crue show is true: They are the original, one-and-only bad boys of rock. Accept no imitations, because, as they say, you better lock up your daughters when the Motleys hit the road....

A Motley Crue extravaganza is an event from which you will never escape unchanged. It seems that now more than ever in their ten-year reign in rock they are influencing and changing the way a concert exhilarates and mystifies crowds. Now that the Crue are clean and sober and free of addictions themselves, they have hooked a generation of rockers on their music. You see, when you get one taste of a Motley show, you've gotta go back for more.

by Carol Anne Szel

From the Bay area

NEW PIGS ON THE BLOCK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From the moment Nikki "the bass-playing god" Sixx, Mick Mars, Tommy Lee and Vince Neil jump onstage to kick-start those 10,000 or so hearts in the crowd, to the time 110 minutes later when they leave you breathless with "Dr Feelgood," Motley Crue kicks you in the butt—and you're loving it. Their set on the Dr Feelgood World Tour was a blend of new and old songs that have crushed our souls over the last decade, including a mid-show medley that slipped from "Without You" into "Home Sweet Home." And they weren't afraid to alter the formula as they went along. In fact, the Crue, in June, changed their encore tune from "Dr Feelgood" to "Don't Go Away Mad." That's the point in the show when they brought the rigs down, turned up all the stage and house lights, and simply sang their hearts out with the crowd, like there was nothing left to do but be one with their exhausted and sweaty fans.

Rick Gould/ICP

At the end of the Motleys' set at the Moscow Music Peace Festival, Tommy Lee trashed his drums, and Nikki Sixx smashed his bass out of the sheer high of playing for the Russians. Feeling that this ritual sacrifice of a musical instrument caused a "good vibe," they made a practice of bringing the most devoted kid they could see during a show onstage at the end of the gig to be presented with "the sacrificial bass." The fan would usually end up being some big guy who was a hard-core Crue-ite, who had just spent two hours singing every word to every song while mashed up against a steel barricade! Although this one fan in every town left with a few bruised ribs, they also left with a dream come true.

Some other notables who were brought onstage during the Crue's pillage of the world included friends like Ted Nugent in Detroit, Jim Dandy in Little Rock, Billy Idol in London and various members of Skid Row around the nation. The Skids also officially opened up for Motley Crue at the start of the world tour in Europe, and in the States the chosen few who played before the Crue included Warrant, Faster Pussycat, Tesla, Johnny Crash, Raging Slab, Lita Ford and Hollywood locals Monroe. The Motleys picked their openers carefully, choosing bands they liked and that they knew the fans would like. In fact, at the five shows they played in Australia, they brought a local Melbourne band named Demont out with them, pleasing the hometown crowds.

With plans in the works to tour again in the summer of '91—this time at outdoor venues with their *Decade of Decadence* album—we can only speculate how Tommy Lee will top his high-flying drum solo feat. But one thing's for sure: They will continue to astound and amaze. From the first major Crue road trip, in 1983, when they opened for Kiss and later played the now infamous US Festival, to their '85 world tour when they first played Japan, to the '86 attack on Europe and 1987's sweep of Japan, Canada and all of the States, the Motleys have proven they are killer live showmen. Neck and neck alongside Aerosmith as the most successful tour of 1990, *Dr Feelgood* finally brought Motley Crue a Number-One album and made them a household name. From Phoenix to Utica, Budokan to Milan, you've gotta tip your hat to the clear-cut rock-and-roll warriors and call in the doctor, because even after a decade of decadence, Motley Crue clearly reigns supreme. •

ROCK VAULT ANSWERS

1. Musician Chris Poland, who played lead guitar with Megadeth and joined the Jerks for two U.S. tours as bassist.
2. "Cinnamon Girl." Bonus: He shot his baby...dead.
3. Multitrack recordings, which made overdubbing possible.
4. Ted Nugent, the Amboy Dukes. BONUS: Detroit.
5. *Dark Side of the Moon* by Pink Floyd.
6. A brand of portable toilet that the band took with them on the road.
7. Dale "Buffin" Griffin and Overend Watts, the rhythm section of Mott The Hoople. BONUS: Overend Watts. DOUBLE BONUS: The Marquee in London.
8. Mountain.
9. Blue Oyster Cult.
10. *Blood Guts & Pussy* by the Dwarves.
11. They were all, at one time or another, members of King Crimson.
12. Hawkwind.

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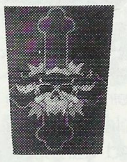

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The Good, the Bad, and the Business

by Gregg Giuffria

In this month's installment of Idol Chatter, *Gregg Giuffria, music-industry veteran and the guiding light behind Angel, Giuffria and, now, House Of Lords, reflects on the highs and lows of his rock 'n' roll career. Listen up!*

I started playing piano when I was five. I've always liked the piano. There was a band that lived four doors down. All they played were guitars. I'd hear them practicing, but I wasn't really paying attention, because I was taking classical lessons and really spent time studying the music.

One day I saw the Beatles on TV. They played "I Wanna Hold Your Hand." I saw this clip of them being chased by girls, and they told of all the money they were making; so I went down the street that same day and told these guys that I wanted to join their band. They said, "Well, what do you do?" "I play keyboards," I said. They just kind of looked at me. They were stuck on some part of a song that they were writing. I listened to it and said, "Oh, that's easy. The chords are this and this and this." They thought that was really cool, and that was it. I was an official members of the Telstars.

I went from the Telstars to a lot of different bands with crazy names. After a couple of years, more than that actually—I was around 19—I quit for about a year and a half. I just wasn't into what was happening. Then one day this guy that I knew from A&M Records called and asked me if I was interested in playing keyboards with a guy named Michael Sembello. He later ended up writing "Flashdance." I ended up joining, and during some show at a club in Florida, a note was sent up to the stage from David Bowie and his management, who were out in the audience. It said, "You're great; the band sucks. Call us if you ever put your own band together." And it had a number on it.

I went to Washington, D.C., in 1975 and put Angel together. I called this management office in London, and they said they'd be out one weekend to see us play. They ended up showing up on the same night that Kiss was playing. After their show, Kiss showed up as well and were sitting out in the audience. Blue Oyster Cult's management, as well as Aerosmith's, were there, and by the end of the night they had this bidding war going on. Everyone wanted to sign Angel. Gene got on the phone and called the president of Kiss's label, Casablanca, and told him he had found a band that Neil Bogart had to sign.

Peter Dokus

Neil Zlozower

This was in the middle of the night. Neil said he wanted us to fly out to L.A. to work out the deal, and later that night we signed with Bowie's management. That was the beginning of a five-year fairy tale. We got everything we wanted. Neil Bogart promised us all this stuff, and when the label started making a lot of money, we got it. Everything.

I only started to realize that there was a downfall to this business when the band broke up five years later. I was traveling 280 days out of the year, and didn't feel that I had to pay a lot of attention to anything but the music until I realized that I had no life. We had been on the road forever. Traveling and living out of a suitcase was all I knew.

When Angel was around the music business, it was a lot different than it is today. Back then the labels supplied a tremendous amount of liquid cash funds to their bands. Tour support, special effects, holograms, wardrobe—anything we needed, the record company bought. Today they don't do much of that at all. They look at it as, "Why put out that much cash? If we don't, it's more money for us." It started to go downhill when the economy changed, fuel prices. The cost of travel on the road was phenomenal. We were going through something like $90,000 a week. Three tour buses, 35 crew members and five semis—I don't remember the exact cost of everything. Today it's easily somewhere around $200,000 a week.

The biggest difference between now and then is that now there are more record companies and more bands. It seems like everyone picked up a guitar in the '70s. Back then the labels were more selective. They had more money for each artist, and there were less musicians. But it's back to the economy. When it changed, and the cost of everything went up, the musician had to pay for it. The record companies today aren't going to dip into their pockets for it. Today you've got to have a great attorney and a great manager. With Angel, I was out on the road forever, just breaking even, while everyone else was making a ton of money. There's quite a few differences since then, and the business is young, so....

The highest-ranking single Angel ever got in the United States was "Ain't Gonna Eat Out My Heart Anymore." It got to #14. In Europe and Japan we hit #1 a few times.

After the band broke up, I was so—excuse the term—f?!ked up, that I had to go to the French West Indies for a while to recuperate; then I flew back to Los Angeles and rested quite a long while too. I had to start my life over, because I was completely lost. The time with Angel had taken a tremendous toll on me, both physically and emotionally. I was a vegetable. I had to carry my passport to make sure I knew who I was—really. Too much of everything for too long.

I wasn't planning on going back into music. It was my wife, April, who talked me into it. I wasn't sure what I wanted to do with my life, but I figured anything was better than heading back out on the road. For at least a year after I came off the road, I still ended up throwing my clothes in a suitcase. I had it sitting on the floor, and everything went into it. I thought that was the way it should be. I can't tell you how many times I picked up my phone to order room service. Lights were on, but nobody was home.

In reference to "surviving the business," in terms of Giuffria, I'd have to refer you to this new book on the business, *Hitmen*. This is a totally controversial book that defines the music industry. It has Giuffria written all over it, and a lot of other bands, too, I'm sure. What it all comes down to with that band was that I felt, on the second album, we were misguided. We used the wrong producer, and we should have written different types of songs. Read the book, and you'll get an idea of what I mean.

"Call to Your Heart," the biggest single we had, was a great personal mark for me, because it was my first project after Angel, and I needed to prove myself to radio. I needed to know that I could have a hit song, and that my whole life, or what just about took it, wasn't spent just being in a band that wore white costumes, blew up and disappeared. All my years of piano lessons— just that there was some meaning to it all. When "Call to Your Heart" was a hit, it saved me. It was like this elephant lifting its foot up off my chest.

I wasn't going to let the situation with the second Giuffria album devastate me, and I decided to give it one more shot. At the exact time that I said that, I ran into Gene [Simmons] at some movie premiere. He told me about his new label, and I mentioned to him that I was thinking about putting a new band together. We got together to talk, and House Of Lords was born. We've had so much fun. The new record is doing phenomenal right now. We're on top of the world—I am, that's for sure. "Remember My Name" is the next single and video. Kind of funny when you think about it—"Can't Find My Way Home," "Remember My Name"—kind of sounds like we should be called House Of Lunatics!

Dreams and the naive attitude you have that it's all the music, that's one of the best times in your life as a musician. Putting a band together, and the push and the strive. Exploring all the directions. Once you get signed, it becomes a struggle sometimes. So many other people are involved in telling you how to play and when to play and what to play, it becomes a little tough if all the situations aren't right. With House Of Lords now, and the company that I'm with, it's exciting again. It's come full circle. I'm getting that feeling again like I had with Angel—the good stuff, that is—and it feels great. Hell, I don't even own a suitcase. Ha! •

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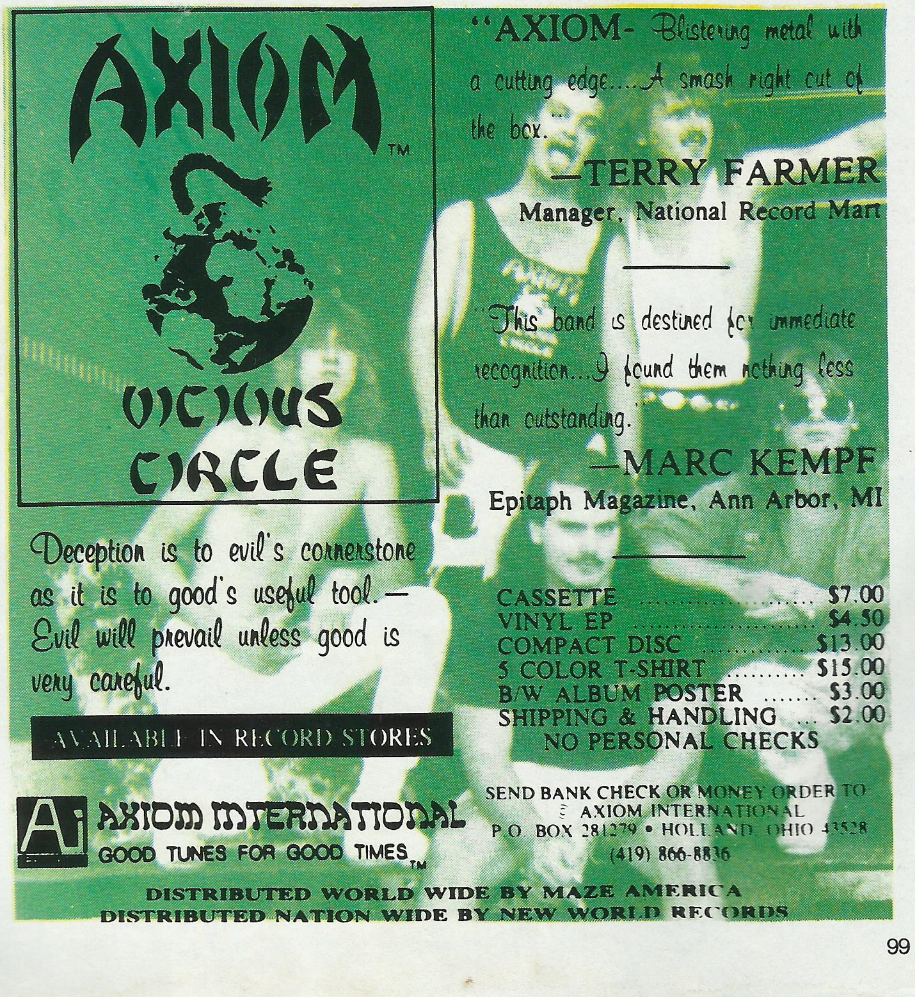

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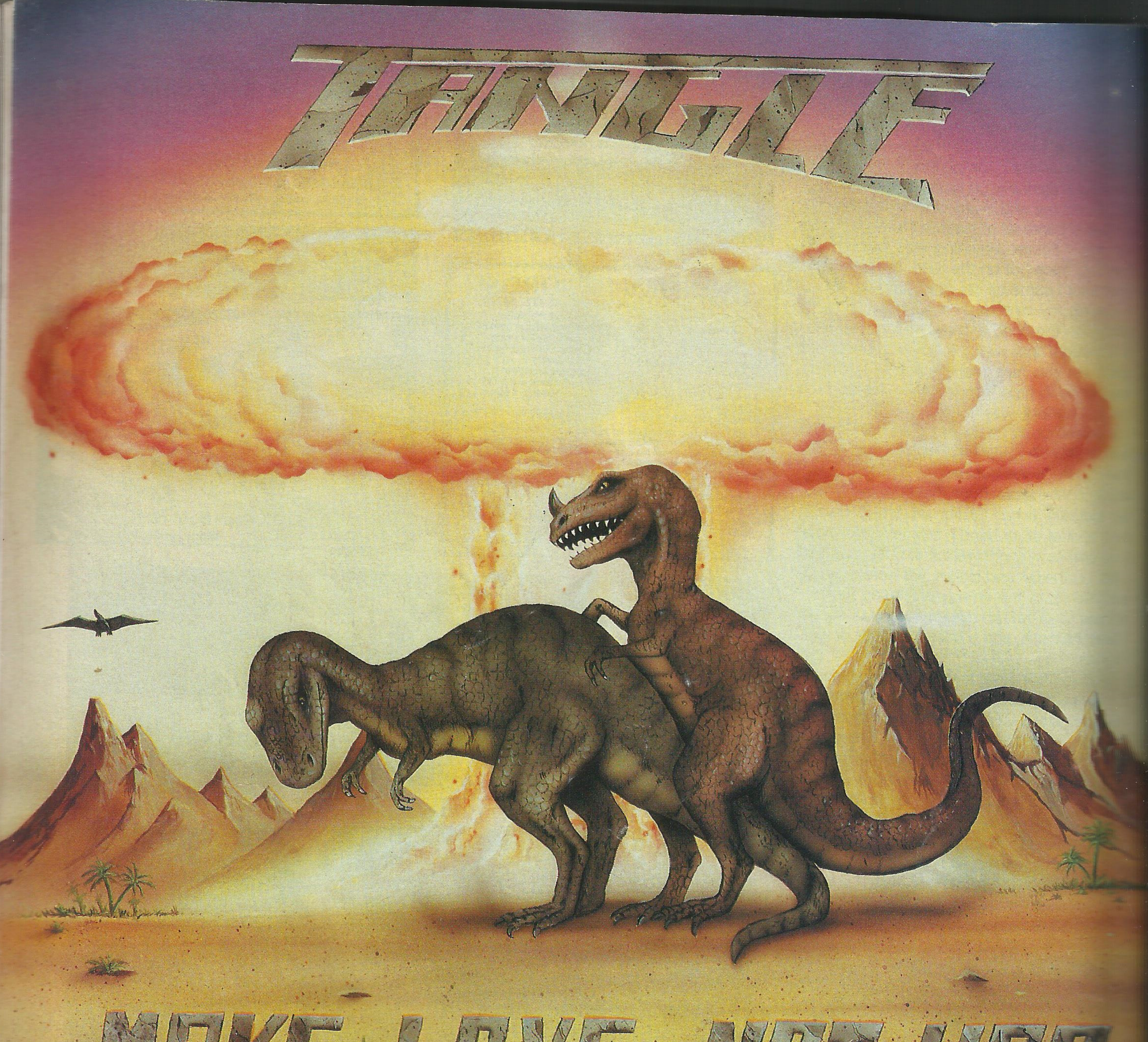
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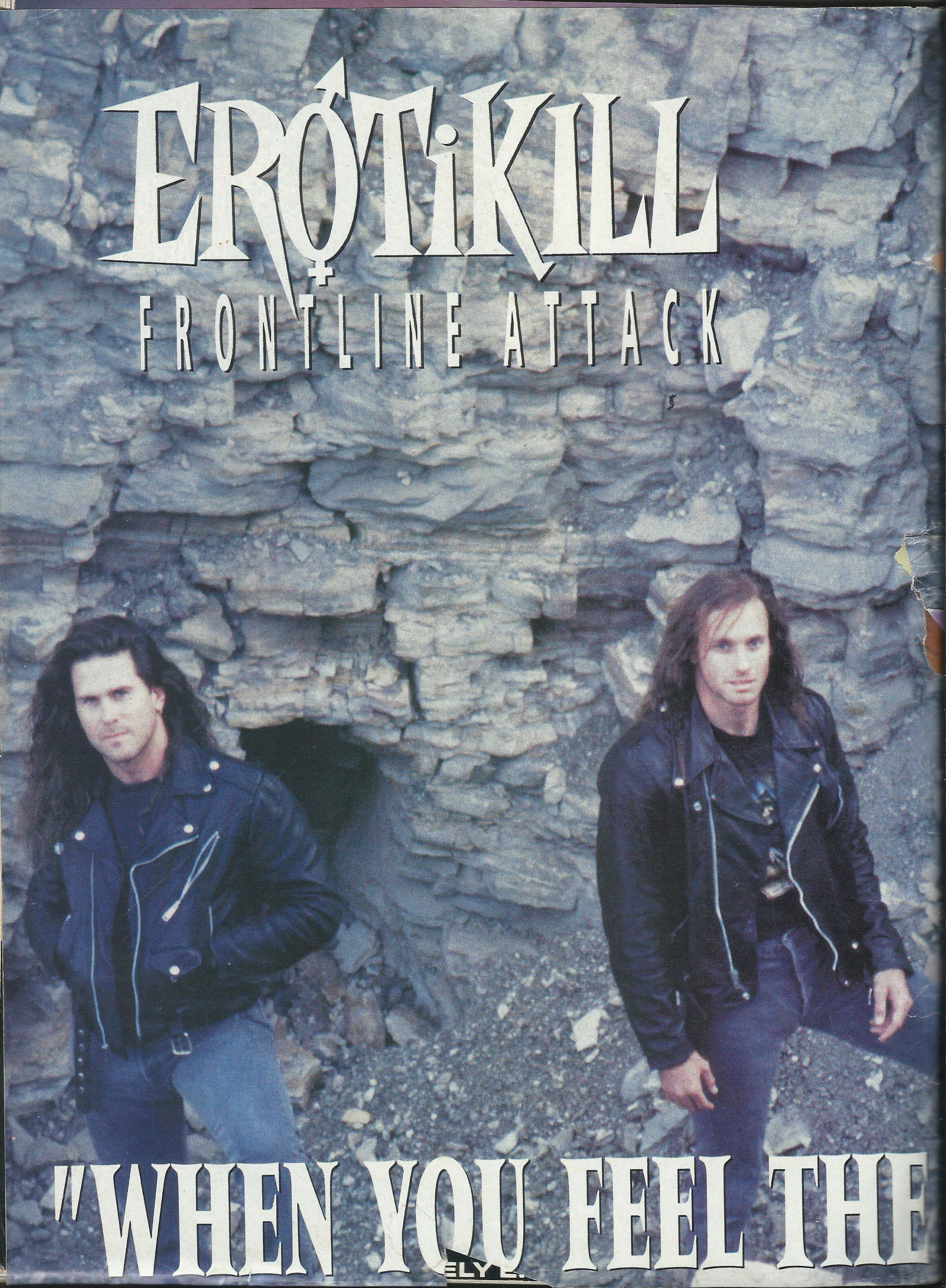
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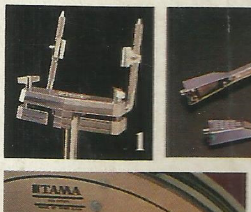

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